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## Nudes in Return

by [SnAnYu](#)

### Summary

Jimin thinks that fake dating his friend Yoongi will help him get together with his crush Taemin and helps him out for his photography project in return.

Little did Jimin know that fake dating his friend would stir up his life completely.

### Notes

okay,so... this is my first attempt writing fluff/humor. and also my first fic in a while so please bear with me. :D /sweats/

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hyung...”

The silver haired boy looked up from his book. “What's up?”

“Hyuuuuuuuuung.....” the other whined.

Namjoon abandoned the book, knowing he wouldn't get a chance to continue reading. “What happened, Jiminie? You have been sulking over there all evening.”

Across from him, Jimin was sprawled over the white couch, but sat up as he got his friend's attention. He huffed unintentionally cute. “Remember how I said this guy from the dance club and I would date by the end of this semester?”

“Yep.”

“Well, apparently one has to have a certification for being deflowered before he even considers someone as potential lover!”

Namjoon blinked as if he didn't understand what Jimin just said. Yoongi, who was sitting on the large windowsill at the other side of the room turned his head at that sudden outburst and even Seokjin, who was currently occupied in the kitchen stuck out his head to see what's going on in the living room.

Jimin ruffled his hair exasperatedly. “Okay, that was a bit harsh, it's just, somehow we ended up talking about dating today during break. Taemin said he had bad experiences before and therefore wouldn't want to date anyone who hasn't dated before again. Hyung, that automatically excludes me! I haven't even made my move on him yet.”

“Jimin-”

“I can't believe it, Hyung! He's so handsome and has the cutest smile ever and have you seen him dance before? It's breathtaking. The world is so unfair.”

“Jimin, he sounds like a hypocrite. What's his problem? Is an inexperienced person not good enough? I don't know if it's a good idea to make a move on a guy like that. Evil people often have the face of an angel.”

“Don't scare the kid with your dramatic quotes”, Seokjin scolded, “it's Jimin's first crush. I'm sure Taemin is a good guy. If a relationship goes down the drain and it was that person's first love it's not such a beautiful memory. He probably wants to avoid that.”

Jin headed back to the kitchen. Pondering over Seokjin's remark, Jimin mumbled more to himself than Namjoon. “I don't think he is a bad guy. Jin is probably right. Perhaps, he doesn't want to break anyone's heart if it doesn't work out.”

Namjoon took a sip of his lukewarm coffee and sighed afterwards. “If he was the second guy you dated and he breaks your heart it's all the same. Worse, as long as it's not the first love he ruins he doesn't care. I don't trust that guy....Okay, to be fair, I don't trust anyone potentially dating you, so it's kind of unfair on my part. But I don't care. Don't make a move on him.”

A smile spread on Jimin's face, all worries momentarily forgotten. "Awwww, you are so cute, Hyung."

Namjoon was one of the most protective people Jimin had ever known and Jimin adored him for that. They had met at the beginning of his first year in college, about seventeen or eighteen months ago. When he and his best friend Taehyung moved to Seoul together, they didn't know anyone in the city nor the city itself. Only on the day they arrived, suitcases in tow they realized how little they actually knew. While walking around aimlessly on campus, it took them ten minutes to realize that they had no idea where their apartment was located. The campus had more than one dormitory and of course, they had no idea which of them was theirs.

At least they had printed out the e-mail with the information and a map on it. As they were roaming around, too focused on the map, Jimin ran head first into someone's back. That someone was Kim Namjoon. Namjoon's first impression was scary. He was towering over Jimin – actually simply because Jimin was tiny compared to the other – with serious look on his face. But as soon as he *really* looked at the two he broke into a smile, his cute dimples making their appearance. He seemed to notice how lost they were, so Namjoon kindly offered to show them where their apartment was located. They chatted on their way and instantly got along with each other. When they arrived Namjoon gave them his phone number to contact him if they needed further help. Needless to say that Taehyung and Jimin contacted him often with the excuse to need help when they really just wanted to see the other again. They grew fond of each other real quick.

Jimin was thankful he had made a friend like Namjoon. He was a real softie at heart who loved and adored his friends and would do anything to protect them.

"But you really don't have to worry about me. Taemin is a nice guy. I don't know why he has this dating criteria, but Jin-Hyung is probably right. I guess, I just need to figure out a way to seem less...undated."

"How does someone look undated?" Namjoon asked curiously.

"Maybe not blushing when he merely smiles at me would help."

The older giggled and squealed. "Oh my god, why are you so cute, Jimin? Who can resist someone as cute as you? That guy is blind if he doesn't want to date you."

A sulky "Yah!" was heard from the kitchen, but Namjoon kept giggling at the thought. Jimin just pouted again. "I'm not cute. I'm manly. Men aren't supposed to be cute."

"Says who?" a raspy voice suddenly intervened. The infatuated boy let his gaze wander to Yoongi, who hadn't even moved an inch since Jimin arrived an hour ago. He was still absentmindedly playing with his camera as he spoke. "Don't put a label on a gender. Being cute doesn't mean you aren't manly. A person is allowed to have more than one side to show. Please don't associate being manly with being a testosterone driven macho who thinks everyone is lining up to get a glimpse of him, likes baseball and drinks beer all evening."

"Wow." Namjoon clapped and gave his friend a thumbs up. "Can't believe something useful came out of your mouth for once."

"Fuck you."

"I just wanted you all to encourage me and tell me I can persuade him, but look at what I get instead." Jimin mumbled sulkily. He knew Yoongi was right though. Honestly, Jimin had nothing against men being cute, he quite liked it actually. His insecurities were probably the reason why it bothered him to be called cute. Sometimes, he just wished to hear he was cool or handsome but was always called cute instead. But his chubby cheeks, round eyes, plump lips *and* being short made him cute by default. "You are right though, sorry. I'm just in a weird mood."

Sensing the boy's seriousness in all of this Namjoon got up from the armchair he sat in and sat down beside Jimin instead. He put his arm around his shoulders and rubbed it comfortingly. "Look, if it's really important to you we will find a way. Don't be sad."

Jimin nodded and leaned his head on his friend's shoulder.

"If dating is the only problem you can just say you dated someone when the topic comes up, right?"

"No, we already talked about it a few weeks back and I told him that I haven't dated anyone before. He knows."

"Well, then just date someone for Taemin to see, break up after a while and approach him then." Namjoon suggested.

"Hyung, I neither want to date a stranger, nor do I want to hurt anyone. I can't just date someone for the purpose of dating someone else. I don't want to do that."

The older sighed and gently ran his fingers through Jimin's hair, a fond smile playing on his lips. He was proud of the younger. "You are right. That wouldn't be a nice thing to do. Hmm...then what about fake dating?"

"Fake dating?"

"Yeah, I mean, you could ask a friend to pretend to be your partner. Then no one would get hurt in the process, you can break up and date Taemin."

"Whoa, Hyung!", Jimin's eyes lit up immediately, "This is such a good idea! I could also say we knew each other before and suddenly fell in love and, Hyung! This is amazing! This could work! ....Date me!"

Namjoon couldn't help but chuckle at the sudden change in mood, but he preferred a happy Jimin over a sad and pouting one, so he won't complain. "Whoa, calm down, Jiminie You don't have to find a fake boyfriend *immediately*. Also, you know I'm happily dating. *Everyone* knows I'm head over heels for Jin."

"Yeah, he's a whipped man, Jimin. A goner. A lost case." Seokjin added cheerfully, once again appearing out of nowhere.

"Wow, okay, thanks darling. I see I'm the only one in love. Okay, *okay*." Namjoon remarked, fake hurt, clutching his shirt right above his heart.

"You know I'm only in for the sex" Jin winked and sent Namjoon a flying kiss before disappearing again.

"That hurt. I feel so betrayed right now...but I still love you, babe!"

A gagging noise was heard from the other corner of the room, however Jimin merely chuckled at the cute interaction. That's exactly what he wished for. Seokjin and Namjoon were three years into

the relationship. They've had their good share of troubles, but they never wavered. They were happily in love and nothing could separate them. Jimin longed for a relationship like theirs.

Namjoon coughed and was probably oblivious to the slight blush that covered his cheeks. "Okay, anyway, I can't. You can ask Jungkook."

Yeah, well, no. Jungkook was taboo. The kid probably would help him out if he asked sincerely, but he didn't *want* to ask Jungkook. Not when his best friend had the longest and cutest crush ever on the brat. And Jimin was pretty sure Jungkook was lusting after Tae's cute ass as well but they were both just painfully oblivious and shy to sort things out. He probably would have told his best friend if Taehyung didn't plan to confess on Jungkook's coming of age day this year. Either way, Jungkook wasn't an option.

"No, Jungkook isn't a good option. What about Hobi-Hyung?"

"Are you talking about our pussy loving, can't-lie-even-if-his-life-depends-on-it Jung Hoseok?"

"Okaaay, not Hobi...."

*Well, that only leaves Yoongi.* Jimin liked Yoongi. They had been introduced through Namjoon when they met during lunch. Yoongi was more of an introvert and rarely joined conversations actively unless it was about something he was interested in. Otherwise he'd usually just drop a sentence here and there. If he had to point out one of his group of friends he knew the least about it would probably be him. It's not that he didn't want to know more about his friend, they simply never hung out alone or talked privately like he did with the other six. Jimin really liked him nonetheless.

The brown haired boy quietly got up from the couch and walked over to Yoongi. He liked to have his own space, so he'd usually sit on the low-lying windowsill beside the dining table and opposite of the couch where the group usually gathered.

Jimin crouched down in order not to look down on his hyung and cleared his throat. "Hyuuu-"

"Nope." Yoongi didn't even let him ask, nor spared him a glance. "And don't even try to give me the kicked puppy look, that won't work on me."

"Hyung..." Jimin whined and pouted as cutely as he could. "Please? I will be a good boyfriend. I promise."

"What would I gain from this?"

"A happy friend?" the younger grinned playfully. But Yoongi just unimpressed clicked his tongue and set his camera aside. "Okay, mhhh....I could help doing your and Hobi's chores?"

No response. Instead, Yoongi quietly collected his documents and stacked them.

"Hyuuuuung, please? I will never ask for a favor again. Just this once, hm?"

The black haired finally, at least, turned to look at him. After a short moment of silence a scarily mischievous grin spread on Yoongi's face. "Okay, actually, there is something you could do for me in return."

"What is it? I will do it!" the younger exclaimed excitedly.

"Nudes. Let me take nudes of you."

A fit of coughing echoed through the quiet room as Namjoon apparently choked on his coffee after hearing Yoongi's proposal. Jimin shot up, his ears and cheeks slowly burning up. "Pervert! I can't believe this. As if I'd give you the pleasure to see my body."

"It's for my art project, not my personal pleasure. I beg to differ. It's not like I'd take a picture of your dick and post it with the exact size of yours as title, either." Yoongi replied casually.

"Yah!" The younger was flabbergasted about this situation. Was he drunk? "I-It's not like you even know the size of my dick." *Okay, and why am I even replying to his nonsense?*

"I could always measure it, if you'd lay sprawled naked right in front of me." Yoongi was still smirking at him like he didn't just make the most embarrassing statement ever.

"Okay, ehm, that escalated quickly." Namjoon said suddenly, cutting off their short bickering.

"Whoa, I can't believe this."

The room was suddenly unbearably hot. Jimin used his hands to fan himself. This was ridiculous. *Nudes???* He was prepared to do anything but that? But he seriously didn't want to give up on Taemin yet either. And in the end, it was about some photos, right? Tons of people take photos of themselves. Maybe Yoongi wouldn't even show his face if he asked nicely. But he definitely didn't want to have pictures of his private parts taken.

Before he could stop himself, Jimin suddenly uttered. "I will do it."

That caught both, Namjoon and Yoongi off guard. Jimin himself was shocked he actually agreed to it. While Namjoon shrieked a high pitched "what", Yoongi just stared at him like a deer caught in the headlights.

Jimin felt his blush spreading further to his neck, but he was determined. He never had a serious interest in anyone before and Taemin could be the love of his life. Screw those nudes. 30 years later he'd probably be glad to have pictures of his younger self. "Just...Just promise not to focus on my priv--"

"Jimin" Yoongi suddenly interrupted him, his voice softer than before. He tossed his documents aside and got up to be on eye-level with Jimin. "This was a *joke*. I'm not going to take nudes of you. Why did you agree, are you insane?"

"Why not? I will do it!"

"Jimin, I was just teasing you.

"You said you needed it for an art project!"

"Yeah, well, I *do* have to take pictures for my project and I *thought* about a concept for that includes nudes, but I can't only hand in some nudes for my finals. And the final project is an exhibition as well. I certainly won't take pictures of my friends for this, especially not you, Taehyung or Jungkook. I'm sorry, my teasing went too far. I didn't know that guy meant so much to you. I thought you'd just laugh and go back to Namjoon. Sorry."

The younger was pondering over it for a second, his hands absentmindedly playing with the hem of his white, oversized sweater. "Then I will do the whole project! Look, you said it's art, right? I can't promise I can do your vision justice, but I will try my best! You clearly have the idea for your project in mind, so let's do it together, Hyung."

The silence that followed was dreadful. Yoongi wore an unreadable expression and Jimin was slightly panicking, with his last chance disappearing just like that.

The older opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again. After another short while of silence, he sighed. "Okay, I will be your fake boyfriend if it's so important for you, but you won't do that project."

*Huh? Did Yoongi just agree?* The tension that unconsciously crept its way into Jimin's system was eased immediately. He had almost given up all hope, but here he was, finding a solution to all of this. But then he realized the second half of Yoongi's statement. Why would he say that? He didn't want to take advantage of his friend's kindness if he could help him out in a way as well.

"No, Hyung, I will do the project, that is, if I'm good enough for it. We are in this together!" Jimin said determined and clasped Yoongi's right hand with both of his own.

Still the same expression, no reply. "Hyung, I *want* to do this. I want to help you, too. We will do this together, okay?"

"Fine" Yoongi eventually agreed with a sigh. "But let's talk about what we both expect from all of this first and then we can figure out if any of this will work or not."

"Sounds good!" Jimin smiled so hard that his eyes turned into crescents.

"I don't get why you'd go through so much trouble for an ignorant close-minded douche though." The older mumbled as he put his stuff back in his bag.

The mean remark made Jimin pout again, but he didn't really mind. "He's probably just too kind to hurt anyone. And Hobi will definitely agree that he's a nice guy. Ask him later."

"Speaking of which, when will he arrive? Didn't you two leave dance practice together?" Seokjin asked as he magically appeared again. He actually started setting the dining table next to the couple for dinner. "And what about Taehyung?"

"Ah, Hobi said he had to buy groceries before coming over and Tae is probably still skyping with Jungkook. I told him to be here by 8 though."

"The kid is gone for two weeks and Taetae can't even endure this much. Hah, young love....Alright, dinner is ready in 20 minutes." Jin turned to them and smiled. "*You* make a cute couple, too. I will call you the 'minimini-couple'."

Yoongi stared at him blankly. "Shoot me. I already regret my life choices."

"Minimini-couple! Suits you guys so well. Be proud to have a cutie like Jimin as a boyfriend", Namjoon continued what his boyfriend started while Jin had to go back to the kitchen to make sure the food wasn't burning. He gave his boyfriend a quick kiss on the head before leaving.

"*Fake* boyfrie-."

"Same difference."

Yoongi rolled his eyes as he gave the other the finger and slumped into the armchair. Amused, Jimin followed and sat down next to Namjoon on the couch again.

"On second thought, I'm against this. What if Yoongi turns you into a grumpy, rude lazy ass?"

The youngest in the room burst into a fit of giggles. They were all just too cute and funny.

“Imagine Hyung turning into a chatty ball of fluff. That would be so adorable.”

”I’m breaking up with you.”

“Aww, common. We haven’t even dated for 5 minutes yet and you want to break up with me?”

”I lasted longer than I thought I would.”

”Oh, you might hear the opposite in the future, Jimin.” Namjoon smirked and send Jimin a wink, earning a playful punch in the chest from a blushing Jimin and a cushion in his face by a grumpy Yoongi.

”You wanna play that game? I know all your kinks, Kim Namjoon and I will expose them all, just wait and see.”

And for the millionth time that day, Jimin laughed, happiness bubbling in his veins. He loved these evenings. All of them had different majors, so they barely saw each other during their lectures. Jimin and Hoseok were in the same dance club and saw each other for practice four times a week, but other than that they only saw each other during lunch break. So, the group had decided to have regular hang outs in the evening once or twice a week.

They usually met at Namjoon’s and Seokjin’s apartment, because those two lived off campus in a bigger apartment than the dormitories offered. When they met Seokjin was either cooking for them, or they’d order takeout and just spent their time together, talked or played games. To Jimin, these evenings were one of the most precious things in the world.

He had no idea why the hell he was freaking out over Yoongi sitting on his bed. Yoongi had been over before, so why was he so fucking nervous? Perhaps, it was the fact that they were alone. They had never been alone before. Jimin had a legit reason to freak out.

They had promised to meet two days after that evening to discuss further details of their plans and so Jimin found himself on a Saturday evening, alone, with Min Yoongi on his bed.

”So...do you want to talk about your plan first? ‘How to seduce Mr. Douchebag’.”

Okay, some of his nervousness was gone. “Can you stop calling him that? Taemin is lovable! He’s handsome and nice and has a cute smile-”

”Yeah, yeah, the douchebag with a smile of an angel, I got it. Anyway, how were you going to do this exactly?”

”Hmm...I haven’t really thought about it. It was Namjoon’s idea and it sounded like it could work, so I just jumped on the bandwagon. I guess, we just show him we date and break up after 3-4 months?”

Yoongi took of the gray beanie he wore and ruffled his still slightly wet, black hair. “I know nothing about this guy and how he works, but I guess breaking up after 3-4 months seems alright. Are you sure he’s still single after that time though?”

”Well, I honestly haven’t thought about this. But ever since I joined the dance club a year and a half ago he only dated once and it didn’t last long. I don’t know what he does in his free time



though.”

”But you are spending some time together outside of dance practice, right?”

Jimin chuckled nervously and scratched the back of his nape. “Not really? Okay, don't give me that look. It's not like we are close. We just talk occasionally during breaks.”

”Yet you go as far as fake dating to get into his pants, I can't believe this.”

”A crush is not based on how close people are! I could have a serious crush on an idol and it would still be a crush even if I had never met them before. A crush isn't reasonable.”

”I know, Jimin. Truthfully, I just don't want you to get hurt. If you get to know him for real and find out he's different from your expectations, he rejects you or whatever, all your effort goes down the drain. I just don't want you to be disappointed or hurt. That's all.”

Jimin smiled softly and looked at his hands to avoid eye contact. He was a little touched by his friend's worries. “That's really nice of you, Hyung. But if I don't try I might regret it later on. Also, we will spend more time together due to all of this, so it wouldn't be a complete waste of time either.”

When Jimin glanced at Yoongi he wore this unreadable expression again. ”Alright, then let's give it a try. What did you thought of exactly? How do you want to show him we are dating?”

”Well, I thought about holding hands, cuddling, maybe even kissing in front of him. Then he'll see it with his own eyes. Better than just telling him, right?”

Yoongi blinked. “Y'know I can also go down on my knees and blow you, but that would be a little too strong right?”

A blush spread on his cheeks, the tips of his ears already burning. “Oh my god, Hyung! Why do you always exaggerate like that?”

”I'm a king of exaggerating, that's why.” He was now grinning playfully again. “No, but seriously, let's take it slow.”

“Describe 'slow'.”

His voice somehow got softer as he spoke. “Slow as in not all over each other right from the start. Because you haven't even talked about having a crush yet, I think taking it slow will suit you better. Let's start with the 'get to know each other' kind of dating. Spending time together, walking you to your practices, taking you out for a coffee, stuff like that. A bit of physical interactions is alright, too, I guess. Sounds good?”

Jimin nodded. Sounded reasonable. He still couldn't fully comprehend that he was going to do this with Yoongi.

He wondered if Yoongi and him matched as a couple. Yoongi's black hair made a beautiful contrast to his pale skin, his eyes were sharp yet gentle all the same, his lips were thin unlike his own. He usually wore casual or plain clothes, they had that in common. They were both the same height, too.

His thoughts were suddenly cut off when Yoongi continued. ”Okay, so let's start off with me taking you to your dance practice or waiting for you afterwards so I can walk you home. We can

also start sitting either opposite or right next to each other during lunch. We can have more natural interaction like that. Taemin will probably spot us sooner or later, if he hasn't already."

"Won't it be a bother for you to come and pick me up?" Jimin asked considerately.

"No, it's alright. I knew it would take up time to fake date you. Don't worry. Plus, when you agree to the shooting you will have to save time for me as well so we are even."

"Okay, you are right.... How long will we do this lowkey dating before we step things up?"

"Oh, Park Jimin are you impatient? Can't wait for that skinship to happen?" Yoongi wiggled his eyebrows suggestively and chuckled. "2-3 weeks? Let's go with the flow."

The slight blush had never faded completely, but he could feel the blood rushing back to his cheeks at the thought. Skinship with Yoongi. He was used to it with Tae, but Yoongi? The thought was nerve-racking, but not uncomfortable. Jimin couldn't fuck this up. He just prayed that his and Yoongi's act was authentic in the end.

"Basically, the most important thing is to convince him we are dating. Let's not dwell on the details too much."

"Okay." Jimin bit his lower lip for a second and sighed softly. "I'm already scared I will fuck it up."

Yoongi seemed to have noticed his inner turmoil because he suddenly reached out and gently patted Jimin's head. "You worry too much. We will just hang out like usual, with a bit more intimacy. That's it. We already like each other, Jimin. We don't have to pretend that part. We are just lying about the small details about it."

"*Small details.* What a nice way to describe it."

Yoongi grinned mischievously. "Where is the lie though? Do you hate me?"

"Of course not" Jimin chuckled.

"See? You love me. Easy. Just a slight exaggeration of the truth."

He was giggling again. A few words from Yoongi and he suddenly felt way better. Had he always been so good at calming someone down? Jimin didn't know. But he realized that in the past hour he had heard Yoongi speak more than in the past weeks combined. And he could get used to it.

"Hyung, I've never heard you talk this much at once."

"If Taehyung and Hoseok would should up for once then other people could probably talk as well." He complained playfully.

"I will tell them to be quiet so our almighty Hyung can talk as well."

"Please do. Save us from their endless bickering about Iron Man and Batman."

They both cracked up at the remark. Their friends could be such dorks. Sometimes they spent hours arguing which superpower was the best or which hero was the coolest.

When their laughter died down Jimin realized that the nervousness he felt in the beginning had

completely disappeared. He had feared that things would be awkward between them, especially when the occasion they met for was discussing their fake relationship, but right now he was comfortable. A part of him regretted not hanging out with Yoongi before. Another part felt shameful for only considering it after needing help from the other. He definitely wanted to get to know more of Yoongi, fake dating or not.

Suddenly, Jimin remembered they haven't even talked about Yoongi's project yet. "Hyung! We still need to talk about your project. You wanted to tell me more about it."

"I don't know, Jimin. This is a big thing. I don't want you to feel pressured to do it because I help you out, y'know?"

"Tell me about it and then I can decide, right? I *want* to help you, but if I feel like I can't do it for whatever reason, I will tell you honestly. I promise."

Unconsciously or not, Yoongi started to pout cutely while he talking. "Alright...where do I start..."

Jimin waited quietly for Yoongi to collect his thoughts. The older reached out to grasp his bag at the floor beside the bed and took out a red folder. He shifted slightly to face Jimin, but created some space between them at the same time.

Afterwards, he opened the folder and took out a paper, placing it down on the bed between them. Curiously, Jimin took a look at it. It was a mix of sketches Jimin couldn't make out, different colors randomly drawn beside them. He had *no* idea what any of this meant.

"Well, this is the main concept. I didn't define any specific scenery or stuff like that. I didn't want to limit my options for it."

The boy nodded quietly and listened attentively. Yoongi's whole atmosphere had changed. He talked earnestly, all playfulness gone.

"The concept I thought of is 'Natural Beauty'." Yoongi hesitated for a moment before he continued. "I thought of doing something similar to a timeline. The series would start with the person, *you*, dressed up. Hair and make up done, neat clothes, polite, carefully chosen movements. A portrayal of societies definition of beauty."

He hesitated again and shot Jimin a glance. He smiled slightly in response and nodded his head to indicate that he listened and understood so far.

"But the person isn't happy. He feels caged and observed. And he wants to change that. He starts getting rid of the restricting clothes first, refusing to get his hair done next, then the make up, freely moving the way he feels comfortable. And the last part...would be the nudes I mentioned. In the end, the person got rid of society's expectations. He would be comfortable in his own body, accepting it with all its flaws, not minding other people's opinions. The person would just...be naturally beautiful. Not because of his body features, but for being at peace with himself."

Jimin saw Yoongi swallowing hard. Was Yoongi nervous? Why? The idea was breathtaking and Jimin was literally rendered speechless.

"Hyung, this is....breathtakingly beautiful."

"For real? I wasn't sure if it wasn't too abstract, or stup-"

"Don't you dare to finish what you were going to say, Hyung. *This* is a perfect idea. Especially for an exhibition. I think that a lot of people have set images of how people should look or behave like. And a lot of people feel pressure to satisfy these expectations." *Including me*. "This is such a

wonderful way of showing them that the world isn't just black and white. I sincerely love this idea, Hyung. Don't belittle yourself.”

”I'm glad you like it, Jimin.” Yoongi mumbled softly. He took a deep breath and continued.

“There is nothing wrong with dressing up *if* one *likes* doing it and feels more comfortable that way. But I want to portray that we shouldn't feel forced to like certain things or have certain thoughts because of societies pressure. And I thought that would be portrayed the best if I did it that way.”

”This idea is really good, Hyung. The project will be meaningful *and* beautiful. I'm not sure if I can portray such a strong character, but I want to give it a try if you are willing, too. I want to do this.”

”Are you sure? A lot of people will see you without clothes on. Of course, I'd cover your private parts. It's all about the aesthetics. But there *will* be a lot of skin shown.”

Jimin smiled. “I don't have a problem with that. I trust you to make it beautiful. I'd love to help you out.”

“Okay, so I get this part of your paper, but what about the colors next to the sketches?” Jimin asked curiously.

Yoongi took a look at the paper. “Ah, I just thought about how the coloring and editing should be like. For example, strong colors and editing for the start and soft and almost non editing for the end. That's it. Just noted some thoughts that way. Nothing fixed yet.”

Jimin nodded again. He was speechless, impressed, mind-blown. He knew Yoongi was an art major with focus on photography, but as far as he knew Yoongi mostly took pictures of landscapes. Little did Jimin know how warmhearted and deep Yoongi's thoughts about society and a person's struggles were that he even wanted to portray it through his work. This might actually give a lot of people courage and hope. It was simply amazing.

”Are you really willing to take an inexperienced model like me for such an awesome project? Am I really good enough for this?”

Immediately, the older answered firmly. “Yes, you are. I wouldn't have mentioned anything about this project if I didn't have faith in you.”

A soft smile was playing on Jimin's lips.

”Then let's do this, Hyung!” Jimin exclaimed excitedly, grasping Yoongi's hands in the heat of the moment. “I will do my best!”

”Thank you, Jimin. Really, I'm thankful you are willing to do this with me.”

”I should thank *you*. I dragged you into this. But now, we are in this together. If we do our best, I will date Taemin and you will have the best exhibition ever! We can do this!”

Jimin was sure everything would be fine. Their talk went way better than he had expected and he was actually pretty excited about the project now as well. He'd spent a lot of time and get to know more about Yoongi. And in the end, he'd date Taemin and everyone would be happy. Yeah, Jimin was sure everything would be fine.

That was the first chapter! If you made it to here...yay! (^\_\_\_\_^)/throws confetti/ this was kind of the introduction to the plot and (most) of the characters. thank you for reading and i hope you enjoyed this chapter!

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He knew it was a dumb idea. He regretted it the moment he pressed the call button.

“Jimin?” the deep voice at the other end of the phone croaked.

“Y-yeah..Hi...”

“Why are you calling in the middle of the night? Did anything happen? Are you okay?”

“Oh, I, eh..” Jimin tried to swallow the lump in his throat. It wasn't his intention to make Yoongi worried. “I-I'm fine. I'm j-just nervous and can't fall asleep. I thought-”

“Wait. You didn't seriously call me at 3 in the fucking morning, because you were nervous about me picking you up in the evening, were you?”

*Fuck.* Was Yoongi pissed? Of course he was, Jimin woke him up at ass o'clock, because he was *nervous*. As if that was a good reason to interrupt someone's sleep.

“I'm sorry!” he exclaimed in a hushed tone. “I-I'm sorry, I can't think straight. I thought talking to you would calm me down. A-Are you mad?”

He heard the other sigh heavily, but he didn't hang up on him. His voice was raspier than usual. “I'm not mad. Just...don't think about it. Taehyung picked you up before. There won't be much of a difference. No big deal.”

”I know...”

”And they probably won't even pay much attention the first time I show up. So, there *really* is nothing to worry about. Try to sleep, okay?”

”Yeah, thanks, hyung. Sorry for waking you up.”

”It's okay. See you later” Yoongi mumbled sleepily and hung up.

Jimin wished he could've talked to him a little bit longer, but he didn't want to keep the other up either. If anything, he should be glad that Yoongi wasn't mad at him. Even if it was a short conversation, Jimin felt slightly better after hearing his voice.

Today would be their first official appearance as couple. Monday after dance practice, Yoongi would pick him up, that's what they had agreed upon. They didn't really plan anything special though. It was their first appearance together after all. But Jimin was still nervous nonetheless. He couldn't act. He couldn't even do aegyo, how was he supposed to act being in love? The sheer thought of Yoongi waiting for him in front of the practice room made his heart go wild. How did someone react when their crush picked them up? It was ridiculous how nervous he was over such a small matter. At this rate Jimin would die of a heart attack before he could even think about making a move on Taemin.

Jimin startled when his shrill alarm went off. He blindly reached for his phone in the dark and tuned the annoying alarm off. A raspy groan leaved his plump lips. He didn't want to get up. It took him ages to fall asleep after the call. He was dead tired. And his bed was way too comfortable to get up just yet, so warm and soft, especially warm, maybe a bit too warm? And somehow heavy? Since when did his blanket weigh a ton?

Reluctantly, the sleepy boy opened his eyes and was only half surprised to see his best friend curled up beside him, his arm thrown over Jimin's waist. He smiled softly at Taehyung, who was still sleeping soundly and gently stroked the his cheek with his thumb. Taehyung looked unbelievably innocent like this. They used to sleep together like that a lot when they were middle schoolers. No matter how many years had passed since, Taehyung still developed the habit of climbing into his bed in the middle of the night, half-asleep at least twice a week after they moved in together for college. It didn't bother Jimin, though. If anything, he adored Tae even more for it.

No matter how much he wanted to stay in bed with Taehyung like this, he knew if they didn't get up now they'd be late and get scolded, *again*, so he gently shook his shoulder and whispered. "Tae, we have to get up now."

Soft, unintelligible mumbling was his friend's only response, so Jimin shook him a bit harder. "Common Tae, we are going to be late."

Taehyung still didn't react at all, as always, so he gave up on being nice, as always, and pinched his exposed thigh. "Kim Taehyung, get your lazy ass up or we will be late again!"

Taehyung shrieked more in surprise than pain.

"Ouch!" he attempted to whine but coughed instead as his voice cracked. "Why are you like this so early in the morning?"

"Because *you* are always like *this*. One of us has to make sure we make it on time."

His friend pouted as Jimin sat up to raise the blind and literally climbed over him afterwards to get out of the bed. "I will take a shower first, don't fall asleep again."

"Yeah, mom." Taehyung mumbled and covered himself with the blanket, not ready to face the sun yet.

And of course, when Jimin came back to his room after taking a shower, Taehyung was fast asleep.

Jimin somehow made it to lunch without dropping dead. Only his grumbling stomach and his never-ending nervousness kept him awake during his boring lectures. With his tray full of healthy food, Jimin sat down at their usual spot in the canteen where his friends were already waiting for him. They stopped their conversation shortly to greet him and continued when he was seated.

"So, Jungkook is coming back on Friday?"

"Yeah!" Taehyung said excitedly.

"Wow, look at Tae. He looks like he just won the lottery." Namjoon said, amused, as he bit into his sandwich.

Unfazed, Taehyung continued to grin happily. "Aren't you happy to see Kookie again? It wasn't the same without him. We need Kookie to be complete."

"I agree." Jin said next to Namjoon. "I missed the kid, too. Let's have dinner on Saturday."

"Deal!" Taehyung exclaimed excitedly and munched away on his Kimbap.

Jimin smiled, but he couldn't fully focus on the conversation. Yoongi was sitting right across from him. His sheer existence reminding him of the evening. Yoongi wore a red hoodie, the hood *and* a black beanie covering most of his head. Why was he wrapped up like this? Was he cold? Suddenly, the other looked up and their eyes met. Jimin's cheeks flushed immediately. Why did he feel like he was caught doing something he wasn't supposed to when he wasn't?

"But let's get to the important business now. Jimin can't already take his eyes off his boyfriend and they haven't even dated for a week yet." Was the first thing Jimin picked up when he his thoughts were interrupted, causing his cheeks to blush even more.

"What are you saying, hyung? I wasn't staring."

But Hobi just snickered. "Of course, you weren't. You stared at the invisible butterfly which sat down on the devil's face."

"Why are you insulting me when we are teasing Jimin?" Yoongi half-whined, but grinned nonetheless.

"Shouldn't you protect your boyfriend if we tease him?" Namjoon asked on the sidelines.

"Look, I knew this would happen sooner or later, but I didn't expect him to be whipped from day 1. I'm caught off guard, too."

"I hate all of you, just so you know" Jimin mumbled, sulky.

Well, at least the embarrassment overshadowed the nervousness momentarily.

To say that Jimin had a hard time concentrating during practice was an understatement, but fortunately, they were brainstorming about new concepts and songs they could use for the upcoming summer competition most of the time, so it wasn't too obvious. However, when Jimin had to dance some old choreographies and messed up, he could no longer hide how jazzed he was.

After two and a half hours they finally ended today's practice to Jimin's relief. He sat down and ruffled his hair, a frustrated sigh leaving his lips.

"Hey." One of the guys, called Howon, slapped him on the back in a comforting manner and sat down beside him. The other members of the team gradually started to leave. "Rough day?"

"Not really" Jimin sighed once again and took the towel around his neck to dab the sweat off his forehead. "I just couldn't concentrate on anything today. Don't know what's wrong."

What a liar. He had a hunch why he couldn't.

"Don't be too hard on yourself. We all have our bad days. Cheer up."



"Thanks, Howon." The encouraging words made him smile again.

Suddenly, another guy of the team called for him. "Jimin, here's someone looking for you."

The nervous boy shot up immediately and turned to the door, freezing on the spot right after. He couldn't believe his eyes. Yoongi looked so different from a few days ago, even from a few *hours* ago. Jimin was greeted with a new hairstyle, an undercut, which made Yoongi's handsome features sharper. He wore a white shirt beneath his black jacket and matching black skinny jeans. Brown timberlands and silver earrings completed his look. Jimin was stunned. Since when was Yoongi so...attractive?

Yoongi politely bowed to the guy that called Jimin for him and entered the practice room. He approached Jimin with calm steps, his gaze never leaving him.

"I hope I'm not interrupting your practice?" He said with a smile playing on his lips.

Jimin's mind went blank. On top of everything, Yoongi was so....soft. His gaze, his smile, the tone of his voice. The boy swallowed heavily, his heart thumping loudly in his chest. The fond expression the other gave him was overwhelming. Jimin wasn't used to this kind of attention.

He slightly shook his head to get a grip on himself, but couldn't help the slight blush spreading on his cheeks. "No, you aren't. We have finished the practice a few minutes ago."

Shortly after, Yoongi's smile turned into a smirk when Jimin still stood there rooted to the spot. "Shall we leave then?"

"O-oh! Sure, j-just let me get my stuff!" The younger blurted out a bit too shrill and winced at his own voice, his cheeks fully red by now. Overwhelmed, Jimin covered his face with his hand in embarrassment and went to the other side of the room to get his bags and his jacket.

After carelessly shoving his towel in his bag, he went back to Yoongi. "Okay, I'm ready."

Yoongi had averted his gaze shortly to greet an obviously amused Hoseok, but looked back at him almost instantly. He naturally reached for his bags, carrying one over his shoulder and the other in his hand. "Alright, then let's go."

"Y-yeah" Jimin continued to stutter to his own embarrassment. Leaving was a good idea.

When Yoongi turned around to leave and Jimin was about to follow, he saw Howon suggestively wiggling his eyebrows at him. And as if he didn't want the earth to swallow him up already, Hoseok made it worse and winked at him playfully. *Real smooth, Jimin.*

The campus was rather empty at this beautiful evening. The sun was setting, a soft breeze blowing, not a single cloud in the sky. The fake couple was heading towards the dormitories as Jimin took several deep breaths. The boy was still flustered after their ordeal in the practice room. "You did this on purpose, didn't you?"

"What did I do on purpose?" Yoongi feigned innocence.

"Don't even act innocent. Why were you like this?"

"The real question is, why were *you* so flustered? You knew I'd be there."

"Common!" Jimin blurted out, already flushing again. "How would I suspect you to come to pick me up" – his hand gestures pointing out pretty much Yoongi's whole body – "*like this.*"

"What do you mean 'like this'." Yoongi asked mischievously, fully aware of what Jimin referred to.

"I hate you. You planned this, didn't you? That's why you were hiding your hair during lunch, too. Oh my god, and I was worried about you getting sick. I'm so dumb. Did you want to see me make a fool of myself?" Jimin didn't answer his question. Not in a hundred years would he admit that he was flustered because Yoongi looked attractive. Or well, he wasn't even sure if that's why he was flustered.

"Aww, common it was funny! *And* adorable. Mr. Douchebag probably squealed internally because of your cuteness."

Jimin just pouted, hoping that was the case but not quite believing it. "You are so mean, hyung. You knew how nervous I was and that I'd be surprised. Why did you do this though? The clothes you had worn during lunch would have been fine, too."

Yoongi playfully nudged him. "Don't be sulky, I did this for you. You wouldn't want Taemin to think you'd date a dweeb, so I got a new haircut and all."

Genuinely surprised, Jimin looked at his friend. Why would Yoongi think he looked like a dweeb before? Why was he putting so much effort into his appearance? Jimin was touched.

"*And* I wanted to see your face. It was totally worth it." The older chuckled, amused, and averted his gaze.

Okay, all sympathy he previously felt was gone. Jimin playfully punched his upper arm and mumbled incoherent cusses.

A few moments later, Jimin realized that Yoongi was still carrying his bags. He quickly reached for the one Yoongi was carrying in his left hand, but the other didn't let go and paused to look at him, confused, questioning.

"I just realized you are still carrying my stuff. Sorry, you can give them back to me now. I will carry them myself. Oh, and you don't have to walk me back either. Your apartment is at the opposite direction."

"I don't mind, Jimin. You must be exhausted from practice. I don't mind walking you home either."

Jimin stared at him for a second before he mumbled in a whiny voice. "Were you always the push-and-pull-type? First you tease me, then you are being nice. I don't trust you."

The smile on Yoongi's face was soft. Instead of replying he reached out with his right hand to ruffle Jimin's brown, messy locks gently. "Common, let's go. It's getting late and you didn't eat dinner yet."

Again, Jimin was baffled, Yoongi's words rendering him speechless. With a slight blush on his cheeks, Jimin walked next to Yoongi in a comfortable silence.

The smell of freshly cooked Ramyeon filled the apartment when Jimin stepped out of the

bathroom. He ran his fingers through his wet hair as he went to the living room and sat down on the floor across from Taehyung at their small table.

"Thanks for making dinner, Tae. I'm starving."

"Everything for my Chimchim" Taehyung said and flashed him his adorable rectangle grin. "Was practice that exhausting?"

"Oh, not really. I guess I was tense all day and forgot to eat properly. Not because of practice though. Yoongi picked me up for the first time."

"Right, tell me about it! How did your first 'date' go?" Taehyung asked excitedly and filled his and Jimin's bowls with Ramyeon.

"I don't even know, Tae. Seriously. I made a fool of myself" Jimin sighed. "I was totally flustered because Yoongi decided to show up with a fresh haircut and new clothes. I was kinda stunned to be honest."

"Whoa, really? Did he dress up for you?"

"I'm not sure. First he said he did it so I 'wouldn't date a dweeb', but then he said he wanted to see my surprised face. I don't know. Maybe he just wanted to mock me."

Taehyung blew on his noodles and shoved them into his mouth. "Hmm, sounds like he said the second one as an excuse, don't you think? Hyung is actually really thoughtful."

"Whatever." Jimin muttered as he munched on his food as well. "He could've told me if he meant good."

"There is no use crying over spilled milk. So, you said you were stunned, right? In a good way?"

Jimin ran his fingers through his dark locks and took a large gulp of the leftover broth in his bowl afterwards. "Does it matter?"

"Of course, it does!"

He rolled his eyes slightly but answered nonetheless. "I mean, he *was* kinda attractive, *but* I was stunned because I was caught off-guard and nothing else. Plus, I was nervous anyway."

"Are you making excuses now?" His best friend asked innocently.

"I don't need excuses because it's the truth!" He said, but wasn't really sure himself why exactly he was so flustered. He had concluded it was the whole situation that made him nervous, not Yoongi's new look itself.

Taehyung set his chopsticks down and looked straight at him. "Can I be honest with you, Chimchim?"

"Of course, you can. Why?"

"I'm not sure if this whole 'fake dating' is a good idea. I've seen enough dramas and read enough stories to know that at least one of the persons involved gets hurt. And I want neither of you hurt."

A soft smile bloomed on Jimin's face. His heart melted every time his friends were worried about each other. He realized how much they meant to him. Just thinking about hurting Yoongi caused his stomach to lurch. "We won't get hurt. This is not fiction, Tae. We are friends, we both thought

about it before we agreed to it. Yoongi and I are just helping each other out.”

Taehyung returned the soft smile. “Alright. I couldn't take it to see any of you sad. But if Yoongi end up hurting you I will break his neck.”

Jimin couldn't help but laugh. “That escalated quickly.”

”No one is allowed to hurt my Chimchim. I'm ready to fight.”

His laughter turned into soft, high-pitched giggles, while he halfheartedly covered his mouth with his hand out of habit. “Why are you so cute? You know I love you, right?”

Taehyung grinned brightly at him. “Of course, but I love you more!”

The rest of the evening was a mix of soft giggles, loud laughter and tons of nonsense. Their conversation drifted off to drama plots and how hot some of the actors were. It was a lighthearted evening. But when they separated and Jimin was lying in his bed, staring at the ceiling, he reflected about their arrangement. Surely, no one would get hurt in the process, would they?

Their next public interaction was rather smooth. Yoongi came to pick him up again on Thursday. Aside from Howon, who gave him suggestive looks, no one really paid attention to them, so Jimin was a lot calmer than before. The older didn't tease him this time either, even though Jimin internally cringed at his own awkward words and actions. Apparently, it wasn't as bad as he thought, though.

It was Saturday and the friends had gathered at Namjoon's and Seokjin's apartment again. Jin was making dinner and Jimin was helping him out as Namjoon was banned from the kitchen. After almost cutting his own hand and setting the pan on fire not once but twice, Jin had forbidden him to touch kitchen utensils ever again.

Jin told him to set the table in the living room, so Jimin left the kitchen and spotted his overexcited best friend literally bouncing around behind the armchair Yoongi currently sat in, rubbing his temples. He grinned automatically at Taehyung's cute behavior. “Calm down, Tae, or Yoongi will have a seizure any second. They will be here soon.”

”I *know*! That's why I can't sit still. Hobi went to get him 20 min ago! What's taking so long?”

”He's probably prolonging the drive, because he knows what's going on here.” Namjoon threw in.

”If that lil' shit doesn't get here soon I will murder someone.” Was Yoongi's grumpy reply.

”Okay, now we will *all* calm down and Taehyung will help me set the table. C'mon.”

Jimin gently took a hold of his best friend's wrist and dragged him to the dining table.

”Jiminie....let me see Kookie. I can't take this anymore.” Taehyung whined dramatically. “I can't move a single finger without seeing Kookie first. The energy is leaving my body gradually. I can barely stand.”

Both, Yoongi and Namjoon, snorted and Jimin just rolled his eyes and continued to drag him with him. ”Oh, really? A second ago you were jittery bouncing around. Common, time will pass faster if you actually do something aside from waiting.”

"I don't deserve this torture. Just because your boyfriend felt attacked..."

"*Fake* boyfriend." He interrupted, but Taehyung ignored him.

"...you are like this to me. I don't know you anymore, Jimin."

"Stop whining and -"

In that moment the doorbell rang. Namjoon got up from the couch and walked towards the door to open it. When he did, a brightly smiling Hoseok walked in and was followed by Jungkook, who hesitantly looked around. Before the youngest could even enter the apartment completely, Taehyung literally sprinted and jump into his arms, hugging him tightly as if his life depended on it.

No matter how much he thought about it, Jimin couldn't figure out *why* both of them were so blind when they were so obviously head over heels for each other. Jungkook was suddenly smiling brightly, but tried to hide his face in Taehyung's shoulder because he was shy, while the other just openly claimed how much he had missed him and that Jungkook was never allowed to go on a school trip again.

"Okay, Tae, can you please let the kid come in first, so I can close the door?" Namjoon asked, amused.

However, Taehyung just shook his head, his arms still firmly slung around Jungkook's neck. "No, I can't let go yet. I need to recharge my Kookie battery before I can let go."

Jungkook blushed at Taehyung's bluntness. However, after a few moments the younger slipped out of his shoes, suddenly bend down as far as he could and grabbed both of Taehyung's thighs. The other gasped slightly at the unexpected contact and yelped when Jungkook hooked his legs around his waist. With a firm grip on Taehyung's thighs, he wordlessly carried the speechless boy to the couch and carefully put him down.

"Hyung, let me get rid of my jacket at least."

"Yaa~ah, we've been here for a minute and shit's going down already." Hoseok said gleefully and took off his shoes.

Namjoon chuckled and was finally able to close the door while Jimin decided to attack the youngest next. He jumped on his back and held onto him like a koala, grinning happily. "Welcome back, Jungkookie~"

"What have you all done to them while I was gone?" The boy whined.

"Were they ever different?" Yoongi asked nonchalantly.

"They just missed you a lot. We all did. Even the grumpy grandpa." Namjoon explained with a soft smile on his lips.

"Well, that doesn't make me jump on him though." Hoseok uttered and sat down on the couch beside Taehyung.

"Liar. You did the same as soon as you saw me."

"Traitor."

They all laughed lightheartedly. Jimin was glad all seven of them were back together. Even if

Jungkook was a brat and made fun of him most of the time, he loved him dearly and missed him every second he wasn't there with them in the past two weeks. Now, they were truly complete again.

Everybody was seated at the table and enjoyed the delicious Kimchi stew Seokjin had made. The side dishes were just as good as the stew and especially Jungkook dug in. The boy seemed to have missed Jin's cooking a lot during that school trip.

"Oh, have you heard the news yet?" Namjoon suddenly asked him.

"What news?" Jungkook replied and take a sip of his water.

Hobi joined the conversation with a mischievous smile. "Yoongi and Jimin are dating."

The youngest choked on his drink, hitting his chest to stop coughing. "WHAT?"

"We are fake da-" Jimin started but the brat ignored him and looked at Yoongi with a questioning gaze.

"Since when?"

Yoongi seemed clearly done with this shit, but it wasn't like he could avoid it either with their friends being a pain in the ass. "We are *fake* dating for..a week? No big deal."

"How is this no big deal? You even got a new haircut!" Jungkook turned to Taehyung. "You tell me about what you ate for lunch but you didn't tell me *this*?"

Taehyung seemed offended. "Excuse you? It's important what food I consume, of course I told you about it! We talked about literally everything. You would find out sooner or later about them anyway."

"I can't believe this." Jungkook sighed and took another sip of his drink. "What else happened while I was gone?"

"Nothing, actually. Our minimini-couple is the only news." Seokjin said and put some more rice on the boy's plate. "But enough of us, tell us about your trip. Did you have fun? Did anything exciting happen?"

"It was a school trip, hyung. It was boring. Tons of museums, lectures of historical events, group games to bond. Same old." Jungkook paused momentarily before adding. "Ah, yeah, and one of my classmates asked me out."

There was a short deadly silence following the boy's information, but Seokjin quickly regained composure. "Really? Who?"

"His name is Yugyeom. He's my age. We occasionally talked during breaks and stuff. Well, he is actually one of the few I really get along with. He's nice." Jungkook told them. "I was taken aback when he suddenly confessed to me when we arrived back in Seoul."

Hoseok hesitantly made eye contact with Jimin. Both of the seemed equally worried about where this was going.

Jungkook scratched the back of his neck, expression unreadable. "Well, he just said that he kind

of felt attracted to me and asked me out on a date.”

Everyone was still silent, pondering over what to reply. Jungkook seemed a little confused when at the situation, so Jimin attempted to say something. However, Namjoon beat him to it. “This is really nice, Jungkook. Did you agree to go on a date with him?”

Taehyung gulped heavily at Namjoon's question and Jimin wanted nothing more than drag him out of the room, hug him, and tell him that everything will be fine.

Barely noticeable Jungkook shot Taehyung a quick, curious glance. He sighed and ruffled his hair. “Why would I agree to go on a date with him? I told him I was flattered and that I like him as a friend, but that I didn't have any romantic interest in him.”

”Oh, that must've been an awkward situation. He must've been sad.” Seokjin said, his voice soft. “But it was the right decision to be honest with him.”

”Nah, he wasn't even upset. It's not like he loves me. He's not in that deep. We are cool.”

The whole tension that arose during their conversation suddenly eased. Especially Taehyung, who was frozen on his spot seemed to relax and quickly took a sip of his drink to act nonchalantly. Meanwhile, Jimin quietly sighed in relief. He wouldn't have known what to do if Jungkook ended up dating someone else than Taehyung. But fortunately that wasn't the case, so he tried to focus on eating dinner instead.

Despite the little shock, their evening continued with a lot of delicious food, bad jokes and big laughter.

It was close to midnight when Taehyung and Jimin were getting ready to leave. Seokjin was already out driving Jungkook to his parents' house, while Hoseok helped Namjoon cleaning up the mess they created.

Jimin was struggling to wear his jacket when Yoongi came closer and helped him to slip his arm into the sleeve. “Thanks.”

”You're welcome. Can you go home on your own or do you want me to accompany you?”

Jimin smiled brightly. “Thanks, hyung, but it's alright. It's just a 15-minute walk.”

”It's late already and we are off campus. Why don't you wait until Hoseok and I leave so we can leave together?”

”Why are you so worried, Yoongi? You are so cute like this.” The brown haired boy giggled happily. He took a step closer and leaned in to whisper into Yoongi's ear. “I think Tae might want to talk about the shock earlier. It's better if we leave alone.”

When Jimin slightly leaned back to look at Yoongi, he noticed how close they actually were. He quickly took a step back, hoping he wasn't blushing again.

Yoongi sighed but gave up convincing the other. “Alright, alright. Just send a message that you arrived safely. I hate leaving you kids walking around alone at night.”

”Pardon? We are *not* kids, we are adults. Besides, what should possibly go wrong? You can see the campus if you look out of the window. We won't get lost.” Jimin reasoned and smirked. “You

know, you actually behave like a real boyfriend right now.”

”Shut up.” Yoongi replied grumpily. But as Jimin took a closer look...was Yoongi blushing? “I’ve always asked you this.”

Jimin giggled, having fun teasing his friend for once. ”I know, I’m just kidding. Why are you so serious, hyung?”

”I should have never cared. I’m constantly suffering. I don’t deserve this.”

”You’re exaggerating again. And you love us. You wouldn’t want it any other way.”

To that, Yoongi eventually smiled softly, but didn’t comment on it. “Anyway, what I actually wanted to say is, our meeting is still in place right? Tomorrow, 2 pm at the studio.”

*Oh, right. Tomorrow is our first shooting.* “Yeah, of course. I’ll be there. Do I need to bring anything? Any specific clothes or make up?”

”No need to. I just want to take a few test shots tomorrow.”

”Alright.”

Taehyung was coming back from the bathroom and quickly put on his jackets and shoes. “Sorry. Why do I always have to go to the toilet when we want to go somewhere? This is weird.”

”Maybe that’s because you drink a lot of water, like a healthy person should. Nothing to say sorry about.” Jimin said.

”Thanks, Chimchim. Okay, I’m ready to leave.”

Yoongi informed the other two that the boys were leaving, so they came running to the door.

”Be careful on your way home.” Namjoon said and hugged them one by one.

”I still feel bad, why didn’t you allow us to help cleaning up?” A pouting Jimin asked.

”First of all you already helped Jin in the kitchen. That’s enough. Secondly, my house my rules.”

”You always say that when you have no arguments. But, I can’t help it, so I have to accept it. Thanks for everything, hyung.”

”See you both on Monday.”

Taehyung flashed them his cute rectangle smile once again before they both said their goodbyes to Hoseok and Yoongi as well.

The chilly night air was unexpectedly refreshing after their long stay in the apartment. The streets were rather empty. There was no traffic jam that blocks the streets in the daytime and only a few people in sight. It was peaceful. Unlike Jimin’s assumption Taehyung made no attempt to talk about the incident. In fact, Taehyung didn’t talk at all. But he didn’t mind. It was a comfortable silence. Maybe Taehyung had to sort out his thoughts, maybe he didn’t want to talk about it at all. As long as he saw that tiny smile on his best friend’s lips, he was okay with anything he’d choose.

Jimin wanted to punch himself in the face.



He was on his way to the studio and his heart was thumping so fast that it was driving him insane. Why was he always this nervous? It was ridiculous. In his defense, it was his first photo shoot. Not taking a few pictures with his friends but a real photo shoot. Even if it was for testing purposes and not the real deal. It was important to Yoongi and he didn't want to mess up.

Jimin took a deep breath and knocked at the door. When a deep raspy voice told him to come in, he did and closed the door behind him.

The room was smaller than he had expected but still looked professional. There was white wall with two huge spotlights and diaphragms in front of it, on the opposite a desk and a small obsolete sofa and tons of equipment – Jimin didn't know the name of – on the floor.

"Hi." Jimin greeted and hoped it wasn't obvious that he freaked out internally.

"Hey, welcome to the studio, I guess."

When Jimin was still rooted at the entrance Yoongi chuckled. "I won't bite, you know?"

All hopes to not get flustered were quickly abandoned as he felt his cheeks turning red instantly. He stepped away from the door and closer to Yoongi. Jimin took it as a chance to take in his appearance. Today, he was wearing a plain black hoodie, the black beanie he wore often and a ripped jeans. It wasn't the first time he thought their wardrobes were similar. Jimin wore a white sweater with black pattern printed on the sleeves and ripped jeans as well. They liked the same kind of clothes.

"Are you comfortable with this, Jimin? Or do you want to back out?"

A part of him screamed to run as long as he could, but the bigger part of him wanted to help Yoongi, so he shook his head. "No, I'm fine. I'm a little nervous, but I'm good."

One of Jimin's favorite gummy smiles bloomed on Yoongi's face. "Alright, take of your jacket and throw it on the sofa. Unfortunately, we don't have a clothes rack here."

Jimin nodded, took of the jacket he wore above his sweater and dropped it carelessly on the sofa, while Yoongi went to the door and locked it.

"Just in case someone might want to use the room. I booked it, but they never bother to check." Yoongi explained.

He walked to the desk and took his camera before he returned to Jimin's side.

"Okay, are you ready to start? Any questions?"

"Yeah." Jimin took a deep breath to calm his nerves. "I'm ready. What should I do?"

"Just stand in front of the wall, in the middle of the two spotlights. I have to check the light conditions first."

Obediently, Jimin did as he was told and awkwardly stood in front of the wall. The lights were warm, but not uncomfortable and not as blinding as he thought they would be.

Jimin almost startled when he heard the 'click' of Yoongi's camera.

"Can you please look at the camera?"

Jimin did as he was told and blinked when the flashlight lighted up. Yoongi checked the photo he

took on the display of his camera and rearranged the diaphragms before taking another shot. He repeated that procedure thrice before he was satisfied with the light conditions.

"Alright, I got the right settings now. We can start the shoot."

Yoongi looked unusually serious. The younger was surprised to see him change completely when it came to his work. His dedication was admirable.

"I would like you to give me different expressions today. It's a training for you to get comfortable in front of the camera. No one is perfect at the first try, so don't stress yourself."

"I will give my best, hyung."

Yoongi flashed him another smile before he positioning the camera again. "Don't worry too much, Jimin. Take it easy. I will name an emotion and you will try to express it. You can use your upper body as well if you want to, but the focus is on your face, got it? Okay, then let's begin. Being happy."

His heart was racing, his hands damp. *You can do this, Jimin. This is just a test shoot. And happiness, happiness is easy.* Jimin decided to express happiness with a bright grin.

After a few flashes, Yoongi named the next emotion. "Playful."

Jimin pondered for a second before sticking his tongue out and wagging his fingers beside his face, palm facing the front.

"Shy."

The boy covered his mouth with his hand and avoided looking at the camera.

"Flirty."

He froze momentarily and panicked. *Flirty? I didn't flirt before. Or have I? Oh my god, what do I do?* Eventually, he decided to go with the 'running your thumb over your lower lip' concept and quickly hid his face as soon as Yoongi had taken a few pictures.

Another few flashes. "You are doing well, Jimin. Confident."

After taking another deep breath he looked straight into the camera, narrowed his eyes slightly and attempted to smirk.

"Angry."

Anger was hard. How does one look like when he's angry? He frowned the best as he could, but he already knew this would look ridiculous.

"Okay, and the last, sad."

Jimin slightly pulled the corner of his mouth downwards and dropped his gaze to the ground.

Another few flashes before Yoongi lowered the camera and give him a thumbs up. "You did well. Come here, let's take a look at the photos together."

With his heart in his mouth the younger went to Yoongi's side and leaned his head on his shoulder to see the display of the camera. Yoongi showed him the first picture he took. The first thing Jimin noticed was that the light conditions seriously had a huge impact on the outcome of the picture. Whenever he tried taking pictures of himself they didn't look nearly as good as these. There were

no dark circles under his eyes, nor was one side darker than the other. It was impressive. Secondly, he focused on his expression. His grin was bright, but it didn't reach his eyes.

"What do you think?" Yoongi asked him in a soft tone.

"Honestly? I think the quality of the photo is amazing, but it looks unnatural."

"What about the next one?"

The next emotion was playfulness. He snorted at how silly he looked. "This one is better, I think."

"And this?"

"Oh my god, this looks so fake!"

The next one.

"Okay, *this* is the worst. I'm so bad at this." Jimin whined.

Again, Yoongi clicked on the next picture. "What do you think about this?"

Jimin took a look at the picture. It was taken at the moment he covered his face in embarrassment. "What do you mean? I didn't try to express anything in this one."

"I know, I still wanna know your opinion about it."

"Well, I mean, you can barely see my face. I was obviously embarrassed. So, even though it's not exactly what you wanted me to do, this would be a good example for feeling shy or embarrassed."

"Mh, I think so, too." Yoongi said and showed him the next picture.

"Oh my god, can we stop? This is really embarrassing. All of them look fake and ridiculous. Please delete them." Jimin said downheartedly and stepped back. "I'm sorry I'm so bad at this, hyung."

Yoongi turned around to look at him. His gaze was soft, but Jimin couldn't bear to look at him.

"Jimin, look at me." Jimin shook his head. "Common, look at me."

Hesitantly, he met his gaze and couldn't hide the disappointment he felt. He really wanted to help Yoongi, but looking like this was not any help. He'd ruin Yoongi's wonderful idea.

"Jimin, this was a practice. These weren't supposed to look good. And even if they were, you aren't a professional model, it's really hard to stand in front of a wall and pull off every expression. It's not that easy. I did this for another purpose. Remember that picture where you hid your face?"

Jimin nodded, but didn't utter a word.

"You said this photo would be a good example to express the emotion. Why do you think that?"

He pondered over it for a while. "Well, it was a shy expression?"

"Yeah." Yoongi agreed. "But why does this one seem more real compared to the others?"

"You took it when I was embarrassed, so-" Then it hit him. He had *felt* the emotion. That was why it was well expressed. "Oh."

"See? That's what I wanted you to realize. If you want to express a certain emotion it's always better if you partly feel it. When you want to express happiness it's the best to think about a moment you were truly happy. The emotion will automatically resurface a bit and help you expressing it. It's similar to acting." Yoongi explained calmly.

"That makes sense." Jimin agreed and felt slightly better. Maybe he wasn't a complete failure then.

"Also, this kind of shoot is the hardest because the focus is only on the expression, while the photos we're going to take offer more than things to focus on. Because it's hard to express emotions in front of a plain wall the most people exaggerate their expressions of the emotions, too. It's a form of art as well. It's obvious that they aren't feeling the emotion, but they are expressing the key points exaggeratedly, so everyone will recognize it. It's like a bright smile indicates a good mood, usually happiness."

Jimin nodded again. He didn't know such a simple shooting was teaching him a lot of aspects about the whole concept of shoots. "This is really interesting, hyung. I would've preferred if you had said it to me instead of making me go through this though."

Yoongi still smiled softly, but suddenly reached out to pinch his cheek. Jimin yelped. "You have to learn it by experience. Words can never teach as much as experiencing it."

"Okay, I get it." Jimin rubbed his abused cheek and pouted. He hesitantly asked. "So, you still want to do this with me?"

"Of course, I do." Yoongi confirmed without missing a beat. "Actually, you did quite well."

Jimin gave him a skeptical look, but Yoongi was unfazed. "You had a lot of elements in this that would look awesome if you were either more confident or exaggerated it a bit more. For your first shoot it was really good, Jimin. Despite what you might think. So, cheer up."

Jimin felt his heart beating faster and faster with every word leaving Yoongi's lips. He was so disappointed by himself that he was close to tears, but Yoongi's reassuring words eased his inner turmoil. It was a relief that Yoongi wasn't disappointed in him. "Thanks, hyung."

"Do you want to give it another try?"

"Yeah, I do." He said and took a deep breath to calm his nerves once again.

"Good, then go back to your position." Yoongi said and encouragingly massaged Jimin's nape shortly before going back to his own position. "Oh, furthermore, try to relax in front of the camera. This is the most important for our shoots. Don't be embarrassed. I don't judge you, I won't make fun of you, so don't hold back and give it a try, okay?"

Jimin nodded once again, now more confident than before and went back to his position. "Okay. Let's take pictures as long as it takes for me to relax."

"Now, that's the spirit!" The other flashed him another of his cute gummy smiles.

It took a while until Jimin was able to relax completely. He couldn't shut out that Yoongi wasn't a stranger he would never see again if he failed, but eventually he realized that Yoongi kept his promise and never judged or laughed at him.

As soon as Jimin got rid of his insecurities and fears the shooting was actually fun and the pictures turned out well, too. Of course, they were far from being perfect in his opinion, but compared to the first pictures they took he was satisfied with his improvement in this short time.

They spent the whole afternoon and evening together. After a good two hours of shooting they took a break and went to the canteen to grab dinner. With a smile on his lips Yoongi was enthusiastically talking about different ideas he had for the project. At the same time, he never forgot to ask him how his dance practices were coming along. Jimin found this side of Yoongi endearing. Within a week Jimin had seen so many new sides of Yoongi. He was a profound person. He was open-minded and way softer and more caring than he made himself out to be. No matter if his plan worked out in the end or not, Jimin was glad he got to spend his time with the other. Yoongi was simply...admirable.

## Chapter End Notes

guys.....the feedback was so overwhelming, i'm still shook ;; thank you all so much for reading, leaving comments and kudos. I really didn't believe i would get such a good feedback for this, so i was pretty excited and wrote another chapter !

i'm still not back in the flow though, so please bear with me little longer.

thank you for all the support and i hope you enjoyed this chapter !^\_^

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jimin was in a good mood today.

A little over three weeks have passed since Yoongi and Jimin started their fake relationship and so far everything has worked out as planned.

Slowly but surely, his teammates started to pay attention to Yoongi, who was picking him up at least twice a week. Even Taemin shot them a curious glance once in a while.

The previous nervousness was starting to fade as he started to feel more and more content with Yoongi by his side. Jimin was still flustered whenever he saw Yoongi's fond, intense gaze, but he wasn't worried about messing up anymore.

During these past three weeks they had seen each other a lot, during lunch, on the weekends, after practice. Naturally, they talked a lot, joked around with each other and Jimin simply couldn't help but feel comfortable next to his hyung.

He's learned a lot about Yoongi. How his gaze went blank whenever someone complimented him, or how he would play with his earrings whenever he was lost in thoughts.

Jimin never paid much attention to these small details before, but he somehow caught on as he got to know Yoongi better.

He enjoyed learning all these details about his hyung, their conversations, their jokes and even Yoongi's teasing. Jimin wouldn't admit it if someone asked, but he enjoyed the extra attention he got from Yoongi. Of course, it was all part of the act, but whenever he came to pick him up Jimin was genuinely happy to see the other. Yoongi always walked him home, no matter how often he insisted that it was fine. Sometimes, he'd join him – and Taehyung if he was at home – for dinner as well. It was nice how they've gotten closer within the past few weeks.

They had met up twice for test shoots, too.

For the first shoot Jimin had to try out different poses, while the second one focused on trying out different clothes and hairstyles. They scheduled the first real shoot his upcoming weekend.

Jimin was still anxious, hoping he won't mess up Yoongi's project, but he got a lot more comfortable in front of the camera already. As promised, the older never laughed or judged him. Yoongi never forgot to praise him and when he needed it, he gave him some advice.

So, Jimin was surprisingly a bit excited for the shooting.

However, that was two days from now and he had currently just finished practice.

Training was really exhausting today. The team came up with a new choreography and they were rearranging positions, trying out which member suited which moves the best.

He loved the new choreography, but that didn't mean it wasn't tiring as fuck.

"Hey, Jimin." A rather high-pitched voice called him all of a sudden. This voice belonged to none other than Taemin. His *crush*, Lee Taemin.

Jimin gulped. Trying to swallow the lump that had formed instantly in his throat. He turned around to face the other. "Hey, w-what's up?"

Fuck, was he stuttering? How embarrassing.

"You did well today." Taemin said, taking a sip from his bottle. "You're improving a lot lately."

*Was that a compliment? Oh my god!* "T-thanks. You're really good too. I mean, of course you are, but, eh, you know? I mean..."

Taemin laughed and muttered a quiet 'cute' under his breath. As his laugh died down he asked. "Will that guy come to pick you up again?"

Jimin, who had lowered his head in embarrassment looked up again and met the other's gaze. Had Taemin just asked him about Yoongi? Did he say *again*? That meant Taemin had paid attention to him. Well, they weren't exactly subtle, so everyone had seen Yoongi at some point, but this was Taemin. His crush was curious enough to ask him. He must be at least interested in a way. Otherwise, he wouldn't have asked, right? His heart was beating faster at the realization. "Yoongi-hyung? Y-yeah, he will."

"He seems like a nice guy." Taemin commented, still smiling. "Are you dating?"

There it was. The question he hoped Taemin would ask him sooner rather than later.

"Yeah." Jimin replied and rubbed his neck sheepishly. "We've been friends for quite a while, but recently we both felt attracted to each other, so we decided to try things out."

He had thought this over for quite a while. He didn't know how he would explain their relationship, but friends to lovers seemed to make the most sense.

It sounded pretty reasonable to him. In a lot of Taehyung's beloved dramas the main characters were best friends before they fell in love. It sounded like a plausible story since he's already been friends with Yoongi anyway.

"I see. I-"

Taemin never got to finish his sentence as Yoongi called for Jimin and cut him off.

Yoongi walked over to them and bowed his head politely to greet Taemin, but his gaze instantly fell to Jimin.

"Sorry, did I interrupt your conversation?" Yoongi asked.

"No, it's alright. See you tomorrow, Jimin." Taemin said and quickly left them alone.

A mischievous grin spread on Yoongi's face as he naturally put his hand on Jimin's lower back and guided him towards the corner of the room where his bag was located. His cheeks flushed immediately.

"You did that on purpose, didn't you?" Jimin accused him in a whisper.

"Of course not." Yoongi feigned innocence, lowering his voice as well.

"Asshole."

"Wow, this is what I get. Me, your lovely boyfriend who picks you up all the time."

Jimin slightly shook his head and pointed his finger at Yoongi. "My lovely boyfriend that makes fun of me all the time and loves to see me suffer."

"That's what a boyfriend is there for. What did you expect?"

He huffed and pouted afterwards. "You're so mean. Practice was so exhausting I don't deserve this."

Yoongi chuckled and made Jimin freeze as he ran his fingers through Jimin's dark, damp locks. Unlike the times Yoongi had ruffled his hair before, this one was different. His touch gentle, his movement slow, as if he was touching something precious. His gaze was fond once again and it shut Jimin up quite effectively.

"Okay, I'm sorry. You looked like you'd combust any second, so I thought I'd save you. Sorry if that wasn't the case."

Jimin blinked a few times, still distracted by the soft touch of Yoongi's fingers. "It's okay. I was only teasing."

Yoongi looked deep into his eyes when he suddenly decided to make things worse as he leaned in, his lips so close that when he talked Jimin felt them touching his ear. A shiver ran down his spine and his heart was beating loudly in his chest. Fuck, why was he reacting like this?

"He's still watching us, you know?" Yoongi whispered, his voice dropping a few octaves. "We might as well step things up, don't you think?"

Jimin quickly shut his eyes when he felt Yoongi nuzzling his cheek ever so slightly, his breath ghosting over his flushed skin. Not being used to this kind of physical contact, Jimin was overwhelmed, his heart beating faster and faster every second. If Yoongi didn't stop he might actually combust any second.

Fortunately, Jimin felt the other creating some space between them, but he still couldn't bring himself to open his eyes yet.

It was so obvious that Jimin was inexperienced. He was kind of embarrassed by his reaction to these rather innocent touches. He kept his eyes shut a little longer, wanting to avoid facing the other.

However, he opened his eyes immediately when Yoongi suddenly put his beanie on Jimin's head.

Speechlessly, Jimin blinked blankly at his hyung, his heart still racing a mile a minute.

"It's kind of windy today. Wouldn't want my boyfriend to get sick, y'know?" Yoongi explained and bend down to pick up Jimin's bag. "Let's go. Taehyung texted me. He ordered chicken, so we should hurry."

Jimin was still dumbfounded but simply nodded. He took a deep breath and did his best to calm his racing heart.

Jimin knew that they'd eventually step things up a bit, but he didn't expect to be so flustered.

Well, he was flustered all the time at the beginning of their fake relationship, but Jimin didn't think he would be flustered because of Yoongi's touch.

If he was so effected by a friend's touch, how was he going to react when Taemin ever did this to him? Would he die of a heart attack? Was it usually this intense?



He got even more nervous when he realized the others had seen them, which was actually the purpose of this whole act. It must have seemed like Yoongi kissed him on the cheek, or maybe the angle even made it seem like they kissed *for real*.

Jimin wanted nothing more than to disappear as fast as possible, but Yoongi had other plans.

He gingerly grabbed Jimin's wrist and let his hand slide down to his own, interlacing their fingers. Without saying another word, he gently tugged the furiously blushing boy along.

It was indeed windy today and if he wasn't still trying to calm down he would probably be more than thankful for the beanie Yoongi gave him. However, his focus was definitely not on the weather when Yoongi was still holding his hand firmly.

"What were you and Taemin talking about?" Yoongi asked casually all of a sudden.

Jimin looked at him in surprise. This was the first thing Yoongi had said ever since they left the practice room.

"Oh, he just...kind of asked me if you were picking me up again and if we were dating." Jimin replied, a smile spreading on his face. "I think our plan is working. I mean, he could have asked without really caring for the answer, but at least he is interested enough to ask. Plus, he knows I'm dating now, so he can't pull the 'you haven't dated before'-card on me anymore."

Yoongi's expression was unreadable, but eventually he smiled back at the excited boy. "That's nice, Jimin. Hopefully, things will turn out as you want in the end."

"Thanks, hyung. I hope so, too."

They walked in a comfortable silence after that. Jimin had finally calmed down and his heart was beating at a normal pace again.

However, when a strong gust of wind hit them and Jimin unconsciously stepped closer to Yoongi, he realized once again that they were still holding hands.

He had held hands with Taehyung before, but this felt different. Taehyung's hands were way bigger than Jimin's. It made him feel like he was a child. Not that he didn't like holding hands with his best friend, but the way Yoongi's hand fit perfectly in his own made him feel different. Almost as if they were meant to fit into one another. It made him giddy somehow.

Jimin wasn't supposed to feel this way, was he?

"Ehm, hyung, you can let go of my hand now, you know?"

"I know I can, but I won't."

Instantly, Jimin felt the tips of his ears burn again. "Why not?"

Yoongi looked around, probably making sure no one was listening to their conversation. "First of all, we can't only act in the cafeteria and your practice room. If people see us on campus together, acting all differently than we are supposed to and one of them talks to your precious Mr. Douchebag it's game over."

*Well, makes sense.*

"Secondly, you have to get used to this."

"Hm?"

"We have to step things up sooner or later. You can't freak out when I hug you or something."

"Why would I freak out?" Jimin asked, already blushing again.

Yoongi raised an eyebrow and smirked smugly.

"Also, look at this as a training for the real deal." He continued. "It's nice experiencing your firsts with someone you love, but a little knowledge of hand holding and not dying of a heart attack when he steps closer might help, too."

Jimin playfully hit his chest with the back of his free hand and pouted. "Whenever I think you might have good intentions you end up teasing me."

"That's what love looks like." Yoongi replied and nudged him with his shoulder.

"Yeah, sure. What kind of love is this?"

Jimin was sulking next to the other, but Yoongi was unfazed. Instead, he flashed him a gummy smile of his and nudged him again.

"Come on, is it that bad? Holding hands with me?"

*No, it's not. It's actually kinda nice.* But of course, Jimin wasn't going to admit that.

The rest of the evening was less flustering. Yoongi stayed to have dinner at his place with Taehyung and they had a great time together.

Though Jimin had insisted that he shouldn't, Yoongi paid for the chicken they ordered, claiming that 'as a hyung it's his obligation to pay for his dongsaengs'. It was bullshit, but Jimin was touched nonetheless.

Taehyung and Yoongi would argue about some artist Jimin never heard of, but he enjoyed to watch his friends bickering anyway.

His best friend was an art student as well, however, he was majoring in education. Even though Taehyung studied art on another level as Yoongi, they'd often end up talking about whatever.

All in all, they talked and laughed a lot and it was a nice evening.

Later when the freshly showered boy was about to go to bed, Taehyung knocked on the door and entered his room hesitantly, a pillow clutched in his arms.

"Can I sleep here tonight?" He asked cautiously.

Usually, Taehyung would sneak into his room when Jimin was asleep, but he rarely ever asked him beforehand, not that he needed to. That meant something was wrong. Though Jimin was worried immediately he tried his best not to show it.

"Of course you can. I was about to sleep anyway. Come here."

Taehyung switched off the light and they both climbed into the bed, making themselves comfortable. Taehyung brought his pillow with him but he snuggled up to Jimin's side and leaned his head on his shoulder, exhaling softly.

"Is everything alright, Tae?" Jimin asked carefully and caressed his friend's back, hoping to calm him down. He remembers how Taehyung would calm down when they were younger whenever he did that and he hoped it would still hold the same effect.

He stayed quiet for a while, his hand placed on top of Jimin's chest, probably feeling his calm heartbeat. Eventually, Taehyung replied in a whisper. "Do you think I should make a move on Jungkook?"

*Oh.* This was serious.

Taehyung rarely called Jungkook by his full name, he usually used a nickname to refer to the other.

"You already had a plan, didn't you?" Jimin asked softly. "Is there a reason why you want to change it?"

He sighed. "I don't know. I wanted to wait, you know? He isn't a child, I know that, but I still felt like I should wait until we are both adults."

Jimin didn't have to see Taehyung's face to know he was frustrated and lost. He could hear it in his voice.

"But maybe that was a mistake? Even if I didn't want to, a part of me hoped that Jungkook felt the same and was just waiting for me to make the first move. But I realized it's bullshit. I never thought about the fact that there are other people his age, who want to date him, too. What if he never felt this way to begin with? Or what if he's tired of waiting?"

"Tae..."

"What if I lose my chance because I waited too long? Even if he rejects me, I can't bear the thought of never trying before it's too late."

Jimin hated this. Seeing Taehyung sad was one of the things he couldn't handle.

"But I'm scared, Jimin. What if our friendship breaks apart after this? What if he hates me when he finds out? What if-"

"Tae." Jimin interrupted him, voice firm. "This won't happen. Even *if* he wasn't interested in you, Jungkook could never hate you. If anything, he would be sad he couldn't make you happy. You know the brat."

"But-"

"I will be honest with you, Tae. I think both of you have been in love with each other for quite a while. Even if you wait for another year, I'm sure Jungkook would wait, too."

"It's nice that you want to cheer me up, but I don't think Jungkook is in love with me. I mean, I would have noticed."

"Kim Taehyung, you are the most oblivious person I know. Second to you is Jungkook. You are both dancing around each other and fail to notice the hearts you throw at each other. All of us are waiting for you to finally date." Jimin deadpanned.

”Also,” He continued. “Jungkook rejected that guy that asked him out, right? He said he was one of the very few he likes, but he still rejected him. Why would he if he hadn't someone else in mind?”

Taehyung seemed to ponder over Jimin's words.

”Maybe you're right.” He eventually replied. ”But I don't want to be hopeful either.”

Jimin rubbed his back comfortingly, his fingertips occasionally scratching between his shoulder blades. “Why don't you just try it? Like you said, you might regret it if you don't make a move on him.”

”Don't you think I'm rushing things? Am I too eager?”

”Tae, you waited *months* for Jungkook. How can you refer to yourself as too eager?”

The other sighed softly, pressing his face into the crook of Jimin's neck. “Thanks, Jimin.”

”Don't worry so much, okay? Jungkook is old enough to make his own choices and I'm sure he'll appreciate if you talk to him about it. So, cheer up, alright? I can't bear to see you sad.”

Taehyung slung the arm that was early laying on Jimin's chest around his waist, hugging him as much as possible in their position. “You are the best friend in the world, you know? I love you so much, Chimchim.”

Jimin smiled softly. “I love you, too, Tae.”

He genuinely hoped that they'd work things out. They deserved all the happiness in this world and Jimin knew they'd be the happiest if they were together. So, this night, Jimin forgot about all of his own worries and prayed for Taehyung's happiness instead.

”Yaa~ah, Park Jimin! Look at you!” Yoongi hollered when they met at the studio as promised. “You look amazing!”

Jimin had struggled for a while, trying to figure out what to wear, but he'd decided on a nice white button up shirt tucked into a pair of chick, black slacks. He rolled his sleeves up to his elbows and left the top two buttons of his shirt undone, exposing a hint of his collarbones. He did his best to look like Yoongi had planned. He wanted to look good, worthy of the shoot. He was a bit worried that the outfit wasn't enough, so he had thrown on some accessories. He had his nice watch on his left wrist and a simple bracelet on the other. He wore plenty of rings too, two on his left hand and three on his other. Even his ears were adorned with multiple piercings.

Just like Yoongi had – apparently – done for him, Jimin went and got a new haircut, similar to Yoongi's. He parted his hair and let it swoop across his forehead delicately.

Taehyung helped him with the make-up, too. It was subtle, but still emphasized his features well. A thin line of dark eyeshadow, similar to a lid line, and kohl on his lower lid made his eyes seem wider and his gaze more intense. The lip gloss Taehyung insisted on applying made his lips shine a soft pink.

He looked like a mix of an idol and a young, casual businessman.

Jimin was rather satisfied with his look, but he still had been nervous, wondering if Yoongi would like this look. Or rather, if it fit the purpose of the shooting.

Fortunately, Yoongi seemed to like the style he had chosen, so Jimin was relieved.

"I didn't even know you own these kind of clothes." Yoongi remarked with a playful smirk.

"Of course, I do." Jimin replied pouting, but he actually had forgotten about them himself. He found them buried beneath tons of sweaters and jeans he owned.

"But this kind of make-up emphasizes your features just the right way. Your eyes are sparkling." Yoongi continued to compliment him, making him blush all over again. His ears must've been incredibly red judging by how hot they felt. "You totally fooled me during our test shooting! I can't believe you even got a new haircut, too. This suits you so well, Jiminie"

He knew he probably shouldn't be this pleased, but his heart fluttered with each word Yoongi said.

Sometimes he wondered if there was ever a time he didn't blush in the presence of the other. It was kind of embarrassing.

Unlike Jimin's expectations they weren't shooting in the studio, but at some old, dilapidated factory. Apparently, their college had some kind of agreement with the owner of the building, so the art students were allowed to go there to work on their projects. They had to get special permission beforehand though.

Yoongi and Jimin had to take the bus to get to the location. Jimin was fascinated by the appearance of the building, while Yoongi just walked inside as if he had been here a million times before.

"Are you sure it's safe to go inside, hyung? It looks...like it will fall apart any second." Jimin asked skeptically.

"Do you think they would let us inside if it would? The building gets an annual review. Don't worry."

Jimin nodded and followed Yoongi to the spot Yoongi had chosen for the shooting.

The equipment was already set up in front of a broken window and an equally pathetic looking sordid wall.

"Oh, you came here to set up the equipment before?"

"Of course, I did." Yoongi scoffed. "I ha've been here three times. Checking the location, taking test shots and setting up everything we needed for the shooting. I can't do this half-heartedly."

Jimin took no offense in his tone, knowing Yoongi didn't mean bad and he asked a stupid question anyway.

"So, why did you choose this location? Won't it look contradictory?"

"That's exactly the point." Yoongi explained calmly as he fiddled with his camera. "Remember the concept of the project?"

Jimin nodded in affirmation.

”The first photos are supposed to showcase the urge to live up to societies expectations. That will be displayed through you. The background will show your inner feelings though. Because no matter how good you look on the outside, and how much you fit in, you aren't happy. You are uncomfortable, broken and restricted.”

Yoongi's explanation gave him goose bumps. He never failed to make Jimin gape at him in adoration.

Jimin would never be this creative nor deep. He was a simply guy.

”I get it. As always, your ideas are amazing, hyung.”

Yoongi flashed him a cute smile before asking him to stand in front of the wall for some test shots. Jimin does so as soon as he dropped his bag on the floor carelessly.

It took a while, but he became fairly used to the flashes and the slightly awkward feeling of being the main focus of the pictures.

”Alright.” Yoongi said after taking a few shots. “The light is perfect, so I think we can start. Are you ready?”

The boy took a deep breath to calm his nerves. He could this. “Yes, I'm ready.”

However, while Jimin was replying Yoongi was already walking towards him. He looked at the older questioningly.

”Lemme fix your hair and make up real quick before we start.”

Yoongi stood right in front of him, so close that Jimin could smell his, by now, familiar cologne. He reached out and ever so softly fixed some of the stuck out strands. Afterwards, he carefully wiped away – what Jimin assumed – smudged kohl on the corner of his eyes, his fingertip repeatedly stroking the sensitive skin.

”Do you have that lip gloss with you? It's almost faded completely.”

Unconsciously, Jimin licked his lips and bit on the lower one for a second. “It's in my bag.”

”I will get it.” Yoongi said, already making his way to Jimin's abandoned bag. He came back right after.

”Thanks.” Jimin muttered and went for the lip gloss, but Yoongi's grip was firm.

”No, let me. You don't have a mirror here and we can't risk to ruin your foundation.”

Jimin gulped when Yoongi leaned in and started to apply the sticky gloss onto his lips. There goes his composure.

Yoongi's breath was ghosting over his lips and he was just so damn close, Jimin would never get used to this. His heart started to beat faster and he tried his best to suppress the flush that threatened to spread on his cheeks.

”Okay, I'm done.”

In a trance, Jimin nodded ever so slightly as he pressed his lips together to carefully even out the lip gloss.

His gaze remained locked on Yoongi and his heart leaped into his throat when he noticed Yoongi's gaze was still focused on his lips. Unconsciously, he slowed down the motion as he observed the other. Yoongi was definitely staring. His gaze was so intensely focused on the movement of his lips that Jimin's mind went blank and his heart thumped loudly in his chest. *Fuck.*

No matter how much he chanted in his head *not* to blush, he did. But he wasn't to blame. Yoongi was.

"Why are you staring, hyung?" Jimin blurted out before he could think this over.

Yoongi's gaze shot up to meet his. Wait, was there a hint of a blush on his cheeks? No, probably not. Jimin was imagining things. "I was making sure it was spread evenly and not smudged anywhere."

Sounded reasonable, but Jimin wasn't convinced at all.

But he knew if he dwelled on it, he'd end up being the one getting teased again. So, he averted his gaze from Yoongi instead and took another few deep breaths. He had to calm down. Flushed cheeks didn't match the concept at all. "Sure, hyung."

Yoongi cleared his throat awkwardly and went back to his position. "Okay, let's get started for real."

"Alright."

"Try to give me different looks. Your posture has to be prudent and convey a feeling of self-confidence, but your expression has to be stern or blank. A smile which doesn't reach your eyes would be perfect, too. Just give it a try and we will see."

"Okay, hyung. I will try my best."

There it was again, the sudden change in Yoongi's attitude.

There was no hint of the previous lighthearted playfulness left. Whenever he started to work something in Yoongi shifted. He was serious and passionate all the same when it came to photography. Jimin couldn't deny how attractive that was.

However, he needed to focus on the shooting. This was important for Yoongi, so he had to concentrate and try his best.

After a few shots Yoongi advised him to think of a situation where he was seriously pissed. Negative feelings would amplify his expression. Jimin gave it a try and thought back to his high school days.

Usually, Jimin was rarely in a bad mood. Of course, he was sad or grumpy, or angry once in a while, but it never lasted.

Only once during high school he was so angry and utterly disappointed that this feeling never completely faded, though it got better over time.

Taehyung was bullied during high school because some of their classmates found out he was gay. Soon they started bullying him too, assuming he was gay too, because he was so close to Taehyung.

During that time it was the first and probably the last time Jimin got into a physical fight with

someone. He wouldn't watch others making fun of his best friend or gay people in general. As long as those remarks were directed at him he would have let it pass, but he wouldn't watch other people hurt because of some idiots. He was as furious as never before in his life.

Fortunately, the bullying didn't last more than two or three weeks and wasn't going as far as Jimin had feared. To their surprise, a lot of classmates stood up for them as well and the whole thing ended rather peacefully.

It took him a while to get over it though. Taehyung seemed to cope with it way better than him, so eventually he was slowly getting better, too. As long as Taehyung was fine, so was he.

He thought back at these days, trying to focus on his posture and expression all the same.

Apparently, it seemed to work.

"You are doing really well, Jimin. Your expression is really good. Please go a little closer to the window and try not to scrunch your eyebrows too much." Yoongi said in a calm, warm tone which made Jimin's tense shoulders relax a bit.

Thanks to those trivial words from Yoongi his emerging anger subsided and he somehow felt like he could focus on controlling his expression better than before.

He noticed that Yoongi often had that effect on him, pulling him out of his overwhelming emotions and calming him down effortlessly.

Yoongi probably didn't even know, but it made Jimin feel safe. If he was falling, Yoongi would be there to catch him. That's what it felt like.

The shoot ended faster than Jimin had thought. Or maybe it just didn't seem like a lot of time had passed, but before he knew the sun was setting and Yoongi had – apparently – taken more than 200 photos.

They left Yoongi's equipment in the building and made sure they locked the gate before they made their way back to the campus. Seokjin had offered to pick his stuff up with Yoongi the next day, so they didn't bother to carry the heavy stuff with them.

Yoongi had offered to treat him to dinner, but Jimin declined. The shoot had drained him more than he thought it would and he wanted to get rid of the clothes as well.

Eventually, they arrived in front of Jimin's apartment and Jimin fiddled with his keys.

"Are you okay, Jimin?" Yoongi suddenly asked.

Jimin eyed him questioningly. "Of course, I am, why?"

"You seem a little down."

"Oh, don't worry, hyung. I'm just tired. It didn't even feel like we took photos for hours but as soon as we got on the bus I felt all my energy leaving my body. I'm fine though." Jimin explained reassuringly.

"You are sure, right? The shoot wasn't too...intense or uncomfortable, was it?"



The dressed up boy couldn't help the smile that bloomed on his face, making his eyes turn into beautiful crescents. "Not, it wasn't. It was actually a cool experience? I was overwhelmed in the beginning trying to convey the emotions well, but after that I was fine. I just hope these turn out well. I want your project to be as good as you imagined."

Yoongi smiled softly in reply and lay his hand on Jimin's neck, carefully stroking the sensitive skin with his thumb. "It was *perfect*, Jimin. I expected it to be good, but you exceeded all my expectations. You did really well. I'm proud of you."

Jimin wasn't even surprised anymore when he felt his heart flutter at that. "Thanks, Yoongi. I'm glad."

"Alright. Go inside, you must be tired. Make sure you eat before you sleep though. You shouldn't skip a meal."

"I will, I will. Sometimes I wonder if we are really fake dating though. You love me so much, I can't believe it." Jimin remarked teasingly, not really meaning it that way, but he was more than caught off-guard when he suddenly felt soft lips pressed against his left cheek.

Before he could even comprehend what happened, Yoongi leaned back, looking straight into Jimin's wide opened eyes. Jimin gulped unconsciously and his heart started to race immediately.

Yoongi pulled his hand back and his smile slowly turned into a smirk.

"Sleep well, Jiminie." He said in a whisper, his voice so low and raspy that a shiver ran down Jimin's spine.

And with these words, Yoongi left a furiously blushing Jimin behind.

## Chapter End Notes

first of all, i want to give a special shoutout to my friend Drea, who kindly beta-read this chapter and helped me out so much ;; i'm so grateful. it wouldn't have turned out like this without her help, so i just wanted to say i'm really grateful for her help! if you want A+ quality fics (especially smut) i highly recommend her [fics](#)!

we are slowly getting started with their fake relationship, how do you guys like it? (^\_^) i hope you enjoyed this chapter!

unfortunately, i have to take a break from writing due to my exams, so i won't be able to update before sometime in march. (but i'm not abandoning this so don't be worried. i will be back right after i got through this exam hell)

feel free to scream with or at me on twitter (^\_^)

thank you all for reading!

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Time flies.

Another two weeks had gone by. Two weeks since Yoongi had rendered him speechless with a kiss on his cheek.

Things had changed since that day.

Yoongi wasn't as hesitant as before. He'd sit close to Jimin, making sure to have his arm slung around his waist. When they walked next to each other he'd naturally interlace their fingers. Yoongi would unnecessarily lean in and whisper into his ear.

And Jimin liked it more than he ever thought he would.

He liked it more than he thought he would, having someone to lean into and feel their warmth. He loved inhaling that familiar addicting scent of his cologne. He loved the subtle strokes whenever Yoongi's hand rested on Jimin's hips. He enjoyed it all more than he probably should have.

It was overwhelming and nerve-wracking how intimate it felt, but it made him content all the same.

He knew all of this was done for their act. But it wasn't the only reason Jimin felt comfortable when he was with Yoongi. Nothing seemed as bad with Yoongi there to help him out.

Yoongi was there when his days were exhausting, when school work and dance practice took its toll on Jimin. He'd take his hand and rub circles into his skin gently. He'd listen to Jimin's complaints and try his best to cheer him up. It was comforting a way nothing else was.

Jimin felt a lot closer to the elder than before.

Maybe, that's why Jimin enjoyed all of it so much. Being with Yoongi was comfortable and easy. He just liked it. Recently, as Jimin was spending more time with Yoongi, he couldn't help but shake the feeling of warmth that accompanied Yoongi whenever they were together.

Unfortunately, with midterms just around the corner, their time together was dwindling with each passing day.

Jimin wouldn't admit it, but he missed spending time with Yoongi. It's kinda funny how quickly he got attached to the older.

Yoongi had no time to pick him up in the evening, so Jimin decided to accompany him to his class instead.

Truthfully speaking, Jimin also had another reason to spend some time alone with him.

He wanted to get revenge on the other. Jimin was tired of being the one who was blushing all the time. Today, he wanted to catch Yoongi off guard and make him flustered for once.

The main reason for this was the kiss.

Yoongi must've known it would affect Jimin. But he made no attempt to talk about it at all and let him suffer on his own.

Yoongi made it all worse every time he teased him unintentionally. Every so often, Yoongi's nose would brush against his cheek as he leaned in to whisper something into his ear. His breath would ghost over Jimin's skin, making him shudder and it was slowly driving him insane.

But two could play this game.

Therefore, Jimin made up his mind to kiss Yoongi today. Just like he had. A kiss on the cheek. Simple, right?

He wasn't so sure if his plan was going to work though. For one, Yoongi was far more experienced than he was, so a simple kiss on the cheek probably wouldn't make him flustered. But even worse, just *thinking* about it made Jimin all flustered, which kinda made him the loser of this game.

But he wanted to give it a try anyway. He could do this.

After lunch Jimin told Yoongi he'd accompany him today. It was strangely embarrassing to say it, even though it wasn't a big deal. Yoongi on the other hand, seemed surprised, but didn't comment much on it. So, Jimin let Yoongi lead the way and followed him with nervous steps.

They were getting closer to their destination, wordlessly walking side by side.

Jimin wanted to take Yoongi's hand and interlace their fingers confidently, but he was too shy. He ended up walking beside him, fiddling with the hem of his shirt instead.

"You didn't have to walk me, y'know?" Yoongi suddenly said as they entered the corridor his lecture hall was located at.

"I know, but I wanted to. You pick me up and walk me home all the time, so I really wanted to do this at least once." Jimin explained and it wasn't exactly a lie. Even though he had an ulterior motive Jimin had often thought about walking Yoongi home.

"You're so cute." Yoongi snickered. "You can always come and hang out at my place. Hobi and I wouldn't mind."

Jimin met his gaze. He ignored the smirk on Yoongi's face and smiled. "Sounds nice. Let's do that."

Yoongi smiled and reached out to ruffle Jimin's hair shortly. He stopped when they reached their destination. "Well, thank you for accompanying me, I guess."

Alright, there was his chance. A quick peck on the cheek and running for his life. Jimin could do that.

However, before he had the chance to say something he was cut off. A guy way taller than both of them stopped in his tracks right beside Yoongi and slung an arm around his neck. His gaze was fixed on Jimin though. "Yah, Min, who's this? Your friend? Lover? *Boyfriend*?"

Jimin's eyes widened instantly. The tips of his ears started to burn in embarrassment as soon as he heard the word. Boyfriend.

"My boyfriend." Yoongi replied nonchalantly, making Jimin's heartbeat increase in a matter of seconds.

"No way!" The dude exclaimed and slapped Yoongi's back rather roughly. "A lucky bastard you are. He's prettier than half of the girls in our class, not gonna lie."

"Yeah, I know." Yoongi literally bragged.

Jimin's face turned into a bright shade of red and his heart was beating so fast that he thought he might collapse any moment. He had never met any of Yoongi's classmates nor friends outside of their group. It was the first time he even saw Yoongi with other people. This kind of conversation was not what he had expected to witness.

"Alright, alright. I see I'm unwanted here so I'll leave you lovebirds alone." The boy said and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. He slapped Yoongi's back one more time before he finally went inside the classroom.

"Okay, I'm sorry. He doesn't really mince his words."

Jimin shook his head. "Oh, no, it's alright. I was just a bit...surprised."

Yoongi chuckled and smirked at him once again. "Well, seeing how red your face is I figured that much."

"You casually introduced me as your boyfriend and then this dude said I was prettier than a girl and you even agreed, how was I supposed *not* to be flustered?" Jimin ranted defensively, his heart still racing a mile a minute.

"It's the truth, was I supposed to lie?"

"Oh my god, I hate you so much." Jimin groaned and ran his fingers through his dark locks. He huffed. This really wasn't going as planned. Couldn't his body let him seem cool for once?

"Alright, alright. You should go or you'll be late for your class." Yoongi said. "See you tomorrow?"

Jimin chew on his lower lip nervously. That's the moment.

His heart was pounding loudly in his chest, his gaze dropping to Yoongi's lips. He quickly caught himself staring though and averted his gaze. Every cell in Jimin's body screamed to abandon his plan, but he had set his mind and he was going to do it.

*Fuck it.*

Jimin quickly took a step forward. He leaned in, closed his eyes and pressed his shaking lips on Yoongi's cheek.

Just as quickly as it happened, Jimin backed off. Yoongi stared at him, eyes wide in surprise and Jimin gaped at him before he got a grip on himself.

"S-see you t-tomorrow, hyung." Jimin stuttered and didn't leave Yoongi a chance to say anything. He was already turning around before he even finished his sentence and ran off.

*Oh my god.* What had he done?

Had he just kissed Yoongi? On the cheek, but that still. What the heck had he thought he was doing? This was so embarrassing. His plan was to make Yoongi flustered, but it was *his* heart that was racing inside his chest, *his* cheeks that were burning in embarrassment.

Jimin was such a fool.

"I'm going to confess today!" Taehyung suddenly exclaimed as he pulled on his shirt.

They were currently in the bathroom getting ready for the day after waking up a few minutes ago. Taehyung and Jimin used to shower together – still occasionally did – so neither of them minded sharing the bathroom if they got a few more minutes of sleep like that.

Jimin was surprised. After their talk two weeks ago Taehyung never brought it up again.

He quickly rinsed his mouth to get rid of the leftover toothpaste and turned around to face his best friend. "What? For real?"

"Yeah." Taehyung confirmed and got his pants on next. "I thought about it for a while and I think it's the right time to do it. I told him to meet me a bit earlier at Namjoon's than usual. Said there was something we needed to talk about."

Jimin nodded slightly. "Sounds like a good plan."

Taehyung hummed in agreement.

"I'll cross my fingers for you, Tae. You can do this. Don't worry about anything and just be yourself."

Taehyung engulfed him in a tight hug, his face buried in Jimin's fluffy hair. "Thanks, Chimchim. I'm actually really nervous. But I'm trying to think positively."

"Being nervous is alright. It shows how much you care for him. Everything will be fine."

"I really hope so." His friend mumbled and held him just a little tighter.

Jimin knew this was a big step for Taehyung. Jimin was sure Jungkook would happily agree to date him. It made him kinda excited himself.

The excitement didn't last. Jimin was so damn tired. He stayed in the library all day long to study for his midterms and was so exhausted now. Every step towards Namjoon's and Seokjin's apartment was draining.

He should have majored in dancing, but instead, he chose business. For Jimin dancing was his passion, something he could lose himself in. He didn't want to turn it into something pressuring. Considering he couldn't dance forever and it was hard to find a well-paid job in that business as well, he decided against it.

But at moments like these he regretted it. Maybe he had made the wrong choice. If he had to see these different accounting methods just one more time he might actually jump off of the nearest bridge. Midterms were always torture.

At least Jimin could relax this evening. His friends were always able to cheer him up and calm his nerves a bit.

Jimin rang the bell as usual and waited for someone to open up.

It didn't take long for Namjoon to open the door, grinning suspiciously. He put his index finger on his lips, wordlessly telling Jimin to keep quiet and gestured to follow him afterwards. Confused, but knowing better than to question what's going on, Jimin did as he was told.

As soon as he stepped inside, Jimin quietly took off his jacket and shoes and let his eyes wander. That's when he saw it, *them*.

Jungkook and Taehyung were standing in the corner of the room. They were so close that Jimin barely even saw Taehyung behind Jungkook.

It seemed like Jungkook had one of his hands on Taehyung's hips and he spotted another hand on Jungkook's shoulder. Were they talking? Was one of them trying to comfort the other?

Jimin was almost getting worried, but when the youngest moved ever so slightly, he saw it. They were kissing. Taehyung and Jungkook were kissing. *Kissing*.

Jimin's eyes widened at the realization, but before he could even think about saying or doing anything, Namjoon already dragged him to the kitchen.

But Jimin just couldn't take his eyes off them. It seems like Taehyung's confession was successful. He was really happy for him, no, he was happy for both of them. Knowing that two of the most important people in his life were happy made him incredibly happy.

A grin bloomed on his face, but vanished just as quickly. Did he just see a tongue?!

Namjoon quickly shoved Jimin inside the kitchen where, Seokjin was already preparing dinner, and closed the door.

"Don't stare at the kids. They're lost in their own world right now. Wouldn't want to break their little bubble just yet."

"But hyung!" Jimin said, clearly flabbergasted. "They're making out in the living room! I just saw a tongue! Why, what, when did this happen?"

Seokjin chuckled. "Half an hour ago?"

"*What?* They've been like this for half an hour?"

"No, they were sneaking off to the corner while I took a quick shower and Jin started to prepare dinner." Namjoon explained. "They were talking first, but when I got back they were already like this so, they are like this for, like, ten minutes?"

"I can't believe this. They literally just confessed to each other and make out already? Are people usually like this?"

Both, Seokjin and Namjoon, were quiet for a second before Namjoon suddenly started giggling and squealed quietly. He engulfed Jimin in a back hug and picked him up slightly to sway him from one side to another slightly. "You're so innocent and adorable, Jiminie. I can't believe it."

Jimin immediately blushed at Namjoon's statement and struggled to get free, but the elder's grip was firm. "Just because you're all horny doesn't mean the whole world is."

"Namjoon, let Jimin down. Don't corrupt my child. He's right. Not everyone is as horny as you are." Seokjin joined their conversation.

As he was told, Namjoon carefully let Jimin down, but pouted and mumbled. "Look at him blaming me when he begged me to let him ride my c-"

"OKAY" He quickly interrupted his boyfriend. "That's enough. Wait and see if I'll ever again. Anyway, Jimin, how was your day?"

"He says that all the time and then does it again. Why is he always blaming me?" Namjoon continued to quietly mumble more to himself than anyone else, so Jimin tried his best to ignore the sexual indications. "Good, I guess. Just studied all day, so I'm really tired. I also didn't get to spend much time with anyone this week. I'm just glad I'll see everyone tonight."

"Don't overwork yourself, Jiminie. Studying is important but don't overdo it. Take breaks and relax." Seokjin advised and continued to stir the stew he's making.

"Thanks, hyung. I'm good, though. I studied a lot during the semester so I'm just recapping stuff. I'm fine."

"That's good to hear. Your midterms are next week right?"

"Yeah, on Wednesday. I'm just glad when it's over." Jimin sighed and leaned against the kitchen counter.

"You'll do well as always, Jimin." Namjoon said and ruffled his hair comfortingly. "Aside from midterms, how's everything else going? Didn't you have another shoot with Yoongi last week?"

Yeah, right, he had.

The second shooting was relatively easy compared to the one before. They were outside this time, so the focus wasn't solely on him any longer. He hadn't worn as heavy make-up as before and his clothes were more casual, but not too casual either. A simple jeans, a plain black t-shirt and white denim jacket on top. They shot the pictures at an empty bus stop, road and staircase. Jimin was self-conscious at first. They were never completely alone, so some people watched them curiously, but Jimin got used to it rather quickly. With Yoongi reassuring him it wasn't all that hard. The concept wasn't as hard to portray either as Jimin had to seem lost in thought rather than angry or secretly unhappy as before. All in all, the shoot was actually quite interesting and fun.

"Yeah, we had one last Sunday. It was nice. It wasn't as awkward as I thought it would be to shoot in front of other people. I just hope the pictures turn out as Yoongi imagined."

"Of course they are." A familiar voice said.

Jimin looked up and was surprised to see Yoongi entering the kitchen, closing the door quietly behind him. Jimin hadn't even heard the doorbell. "Hyung!"

Yoongi wordlessly dropped a key on the kitchen counter – which explained how he entered quietly – and went straight for the fridge, taking out a bottle of water. "The kids finally ended their torture?"

"Are they still making out?" Jimin asked dumbfounded.

"Yep." Yoongi replied and took a sip out of the bottle.

"Still can't believe it. Are we going to hide here forever? I wanna sit down." Jimin whined and crossed his arms. He probably looked like a child throwing a tantrum.

A high-pitched squeak left Jimin's plump lips when Namjoon suddenly heaved him up on the

kitchen counter. "Better?"

"We still can't hide here forever..." Jimin said as matter of fact, though he obviously didn't really mind. He was happy for them. After this exhausting day he was just in mood to whine a bit.

Yoongi approached him eventually, stepping close enough to half stand between his slightly spread legs, but not close enough to be close to his hips. "You're not really sulking, are you?"

Jimin avoided his gaze.

However, when Yoongi suddenly put his hand on his thigh and stroked, Jimin jerked and looked straight into Yoongi's eyes. A mischievous grin was playing on the elder's lips. Unconsciously, Jimin swallowed heavily.

"Are you jealous?" Yoongi asked, his voice low. He reached out with his free hand and held Jimin's chin ever so lightly. "Do you wanna make out, too?"

Jimin couldn't believe how he was still flustered when he *knew* Yoongi was just teasing him. But he couldn't help but let his gaze linger on Yoongi's soft, pink lips for a second. Would they feel as soft as they looked like when they kissed?

God, what was Jimin even thinking? Where did that thought come from? His heartbeat increased and he was sure a blush dusted his cheeks once again.

When Jimin caught himself staring, he quickly averted his gaze and looked at Yoongi's face again, which wasn't a good idea either. There was something in Yoongi's gaze that Jimin couldn't put a finger on, but it made him even more flustered. The look in his eyes rendered Jimin speechless. Jimin parted his lips, trying to say *something*, but he ended up gaping instead.

"Not in my kitchen." Seokjin warned, successfully bringing Jimin back to reality.

Once Jimin realized in what position they were in, he was instantly embarrassed and quickly shove Yoongi away from him. His face grew even redder than before when Namjoon coughed awkwardly, looking everywhere but them.

He just wanted to have a relaxing evening.

Jimin just wanted to chill, talk, eat Seokjin's delicious food, go home and sleep.

But here he was, embarrassing himself in front of the others. Jimin could've played it off, making a cool remark and laughing the situation off. Why was his stupid heart getting all flustered because of some teasing? He couldn't believe himself.

"I can't believe I'm the only single now." Hoseok exclaimed and jutted out his lower lip in an attempt to pout cutely.

At this point neither Jimin nor Yoongi even tried to correct him anymore. They got used to their friends calling them a couple even though they technically weren't.

"Don't be sad, Hobi. You'll find your love one day, too." Seokjin reassured, snuggling into Namjoon's side.

They had gathered around the small coffee table after dinner. The older couple had grabbed some



chairs from the dining table, while Jungkook and Taehyung occupied the armchair and Jimin the couch with Yoongi. Hoseok preferred to sit on the floor. 'It's easier to reach for the snacks' he had explained.

"I seriously need to meet more girls."

Namjoon chuckled and slung his arm around Seokjin's waist as the other leaned more into his side. "When was the last time you even went to a place where you were able to meet girls? We rarely go clubbing. You're either studying or at the dance club. Of course, you're single."

"Well, sorry I don't have time to stalk my future lover like some other people here."

Namjoon's cheeks turned red at the accusation. "Excuse you? I wasn't stalking him? I literally saw him twice and asked him on a date the third time I saw him. How is that considered stalking?"

"Calm down, Joonie. Hobi's just salty watching the teeth rotting cute couple over there."

Seokjin said and patted his boyfriend's thigh.

Said couple looked up simultaneously.

Taehyung was sitting on Jungkook's lap, who had slung his arms around his *boyfriend's* waist, his nose buried in the crook of Taehyung's neck, nuzzling. Taehyung's eyes had been half-closed, enjoying the ministrations. They were lost in their own world the whole evening. Of course, they replied and talked to the others. But whenever their gazes met they'd smile brightly, eyes sparkling as they drifted off into their own world.

"What about us?" Jungkook asked, who obviously didn't pay attention to the conversation.

Seokjin sighed in reply and turned to his boyfriend. "Were we like this, too?"

"Well, let me enlighten you. You were. Worse even. At least Jungkookie and Taetae are cute. Namjoon was so whipped and you yourself were even more but you tried to hide it so much, oh my god. I'm glad we're over this." Hoseok said and shook his body as if a shiver went down his spine just to these them.

"Wow, and you're wondering why you're single." Seokjin mumbled, sneering, but his playful tone gave away that he didn't mean a word he said.

Meanwhile, Jimin just smiled quietly at the situation.

He wanted to join them, especially when he had a chance to tease his best friend and the brat, but Jimin didn't even know what they were bickering about.

Jimin had tried to focus on their conversation, but his eyelids got heavier every second, making it hard to concentrate on anything else aside from not falling asleep. He felt bad about it, he was even slightly mad at himself. Jimin wanted to have a nice evening, but his stupid head was making it difficult for him. He didn't deserve this. But he didn't want to leave either. So, Jimin tried to endure his exhaustion and at least enjoy their company quietly.

"Are you okay?" Yoongi suddenly whispered next to his ear and lightly nudged his side.

Jimin turned to the older and smiled, but even smiling was exhausting at this point. He kept his voice low as he spoke. "Yeah, I'm just tired."

The worried look that immediately spread on Yoongi's face made Jimin smile softly. Yoongi cared

so much about him. Even being tired seemed to be a reason to worry. It was adorable.

"I'm good, hyung. I just studied too much in the past days and it feels like my head might explode any second. But it's nothing serious, so don't worry."

"How can you say that and expect me not to worry? You should go home and sleep. I'll take you."

"No." Jimin whined quietly. "I looked forward to this evening so much. I don't want to leave."

"Then take a nap." Yoongi insisted. "You'll either take a nap or I'll take you home. You choose."

Jimin pouted. "Who're you, my mother?"

"Your boyfriend." Yoongi replied firmly, successfully shutting Jimin up.

For once, Jimin's cheeks didn't flush because he was flustered. His heartbeat increased, but he wasn't nervous. It was a warm feeling, one that made his skin tingle, but he wasn't embarrassed either. Jimin didn't know what this feeling was, but looking into Yoongi's determined eyes made him feel so...warm.

"Okay." Jimin gave in. "I'll take a nap. But I don't wanna go to the guest room. It's too much of a hassle. I'll just close my eyes and sleep here."

Jimin had pulled up his legs, his arms resting on his knees and forehead leaned against them anyway. He could just close his eyes and nap for a while.

"It's unhealthy to sleep in that position. Lie down."

"How am I supposed to lie down? Do you want to sit on the floor?"

"Why would I?" Yoongi asked. "Just lie down and put your head on my lap. I don't mind."

Jimin blinked at Yoongi, not making an attempt to move just yet. But Yoongi was already scooting further to the edge of the couch and patted his thigh, gesturing Jimin to lie down.

He hesitated. Should he really take a nap like this?

Eventually he decided it wasn't a big deal and proceeded to lie down. Jimin shifted, turning his back to the others, lay down and carefully put his head on Yoongi's thigh.

It was strange how Jimin felt utterly comfortable instantly. Yoongi's thigh was warm against his skin, a whiff of his familiar scent invading Jimin's senses.

Once he had settled down Yoongi put one of his hands on Jimin's arm and the other carefully on top of his head. Soon after, Yoongi's fingers were slowly running through Jimin's dark locks, scratching his scalp ever so slightly over and over again.

A content sigh left Jimin's lips as his eyes felt shut, enjoying the ministrations.

He could get used to this feeling. It felt so *good* and made him even sleepier than before. Jimin felt his consciousness slip away slowly but surely.

The last thing he remembered was the sudden stop of movements, rustling that followed and warmth that suddenly covered his upper body.

Of course, Yoongi didn't wake him up.

He woke up on his own when they attempted to get him on Yoongi's back. Apparently, the older wanted to give him a piggyback ride home, but Jimin woke up in the process.

Wearily, Jimin whined and sulked, because Yoongi didn't keep his word, but he couldn't be mad when Yoongi smiled at him so softly. He brushed away some strands of hair that covered his eyes, while listening to his complaints. Jimin couldn't be mad.

The warm feeling was still there. It flared up with the way Yoongi looked at him when they bid farewell. And it was still there when Jimin finally lay down in his own bed.

It was strange.

Jimin was going insane.

He was sprawled on Yoongi's bed and any other day this would be a reason for him to freak out.

But not today. Right now, Jimin was going insane because he had to take his midterm exams tomorrow and Yoongi forced him to take a break.

His whole body itched to get back to the library and study. Yoongi, however, had another plan in mind. He literally dragged Jimin out of the library. When Jimin refused to go, Yoongi caused a scene and purposely spoke louder to annoy the other students, knowing that Jimin would come with him if he did.

His intentions were nice, but it was more torturous than anything else. What if he failed one of the exams because of the time he wasted? Couldn't happen.

"Hyung." Jimin said sternly. "I need to go back now, okay? I took a break. I'm all good."

"You've been here for like, ten minutes." Yoongi replied while he typed away on his laptop. "You're staying. I ordered dinner, too."

"I don't need dinner, I need to study! You can't just cause a ruckus because you think otherwise!" Jimin exclaimed restlessly as he sat up.

A moment of silence followed.

Eventually, Yoongi closed his laptop and turned around to face the younger. His expression was firm, but his eyes were still gentle as ever. "Jimin, I'm not the type to order people around."

"You are" Jimin interrupted sulkily, but Yoongi was unfazed.

"But I'm not gonna watch your unhealthy behavior any longer. You skipped lunch twice in a row. Taehyung said you barely ate dinner, too. Don't even try to deny it. It's important to study, but your health is more important. And despite whatever you may think at this moment, your brain needs a break to take all that stuff in. Just don't think about your studies for two hours, try to relax and eat dinner. Then you're free to go."

Jimin stared at Yoongi for a while before he averted his gaze and pulled his legs up to his chest. Feeling ashamed, he hid his face behind them.

He regretted his words. Jimin knew Yoongi meant good. And Yoongi was right. But Jimin didn't cope well with all the stress and didn't think how his words would come across. "I'm sorry. You're right."

Jimin soon felt the bed dip under Yoongi's weight as he sat down beside him.

They sat there quietly until Yoongi suddenly ruffled his hair comfortingly, making Jimin jerk in surprise. "What's wrong, Jimin? Why are you so stressed?"

"It's nothing. The subjects are really difficult this semester and-"

"I know you for quite a while now, y'know?" Yoongi interrupted him carefully. "It was stressful before, but you were never *this* distraught. Is it really only the exam stress?"

No, it wasn't.

Exam season, was usually rather stressful and exhausting, but that wasn't the only reason he felt so unsettled.

Whenever Jimin felt *really* stressed he started to overthink various decisions he made. Even a snack he ate suddenly seemed to have been the wrong decision. It was a really bad habit of his, especially when there were issues he tried *not*

However, Jimin was once again surprised at how attentive and caring Yoongi was to even notice. Knowing that Yoongi cared enough to notice the smallest details about him made the recent warmth he felt whenever he was around the other spread in his chest once again. He suddenly felt a lot calmer." I just...start overthinking during exam season."

"What exactly are you overthinking?" Yoongi asked softly and continued to run his fingers through Jimin's hair reassuringly.

The younger hesitated, but eventually decided to be honest with Yoongi. "It's just....everything. You know, I admire you."

Jimin slightly turned his head to look at Yoongi with a sad smile. "You're brave. You make your passion your job. This is amazing, hyung. I didn't have the guts to do that. I chose a stable job over one I would've loved. Sometimes, I wonder if this was the right decision."

Jimin bit his lower lip and averted his gaze again. "And I don't know if our arrangement was a good decision either. Not because of you and me, don't get me wrong. I really enjoy spending my time with you and helping you with your project. That's not it. But am I not tricking fate? If Taemin and I were meant to be, I probably wouldn't have to do all that to get his attention. What if it's all wrong?"

Panic overcame Jimin with the silence that followed. He had said too much. His worries were ridiculous, he knew, he shouldn't have said anything.

"Jimin, look at me." Yoongi suddenly said.

But Jimin just shook his head.

"Look at me." He said more firmly, but his raspy voice was laced with so much empathy that Jimin hesitantly turned his head again.

Yoongi shifted to face Jimin and reached out to take one of Jimin's small hand in his own, squeezing it encouragingly.

"First of all, it's okay to worry about that stuff, everyone does, so you don't need to beat yourself over it." Yoongi tried to lift the mood a bit. "Things aren't always black and white. I chose photography because I love it, because I felt the *need* to have a job I'm passionate about. I don't think I could find the motivation to get up every morning for a job that I didn't love. And there was no job I could think about aside from being a photographer. But my choice is risky. My income won't be stable, god knows if I'll even earn enough to pay for my rent."

Yoongi chuckled lightly. "I'll probably end up on the streets and need my dongsaengs to feed me. Don't send me away when I show up all unshaved and dirty on your doorstep."

Jimin giggled lightly. "You're exaggerating!"

"I know, but you never know with a job like this. I probably have to work for a company for many years before I can even dream of my own studio. Maybe I'll never be able to, who knows. But you chose a major that will give you a decent income, a stable job, what's bad about it? Doing something you love doesn't pay your rent nor feed your empty stomach. You like your major, right?"

Jimin nodded in confirmation.

"See? It might not be your dream job, it might not be your passion, but you don't hate it. You're comfortable. This is the most important. If you earned enough money you can still set up a dance school in the future, if that's your dream. You write your own future, Jimin. But you won't write your whole future with the choices you make right at this moment."

It was fascinating. He did it again. With every word Yoongi uttered, he effectively calmed Jimin down. And yet, his heartbeat increased all the same. He felt a lot better already.

"Same goes for Taemin. Why would fate determine who you're supposed to date? And even *if* something like fate exists, there is no reason why you aren't allowed to help it go the right way. Why would you study if fate had a certain future set for you anyway?"

Jimin didn't know what happened until he had done it.

Maybe it was his heart that pounded so deafeningly loud in his chest, or maybe the warmth that made his whole body itch.

Before Jimin could even think about his actions he suddenly found himself on Yoongi's lap with his arms slung around his neck, his face buried in the crook of Yoongi's neck.

He didn't notice what happened until he inhaled the familiar scent of Yoongi's cologne as the tip of his nose was pressed into the warm skin.

What the hell just happened?

All the stress was eased with a few words of Yoongi. His worries didn't magically disappear, but everything Yoongi said made sense and it reassured him that it wasn't as bad as his mind was making it out to be.

It wasn't helping that Yoongi smiled at him all the time. His words were serious, but his expression showed how he didn't want Jimin to feel bad with anything he said, that he just wanted to show Jimin how things seemed in a different light.

It showed how much Yoongi cared.

The sudden urge to get closer to the other, to show Yoongi how grateful he was, probably drove

him over the edge.

But it was too late to think about his actions now.

Jimin's heart was racing a mile a minute at this point, his cheeks tinted in a bright red. What should he do now? Quickly back off and apologize? Pretend that this was planned and a usual way to thank a friend for listening to his worries?

It felt like an hour had passed since he had moved. It was too embarrassing to just back off now and apologize. If he stayed in this position, at least he didn't have to see the teasing smirk on Yoongi's face that was surely appearing the longer he wordlessly stayed like this. God, this was so embarrassing.

"T-thank you, hyung." Jimin mumbled eventually, his heart still pounding wildy. "You make me feel like a kid every time you say all these wise things."

Yoongi chuckled lowly and – to the younger's surprise – hugged him back. Jimin was close enough to feel the deep rumbling in Yoongi's chest as he chuckled, making him blush even more.

"Listen, I say all that, but I nearly threw my laptop out of the window when I wasn't satisfied with the work I had to hand in for midterms. I usually make really dumb decisions, too. I'm just good at talking, that's all."

"What dumb decision?" Jimin asked. He leaned his head on Yoongi's shoulder more comfortably as the older did so as well. They were straight out snuggling. *Oh my god.*

"Just...dumb decisions."

"I poured out my heart and you won't even tell me about your dumb decisions? That's mean, hyung."

"I'll tell you another time. But not right now. It's about you. Do you feel better?"

Jimin blinked and smiled softly at that, though Yoongi obviously didn't see. "Yeah, I feel way better...thank you."

"You should've just talked to someone instead of starving and stressing yourself so much."

"I'll remember it for the future..."

"You better. I hate seeing you like this." Yoongi admitted, suddenly speaking a lot quieter than before. "It drove me insane to watch you suffer like this. I wanted to help you, but I didn't know what to do, honestly."

Jimin didn't think it was possible for his heart to beat even faster, but it did. The feeling he still couldn't put a finger on was making him so damn dizzy and warm. It was overwhelming.

He hugged Yoongi even tighter and buried his face in his shoulder to snuggle as close as possible. "I'm sorry, hyung. I won't do it again."

Jimin didn't know what the feeling was, nor when he had begun to feel this way, but he didn't dislike it. His body was itching and warm, but it was good feeling. No matter how often he had held Yoongi's hand, not matter how often the other had slung an arm around his waist, not even the kiss felt so intense. This was *intimate*. Jimin couldn't seem to mind this development. Even if he didn't understand what this feeling meant.

With loud hollers from the crew members the dance practice came to an end.

Jimin was already sprawled on the cold floor. His chest raised and lowered as he breathed heavily, a single trail of sweat running down his forehead.

Jimin had gone all out today.

He wanted to get rid of all the stress that had piled up the past days. The second he finished his midterm exams it felt like a burden was lifted from his shoulders, but it wasn't enough. He wanted to burn off all his energy, so the tiny bit of stress that was left would disappear as well.

So, Jimin did. He put extra strength in every move, repeated the steps over and over again even if the others were taking a break. And it felt awesome.

However, Jimin had to lie down as soon as they called it a day. His body had no strength left. He was dead tired, but it was a good feeling. Truly refreshing.

"You worked hard today, Jimin." Taemin said as he appeared out of nowhere and sat down beside him.

Jimin took a few seconds to catch his breath and sat up. "Thanks. I really needed that after all these study sessions. Honestly, it was driving me nuts."

The other chuckled and handed Jimin a towel he had previously held in his hands. "I think we all needed that. Exam season is terrible. How did it go, though? You wrote your exams yesterday, right?"

Jimin smiled brightly and bowed his head lightly to wordlessly show his gratitude. He carefully wiped the sweat of his face and neck. "Yeah, I did. It was alright, I guess? I'm sure I didn't fail any of them but I'm not sure if any of them turned out as good as I hoped either. I'm just glad it's over."

"I feel you. My professor made it his life goal to make us suffer. The essay I had to write was a real bother. I don't even want to think about it."

Jimin giggled. "Let's just not talk about it again."

Things between him and Taemin had gotten easier. Jimin wasn't as tense and nervous as before. He could talk to him without blushing now and overall he was calm instead of freaking out when the boy just looked at him. It was a good thing, wasn't it?

"Jimin!" A familiar voice suddenly called him.

Jimin startled and turned to the door. Yoongi strolled inside, halting his steps next to the younger whereas Jimin just gaped at him in surprise. They never agreed on Yoongi picking him up today, so Jimin was perplexed.

He was happy to see the other though. With a new found energy, he quickly got up and flashed Yoongi one of his brightest smiles, his eyes turning into crescents. "Hyung! You didn't say you'd pick me up today."

"I know." Yoongi said and hugged him shortly as a greeting as they made it a habit.

He scrunched his nose shortly when he leaned back and Jimin had to suppress the urge to laugh.

He must've smelt so bad. He was all sweaty.

"But I wanted to see you. I couldn't wait any longer." Yoongi continued. "How did your exams go? I tried calling you, but you weren't picking up."

Jimin suddenly felt it again, this warm feeling, this tingling that made his body itch, this unexplainable nervousness that made his heart beat faster. At least it wasn't obvious that he was probably blushing again, because his cheeks were already flushed from the training. He had to get a grip on himself.

"Oh, sorry. I literally blacked out the moment I got home." Jimin admitted sheepishly and rubbed the back of his neck. "They went okay, I guess. Could've been better but also worse, so it's alright."

"You don't have your grades yet. Maybe the results turn out better than you expect."

Jimin nodded in agreement. "You're right. I won't worry about it."

"That's good." Yoongi said and buried his hand inside his jacket pockets. "Also, I got something for you."

Jimin's eyes widened in surprise. "Huh? For me? Why?"

Yoongi chuckled. "I just felt like giving you a gift. See it as a reward for your hard work."

The younger just tilted his head questioningly.

Yoongi pulled two small pieces of paper out of his pocket and gave them to Jimin.

Curiously, Jimin took them with both of his small hands and held them closer to his face to read the text that was printed on it. *'Big Bang – World Tour [V.I.P.'s World]'*

Jimin almost dropped the cards when he read it. *Fuck*. These were tickets for Big Bang's concert this Friday. He and Jungkook had tried to get tickets when they went on sale, but they were sold out immediately. Where the hell did Yoongi get these? And how did he know they were his favorite group? Jimin couldn't remember ever mentioning it to the older.

"Hyung..." Jimin licked over his lips and sucked his lower one in to bite on it. His hands were shaking in excitement. "You bought tickets for their concert? When? I mean...*How*? They were sold out everywhere. I can't believe I'm holding these in my hands. How did you even know I liked them? I never mentioned this before."

Yoongi beamed at him, seemingly happy with Jimin's reaction.

He flashed him Jimin's favorite gummy smile and scratched the back of his head in an attempt to keep his hands busy. "It wasn't easy, but I got them. I remember you were sad when you didn't get them, so I thought it would be a nice gift."

Jimin still couldn't believe it. They must have been *so* expensive. Reseller tickets never were cheap.

And Yoongi did it again. He paid attention when Jimin didn't even notice.

His heart swelled with so much adoration and appreciation that Jimin couldn't hold back any longer. He lunged at Yoongi, placed a loud smooch on his cheek and engulfed him in a tight hug. His excitement was growing by the second. "I can't believe it, hyung! Thank you so so so so



much!”

As quickly as it happened Jimin let go of the other and looked at the tickets once again, making sure he wasn't dreaming. “Wow, this is too good to be true. I might start crying any second. Hyu~~ung, thank you so much! I love you!”

Only when Jimin's gaze met Yoongi's he realized what he was doing, what he was *saying*.

Yoongi looked stunned. His lips were slightly apart, his eyes wide as never before.

Jimin felt blood rushing to his face, his heartbeat increasing quickly. Had he just casually kissed Yoongi on the cheek? Had Jimin just casually said he loved Yoongi?

He needed to say something, *anything*, to make things better. However, his body didn't seem to agree. Jimin opened his mouth to talk, but no sound was leaving his plump lips. He had messed up.

”I love you, too. I'm glad you like it.” Yoongi said softly and saved him from his misery.

It didn't stop his breath from hitching when Yoongi said those words though. His voice had been so utterly soft and his gaze so unbelievably fond. Yoongi almost seemed vulnerable. Jimin knew this was all for their arrangement, it was *fake*, but why was his heart pounding so loudly in his chest?

Maybe because it was the first time someone said these words to him, he told himself, but a part of him knew this was bullshit.

Jimin really had no idea why he was feeling so weird lately. He usually understood quite well when his body reacted in certain ways, but this time he had no idea what's going on.

Not being able to hold Yoongi's gaze any longer, Jimin eyed the tickets once again. The bright smile didn't leave his lips, but he prayed for his heart to calm down soon.

Of course, Jimin hadn't calmed down one bit and was still in this jittery, flustered state when Yoongi walked him home.

Just being close to the other was making his heartbeat step up, though there really was no reason to. Therefore, he had tried his best to focus on the tickets Yoongi got him and babbled about anything and everything.

Fortunately, Yoongi didn't seem to mind. He listened to his nonsense with a smile on his lips.

Jimin was more than glad when they finally reached his apartment and bid farewell.

He didn't trust himself to be next to the other any longer without doing anything weird as he did before. He seriously needed to get a grip on himself and calm down so he wouldn't make things awkward between them.

However, Jimin refused to think about *why* he was actually like this. He pushed all of this to the back of his mind. It was easier that way. He was done overthinking stuff for now.

And it really helped until now.

It was Friday noon. Yoongi was going to pick him up in two hours, which literally threw him in a state of panic.

Jimin had no idea what to wear, nor how to style his hair, let alone make-up.

At this point he had thrown most of his clothes on his bed. When Jimin tried on another shirt Taehyung entered his room, asking him what he was doing. "Tae, I have nothing to wear and Yoongi will pick me up in two hours. Please save me."

"Your bed is full of clothes." Taehyung deadpanned.

"But nothing looks good enough!"

"You look good in everything, Chimchim. Just keep on the clothes you wear."

Jimin wore a simple black t-shirt and gray sweatpants. Taehyung wasn't a big of a help. "I'm going to a Big Bang concert with Yoongi, Tae. I can't go looking like a hobo. I wouldn't even go grocery shopping like this."

Jimin ruffled his hair angrily and grabbed the white button up shirt he had worn for their first shoot. He quickly got rid of the t-shirt he wore and pulled the button up on. "What about this one? Yoongi said he liked it when I wore it for the shooting. And you said it looked good, too."

Taehyung burst into laughter much to Jimin's dismay.

"Why are you laughing?" Jimin asked sulkily and looked at himself in the mirror.

"It looks ridiculous in combination with the sweatpants, okay? Also, you're going to a concert, why would you wear a button up?"

Taehyung sat down on his bed and leaned against the headboard, making himself more comfortable. "Why are you so nervous, though? It sounds like you'll go on a real date with Yoongi."

Jimin froze for a second.

Taehyung was right. He was just hanging out with Yoongi, going to a concert of a group he liked. No one put much thought into their clothes for that, wouldn't they?

But Jimin wanted to look good. He wanted to leave a good impression on the other, even if it wasn't a date, even if he had no idea why he wanted to do that.

"You're right. But even though I'm only going to a concert I want to look good. What if cameras are filming us and I see myself on that dvd with ugly clothes? Would never get over it." Jimin replied as nonchalantly as possible, deliberately ignoring the comment on Yoongi.

"Alright, alright. But a button up is too much. What about a nice hoodie?"

"My hoodies are way too big on me. I like them, but I don't want to wear them when I go out."

Taehyung scratched his chin and took a look at the mess Jimin had created on his bed. He picked out a light blue, knitted sweater. "What about this?"

Jimin wordlessly took off the button up and changed into the sweater.

The sweater fit better than his hoodies but it was still kind of oversized. It was tight on his chest, but a bit loose around his waist. It reached the upper part of his thighs and the sleeves were

covering most of his hands even after hitching it up a bit. But the fabric was smooth and comfortable.

"Don't I look like a kid like this?" Jimin asked insecurely.

"No, it looks perfect!" Taehyung exclaimed cheerfully. "It makes you look cute, but also handsome. It's casual, but not too casual either. And the color suits you well! If you match it with those tight leather pants, you know, the black one with the fake zippers, it will look awesome!"

Jimin chewed nervously on his lip, but he trusted Taehyung. He wasn't the type to lie to please others, so that reassured Jimin a bit.

"Okay, I trust you, Tae." Jimin said and eyed himself once again.

His hair was still a mess and he definitely needed some make-up done if didn't want to look too soft in this oversized sweater.

"Can you help me out with my hair and make-up, too? I don't think I can do it as good as you. And I don't want to mess it up."

Taehyung beamed excitedly. "Of course, I'll help you. We'll make you pretty for your date!"

He blushed slightly but didn't bother to correct Taehyung. He knew it wasn't one after all.

When it came to make-up Taehyung was truly gifted. Though it felt like an eternity had passed until he was done, the make-up didn't look heavy at all. It emphasized his eyes and made his lips appear even plumper. Taehyung had managed to make his features appear sharper as well. His skills were amazing.

After the make-up Taehyung proceeded to style his hair as well. Like last time, he chose to make Jimin's hair swoop across his forehead delicately. It made him look sexier, Taehyung had insisted.

To finish his look Jimin added some accessories. He put on his favorite silver rings and ear piercings. All of them were rather simple, without any kind of pattern or whatever, but Jimin like it that way.

In the end, he was quite satisfied with his look.

His excitement grew every minute, but so did his nervousness.

"Wait here. I'll get us something to drink." Yoongi said and got up from his seat. "I'll be right back."

Jimin nodded wordlessly. As soon as Yoongi was out of sight Jimin let out a breath he didn't he held until now. His heart was steadily beating faster than usual and it drove him insane. He needed to calm down.

The whole evening has been nerve-wracking so far.

When Yoongi picked him up and they saw each other for the first time that evening, both of them seemed to be equally stunned.

Jimin didn't know why, but Yoongi looked unbelievably attractive.

Yoongi wore his favorite black jeans, a plain white shirt with the leather jacket, that looked too good on him to be legal, on top. The outfit was rather simple, but Yoongi didn't need fancy clothes to look handsome. His hair was slightly curly and he even put on a thin line of dark eyeshadow on his upper lid. The silver piercings in his ears shone brightly, making a beautiful contrast to his dark locks. Yoongi looked breathtakingly handsome.

The older seemed to be satisfied with his appearance as well. Jimin literally saw him eying him from head to toes, his gaze lingering a bit too long on his pants.

Jimin started to get nervous when Yoongi stared too long, fearing he didn't like it after all, but Yoongi averted his gaze suddenly and swallowed heavily. Were Yoongi's pale cheeks flushing?

Maybe Taehyung's choice of clothes wasn't so bad after all.

With a shy smile, Jimin closed the door behind him and they headed off.

Yoongi suggested eating dinner before going to the concert venue and Jimin happily agreed. He was so nervous that he didn't eat all day. They went to a smaller chicken restaurant close to the venue. Though the restaurant was rather empty the food was delicious.

It was nice sitting there with Yoongi and talk about everything and anything. Yoongi made him laugh, Yoongi made him cringe with cheesy remarks and Jimin liked it all. It would be a lie to say he wasn't nervous anymore though. He had almost dropped his chopsticks when Yoongi's fingers touched his as he reached for something next to his hands.

His heart stuttered at the contact, but he tried to play it off.

He'd also lose himself once in a while in Yoongi's eyes. When the older talked about some artists he liked his eyes would lit up and sparkle so beautifully, Jimin couldn't help but stare.

Jimin was really not doing a good job in calming down.

They soon finished eating and were heading to the counter to pay for their meal. Before Jimin could even react, Yoongi had already given the lady his credit card.

"I'm paying today. It's my treat." Yoongi had said, and no matter how much Jimin complained he wouldn't accept his money.

He didn't want Yoongi to pay for his stuff. He was perfectly fine of affording his own food. If anything, he should've paid for dinner. Yoongi had already paid for the tickets and he once in a while treated him to dinner as well. It was his turn to pay.

But Yoongi was having none of it. He was older, he asked him out, so he'd pay.

It was ridiculous, but just like him that a fond smile bloomed on Jimin's face nonetheless.

However, Yoongi decided to go all out today. When Jimin made a comment about the beautiful lightsticks the other fans had Yoongi honest to god went and bought him one. Jimin had told him to get his money back, that he didn't need one, but Yoongi insisted on him having it. He wouldn't be a real fan without their lightstick Yoongi reasoned. No matter what he said Yoongi wouldn't budge, so he thanked him instead and appreciated the gifts he received today.

Not knowing his to show his gratitude he planted a kiss on Yoongi's cheek and grinned playfully. Jimin promised he'd pay Yoongi back one day.

Shortly after, they entered the concert hall and went straight to their seats. But as soon as they sat

down Yoongi got up again to get them drinks. And here Jimin was, still trying to calm his racing heart. But it wasn't easy.

Yoongi was so nice, it was overwhelming.

His inner turmoil got interrupted when some intimate looking guy suddenly sat down next to him.

Jimin startled in surprise.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't want to startle you." The boy said immediately with a bright grin. His voice was surprisingly not as dark as he expected, but still just as raspy as Yoongi's.

The boy pulled off his snapback and ran his fingers through his hair once before pulling it on again.

On a second look he wasn't that intimidating at all. His nose scrunched rather cutely when he smiled and his teeth were slightly crooked just as his own. His eyes looked sharp, somehow similar to Yoongi's.

"I'm Jiwon, but my friends call me Bobby." The boy introduced himself and held out his hand. Jimin smiled and shook it without hesitation. "Hi, I'm Jimin."

"Man, I'm so excited for this concert. It's the first time I ever managed to get tickets. It's a fucking war everytime."

Jimin giggled. "For real though! I'm so excited, too. I've been a fan for years but never got a chance to see them."

"Yeah, me too. Who's your bias? Wait, no, don't tell me. Let me guess."

Jimin was amused. The other was really easy-going and fun to talk to. He wondered how Bobby was trying to figuring out his favorite with eying him from heads to toes. It was funny.

"Okay, I'll go with Taeyang."

Jimin's eyes widened in surprise. "Whoa! You're right! How did you know?"

"Do you want me to be honest? Your thighs look like they might burst your pants any second, so I figured you were a dancer. And Taeyang is the best dancer in Big Bang." Bobby said.

"Also, the cute ones usually like Taeyang." He added and winked at Jimin.

Taken aback, yet flattered, Jimin smiled shyly and rubbed the back of his neck. "T-thank you, I guess. Who's your bias?"

"Definitely GD. His raps are sick."

"A friend of mine loves GD, too. He's quite good at imitating his voice. You'd like it."

"Is that friends of yours here as well?" Bobby asked.

"Oh, he isn't. He didn't manage to get tickets." Jimin explained.

The other grinned brightly. "Ah, sorry man, but I can't seem to mind that at the moment."

*What was that supposed to mean?*

"You know, if you don't mind I'd love to-" Bobby began but never got to finish his sentence.

Jimin almost jerked when an arm suddenly slung around his neck and the familiar cologne invaded his senses. He was turning his head slightly to face Yoongi, but he was so close that his nose bumped into his cheek as he tried, making Jimin lean back slightly in surprise.

"Sorry, babe. The queue was long as fuck. Couldn't make it faster." Yoongi said, his voice way darker than usual.

*Babe? Oh my god, what's going on?* Jimin's heartbeat increased immediately.

"Did you make a friend while I was gone?" Yoongi asked.

"Ah, hi, I'm Bobby." The boy replied. "And you're?"

"His boyfriend." Yoongi deadpanned, making Jimin blush at his bluntness.

"Man, I get it. Sorry. Thought he was single. I'll go." Bobby explained and raised his hands defensively. "It was nice meeting you anyway, Jimin. Enjoy the concert."

Overwhelmed, Jimin nodded. "Yeah, you too. Have a nice evening."

With that, Bobby got up from the seat and left the two of them alone.

As soon as he was gone Yoongi pulled back his arm and leaned back in his own seat. He wordlessly shoved a drink into Jimin's lap and took a sip of his own.

Was Yoongi sulking? Why?

Fortunately, Yoongi wasn't keeping him in the dark for long. "Can't believe I'm gone for like 2 seconds and you flirt with some dude."

Jimin gaped at him. He was shocked at the accusation. "I didn't flirt with him! He came up to me to talk about the concert. Why would I flirt with a stranger?"

A sigh left Yoongi's lips. "You shouldn't have smiled so cutely at him then. He was totally flirting with you. Probably thought he had a chance with you, too."

"He was flirting with me?" Jimin asked genuinely surprised. "I just tried to be nice."

"I can't believe you." Yoongi groaned, but finally looked at him again. He didn't seem as grumpy as before. His voice was softer, so was his gaze. In a way, he even seemed playful now. "If someone comments on your thighs it's not because they can't compliment your face, okay? He was so horny I wanted to punch him in the face."

"Hyung! Oh my god." Jimin crackled. It was ridiculous. "Wait, how long did you listen?"

"Long enough to see you making heart eyes at the other."

"I wasn't." Jimin whined cutely and hooked arms with Yoongi.

"Your mine. Don't flirt with other people. Especially not on our date. I don't like it."

Jimin's heart stuttered. It was pounding loudly in his chest, pumping the blood straight to his face. The tips of his ears were burning. And it wasn't only that. This other warm feeling was back, too. It couldn't be worse. He decided to play along nonetheless, trying to sound as calm and playful as possible. "I'm happily taken. I don't want to flirt with other people, okay?"

Yoongi looked him straight in the eyes in surprise. It was only then that Jimin realized what he said. The earlier nervousness was hitting him with full force once again.

Embarrassed, he lightly slapped Yoongi's back and let go of his arm to lean back into his seat. "Eh, I-I mean...you know what I mean!"

Soon after, Yoongi slung his arm around Jimin's neck again and smirked at him. "Yeah, I know exactly what you mean. I'm the best boyfriend ever."

Jimin usually would've talked back, but he didn't for several reasons. Yoongi was finally smiling again, so that was reason enough not to. But another reason was that he simply couldn't disagree.

Yoongi was attentive and always took care of him, trying to make him happy and comfortable. Everyone would be happy and blessed to have him as their boyfriend. The thought left a weird feeling in his chest, but he quickly pushed it aside.

"Wow, the concert was *so* amazing, hyung!" Jimin exclaimed happily. "I can't believe I really saw them live. Thank you so much, Yoongi. I'll never forget this day."

They were on their way back home from the concert. The bus was packed with fans, but fortunately they had managed to grab some seats at the back. Both of them were tired after all that jumping and screaming. Or rather, Jimin was tired from jumping and screaming, while Yoongi was generally tired every second of his life. The adrenaline made Jimin quite energetic though, so he couldn't stop talking about the concert.

Yoongi smiled softly, ruffling Jimin's hair like he often did. "I'm glad you had fun."

"It was the best day of my life! If I was ever stuck in a loop, I wished it would be today."

Yoongi cracked up at that. "You're cute."

The excited boy blushed at Yoongi's words, but sighed excessively. "For once, I didn't want to look cute, but I guess that is the real loop I'm stuck in."

"Didn't say you didn't look hot, just said your behavior was cute." Yoongi said nonchalantly and looked out of the window.

He probably didn't need to look at Jimin to know that his face was turning bright red. "How can you say that so nonchalantly without being embarrassed?"

"Who said I wasn't embarrassed?" Yoongi mumbled, still avoiding Jimin's gaze.

Jimin couldn't help the happy smile that spread on his face. He didn't know why he liked being called hot by Yoongi so much, but with the way his heartbeat increased instantly he couldn't deny it. Jimin had troubled himself so much over his appearance today, he was genuinely happy to know it had the effect he wished it would on Yoongi.

"You look really handsome, too." Jimin admitted shyly, looking everywhere but Yoongi.

No further words were exchanged after that, but something sparked inside Jimin when Yoongi wordlessly interlaced their fingers and held his hand for the rest of the bus ride.

Much to their dismay it began to pour right before they reached their station. What luck was that?

They quickly got off the bus and sought shelter at the bus stop.

"I don't think it will stop raining anytime soon." Jimin muttered more to himself than to Yoongi.  
"Maybe we should run? If we hurry we might not get completely soaked."

"I'm not going anywhere until it stops." Yoongi replied grumpily.

"Come on, hyung. We can't wait here forever."

"No."

"Hyung." Jimin whined and interlaced their fingers once again. "Live a little. It's just water. We're going to take a shower afterwards anyway."

"Together?" Yoongi asked and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively just to get hit by Jimin the second after. "Okay, *okay*, stop hitting me. I got it. Let's run. We'll be soaked *and* exhausted. Sounds like a good plan."

Jimin rolled his eyes at the sarcastic remark and smirked mischievously as he dragged Yoongi with him into the rain. He giggled when Yoongi groaned instantly. Just to tease the other a little Jimin didn't budge as Yoongi tried to drag him towards the dormitories. Only when both of them were soaked did Jimin start to run while laughing, amused.

"Oh my god, I hate you so much. Not so fast! Slow the fuck down!" Yoongi screamed behind him, but his voice was muffled by the pattering of the rain.

Jimin cracked up even more and – nice as he was – slowed down a bit for the older, but didn't stop running altogether.

For the first time this evening Jimin wasn't nervous or tense. He was smiling brightly, his heart swelling in pure happiness.

The rain felt refreshingly cold against his heated skin, while an unexplainable warmth spread from their interlaced fingers through his whole body. He was carefree and content in this moment, right here with Yoongi by his side, enjoying it to the fullest.

After what seemed like a minute to Jimin and an hour to Yoongi, they reached the sheltered path of the campus.

Yoongi crouched as soon as they stopped running, breathing heavily beside him. Jimin couldn't help but laugh softly, his voice airy. "You seriously have no stamina at all, hyung. You need to work out a bit."

"Shut up, brat." Yoongi said grumpily, still trying to catch his breath. "Just so you know, you don't look hot anymore."

Jimin giggled, amused, and brushed his dripping hair out of his face. "Ah~ what a pity."

When Yoongi straighten himself, their gazes met and something sparked between them. It felt like time had stopped running. Jimin barely registered the sound of the rain anymore as he was loosing himself in Yoongi's gaze.

Something had shifted in Yoongi's eyes the moment their gazes met and it took Jimin's breath away.



He might look like a mess himself, but Yoongi was as breathtaking as before, if not even more so. Jimin couldn't take his eyes off the droplets that trailed down Yoongi's face, past his sharp, yet gentle eyes, down to the tip of his nose, across his cheek, even to his lips. Jimin was rendered speechless at how *beautiful* Yoongi looked.

He only realized he was staring when Yoongi pulled him out of his trance. He cupped his face carefully with his free hand, gently whipping away the droplets than ran down his face.

Jimin looked back into Yoongi's dark eyes, feeling entranced once again.

He made no attempt to move. Not when Yoongi took a step closer, not when his gaze lingered on Jimin's lips, not when Yoongi's gaze met his again.

Unconsciously, Jimin put his hands on Yoongi's chest, gripping his jacket nervously.

Trusting his feelings, Jimin gradually closed his eyes. Yoongi slowly leaned in, giving him time to break away if he wanted to, but he didn't. Yoongi's breath ghosted over his lips for agonizing seconds before he kissed them ever so lightly.

Jimin's hands shook with anticipation as Yoongi leaned in again and connected their lips.

Yoongi's lips felt unbelievably soft and warm against his own, moving ever so slowly.

Just as Jimin was about to kiss him back he felt Yoongi lean back, but Jimin didn't want it to end just yet. Not like this.

He quickly pulled at Yoongi's jacket, tilted his head and pressed his lips less hesitant against Yoongi's.

It didn't take long for Yoongi to kiss him back, their lips moving more desperate against each other. Yoongi continued stroking his cheek gently with his thumb, making him melt into the kiss.

Everything was so overwhelming that Jimin had to break their kiss for a second, letting out a shaky breath. But he didn't hesitate to kiss him again.

## Chapter End Notes

wow, this chapter wasn't supposed to be so long but I couldn't help myself. I needed to write all of these scenes in that chapter.  
we're finally getting into the fun part of the story~~~

I hope you enjoyed this as much as I enjoyed writing it.

shoutout to my friend who encourages me all the time and helps out with editing! i can highly recommend her [fics](#), too! it's super funny and cute and filthy all the same.  
you'll love it (^\_^)

you can always shout at or with me on [twitter](#)!

thank you for reading~

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jimin didn't know how long they've been standing there, surroundings nothing but a blur, time just a concept that didn't seem exist at the moment.

He was lost in their kiss.

Their lips moved gently against each other, the tips of their noses brushing whenever they parted to catch their breath.

Yoongi pulled back, just enough to separate their lips and cocked his head before he leaned back in, parts his lips just a little to envelop Jimin's bottom lip between his own. His movements are slow, giving Jimin enough time to get used to the new feeling, but Jimin didn't hesitate to deepen their kiss.

Yoongi's lips were unbelievably soft and warm against his own, making Jimin's mind all hazy.

With Yoongi's thumb still caressing his cheek, Jimin was overwhelmed with how utterly good he felt. He couldn't hold back the pleased sigh that escaped his lips.

He wanted, no, *needed* more.

Never in a million years Jimin thought kissing felt like this good, this *addicting* . All of his senses were invaded with Yoongi. His scent, his warmth, his touch, and yet every cell in his body screamed to get even closer.

In his daze, Jimin didn't notice when Yoongi leans back, leaving him chasing after his lips in the process.

Surprised, Jimin eyes fluttered open, glancing at Yoongi.

A tender smile tug at the corners of Yoongi's lips as Yoongi stood there and looked deep into his

eyes. He let out a soft huff before he closed his eyes and carefully leaned his forehead against Jimin's.

Jimin's eyes fluttered shut at the impact, blood buzzing in his ears, heart beating rapidly. His whole body shuddered when Yoongi's breath hit his skin, leaving a tingling sensation behind.

"We need to stop," Yoongi whispered all of a sudden, bringing him out of his daze .

Jimin's eyes flew open, but before he could reply anything, Yoongi continued, "You're freezing, Jimin."

The younger opened his eyes and blinked in confusion.

Yoongi's eyebrows were scrunched ever so lightly as he tentatively took a step back.

Jimin didn't fully comprehend what Yoongi was trying to say yet, so he looked down at himself in confusion and noticed that he was indeed trembling.

Jimin was sure his shaking limbs weren't caused by the cold, but he couldn't possibly say that. Also, he couldn't deny the air chilly air was uncomfortable on his damp skin now that he was out of his daze.

"C'mon, let's get you to your apartment," Yoongi uttered softly and gently tugged Jimin along towards the dormitories with their hands still intertwined.

Jimin was far too giddy to come up with a decent reply, so he just followed Yoongi quietly. Even though the moment was broken, he fell back in a daze instantly. Everything seemed so surreal.

Their steps echoed in the empty hallways, their soaked states leaving a messy trail behind. When they finally arrived at the apartment, Jimin barely managed to stop right in time, almost walking past it.

"Are you okay?" Yoongi asked when he saw how distracted Jimin seemed.

Jimin jolted out of his daze once again and stared at Yoongi for a second before he quickly nodded his head. Maybe too quickly. Yoongi chuckled affectionately and cocked his head towards the door.

“Alright,” Yoongi said and reluctantly let go of Jimin’s hand, “go ahead. Make sure you take a hot shower and drink some tea before you go to sleep. Wouldn’t want you to get sick.”

A blush bloomed on Jimin’s cheeks almost instantly, “I will...thank you for everything, hyung. I really enjoyed myself.”

Yoongi smiled gently, “I’m glad you did. But enough talking, go inside. You haven’t stopped trembling at all. Shoo shoo.”

The way Yoongi gestured him to move was so adorable that Jimin broke into a bright smile. He giggled as he finally took out his keys and unlocked the door.

“Don’t get sick either, hyung. Hurry up and go home.”

“I will, I will.”

Jimin turned around one last time to bid goodbye, but is promptly rendered speechless again when Yoongi pecked his plump lips one last time.

“Sleep well,” he whispered against his lips and quickly turned around afterwards, leaving.

Jimin just stood there, blinking. *Surreal.*

Eventually, the dazed boy dragged himself into the apartment and closed the door behind him, leaning against it for support. Was he really not dreaming?

“You’re back~” Taehyung singsonged as he skipped into the room, jerking to a halt when he saw the state Jimin was in, “oh my god, what happened? Are you okay? Wait.”

Jimin blinked wordlessly at his friend, who suddenly rushed out of the room. Shortly after, Taehyung came back with a towel and handed it Jimin.

“Thank you,” Jimin said and carefully dabbed his face, “I’m alright. Didn’t expect it to be raining, though.”

“You should take a shower,” Taehyung mumbled worriedly.

“I’m fine, Tae. I won’t die.”

“Doesn’t mean you can’t get sick. Get rid of these clothes., you’ll create a mess otherwise.”

Jimin looked down at himself, frowning. “You’re right. Hold on.”

Jimin gave Taehyung the towel and stripped off his sticky clothes. Especially his pants were a pain in the ass. They were tight as it is, even worse now that they were soaked.

When he was finally in nothing but his briefs, he took the towel again and dried himself roughly.

“I’ll clean it up later, I need to take a shower first,” Jimin says, shivering even worse than before.

Taehyung shook his head and made a disagreeing noise, “It’s alright. I’ll take care of it. Just hurry up! You’re freezing..”

“Thanks!” Jimin exclaimed light-heartedly as he rushed straight into the bathroom. He quickly jumped into the shower and turned the water on, hissing when the hot water hit his cold skin. His tense muscles relaxed bit by bit as the warmth engulfed him.

Jimin didn’t waste much time and quickly washed up. He was slowly coming down from his high, exhaustion more prominent with every passing minute.

When he was done, Jimin slipped out of the shower and dried himself off. He smiled gratefully when he spotted a pair of briefs and a shirt neatly folded placed near the sink. Taehyung was the

best.

Jimin out on the clothes and smiled even more when he noticed it wasn't his own but one of Taehyung's shirts. His best friend knew how much he loved wearing oversized shirts to bed. It was comfy. When they were younger they often shared clothes, but since Taehyung grew way taller than Jimin he was the only one borrowing clothes. Taehyung didn't mind though.

After roughly blow-drying his hair and brushing his teeth, Jimin went into his room and was only half-surprised to find Taehyung sprawled on his bed. He flashed him his trademark grin, lifted the blanket and patted the space beside him.

"Hurry up!", Taehyung said giggly, "I wanna cuddle."

Jimin chuckled fondly. He turned off the light and lied down next to his best friend.

Taehyung instantly pulled Jimin closer, covered both of them with the blanket and slung his arms around Jimin's smaller frame. He made himself more comfortable as he leaned his head on Taehyung's chest and put an arm around his waist. Once they had settled, Jimin hummed contently.

Taehyung ran his fingers through Jimin's messy hair, occasionally scratching his scalp just in the right places. "How are you feeling? Not cold anymore?"

"Mh, I'm good," Jimin confirmed and yawned cutely.

"Okay, but you can't fall asleep yet! Tell me about your date. How was the concert? You finally got to see your faves."

Jimin melted into Taehyung's ministrations and sighed delightfully. "It was a really nice evening. The concert was awesome. It's a totally different feeling to watch them perform live. Jungkook will be so jealous."

"Don't tease him too much. He was already sulking when we skyped earlier."

Jimin giggled. "Alright, I won't tease your *boyfriend*."

Jimin didn't need to see Taehyung's face to know he was blushing. They weren't dating for a long time yet, so whenever one of their friends referred to them as a couple or boyfriends both of them would blush and become shy. It was adorable.

“*Anyway*,” Taehyung cleared his throat, “tell me more. Did Yoongi like your outfit? Wait, no, of course he did, but how did he react? What did you do aside from the concert? You were gone for a while.”

Now it was Jimin's turn to blush. His heartbeat increased embarrassingly fast.

“Well,” Jimin mumbles sheepishly, “he liked it. That's it.”

Jimin wasn't going to admit that Yoongi called him hot. No way.

“We went to a small restaurant before the concert, but we didn't have much time so we headed straight to the stadium afterwards. But Yoongi was really cute though. He deadass bought me a lightstick when he saw everyone else got one except me,” Jimin muttered fondly.

“Sounds like the perfect date,” Taehyung remarked so calmly that Jimin felt even more bashful than before, “but why were you soaked, though? Didn't you take the bus back? Shouldn't be that long from the bus stop to the sheltered path.”

Jimin's breath hitched. How was he supposed to explain that? If he hadn't played around before actually running towards the dormitories they wouldn't have been soaked.

“O-Oh,” he stuttered, but tried to keep his cool, “Yoongi refused to run. You know how he is.”

It wasn't completely a lie, right? Yoongi didn't want to run. He just left out the part where he purposely dragged Yoongi into the rain.

Truth to be told, he didn't regret it.

If anything, he was truly happy in that moment. Neither the rain nor the cold were bothering him when Yoongi was smiling so brightly, when his hand was warm in Jimin's grasp, when his eyes were sparkling so ethereally.

Unconsciously, Jimin's hand had found its way to his face, a finger tracing his lips absentmindedly.

It was his first kiss.

He had often imagined how it would be like to kiss someone he loved. It was a childish dream of his, but he always dreamed of confessing to the guy he loved one day, sharing his first kiss with that person right then and there, laughing and being happy. Yet, he had kissed Yoongi. He should have hesitated, should have felt uncomfortable, but he didn't.

It felt right. Being with Yoongi felt so damn right. He made Jimin happy. Not only that evening. In the past weeks Yoongi was nothing but attentive, gentle and considerate towards Jimin. Even though Jimin was clumsy and a wreck most of the time, complained a lot about college and practice, Yoongi always did his best to help him, cheer him up and be there for him.

Yoongi's warmth was not only physically but also emotionally comforting Jimin in a way he thought it wasn't even possible.

The moment their gazes met a sudden desire to be close to Yoongi buzzed under his skin. Even when they barely stood apart it wasn't close enough.

Only when Yoongi's lips brushed his own the urge was dimmed, just to increase tenfold shortly after.

Jimin wasn't nervous. He just felt utterly comfortable in Yoongi's embrace, melting so easily into the feeling of Yoongi's gentle touch.

It felt right when they kissed. He didn't regret it one bit. If anything, he wished it would happen again.

It slowly dawned on Jimin. Why he felt so happy when he was with Yoongi. Why he was giddy when he was with Yoongi. Why it felt so right to be with Yoongi.



He had a crush on his friend.

The realization made his heart beat faster.

Jimin had a crush on Yoongi.

When did this happen? When had it begun?

Jimin buried his face in Taehyung's chest. It wasn't that bad, right? Who *wouldn't* develop a crush on someone as perfect as Yoongi?

There was no reason to freak out. It was normal. It was the first time anyone ever paid so much attention to Jimin, so he naturally liked it. Totally normal. Right?

He was doing this for Taemin. He should focus on that.

Yoongi was just helping him out to get closer to Taemin. He was trying his best because of the arrangement they had. He wanted to make Jimin happy, not by dating him, but by trying his best to show Taemin how lovable Jimin was.

They were friends. Nothing more. Yoongi had been there for him before, they just never spent that much time together. Didn't mean they didn't care for each other before.

Yoongi was only doing this for his sake. As a friend. Nothing more.

He had to get a grip on himself. This shouldn't get any worse.

It was just a small simple crush. It wouldn't last.

And yet, the feeling of Yoongi's touch lingered on his skin.

The warmth that seemed so unexplainable before wasn't so unexplainable any longer.

Jimin was unnecessarily nervous the following days.

Yoongi didn't text him much during the weekend. When Jimin woke up the day after their date he got a message from Yoongi, asking if he was alright, but that's pretty much it.

He should have been glad Yoongi didn't write much, so he could calm down and collect his thoughts, but it made him anxious instead.

It was ridiculous. He was so used to either text or be around Yoongi that not writing him for once felt weird.

It wasn't until monday that Jimin saw Yoongi again.

Their group of friends ate lunch together as usual and Jimin was the last to arrive. Class ended later than it was supposed to.

Jimin was nervous as it was, but seeing Yoongi in person was worse than he expected. He suddenly didn't know how to act around Yoongi any longer. His heartbeat picked up in both nervousness and anticipation.

Yoongi sat in the same seat as usual, talking to Namjoon across from him. The seat between Yoongi and Hoseok was empty, most likely on purpose, so Jimin had no choice but to sit down next to Yoongi.

He tried to appear as calm as possible as he sat down, but failed miserably as he almost dropped his tray in the process. A deep blush spread on Jimin's cheeks instantly and of course, his friends

snickered at his clumsiness.

“Are you that tired, Jiminie? Can’t even carry your tray anymore?” Hoseok asked, amused.

Jimin’s blush deepens in embarrassment. He jutted out his lower lip. “Don’t tease me. Had an early class in the morning. I’m dying.”

It was true, but not the reason why Jimin was out of it.

“For real though, are you alright Jiminie? You look a bit pale today,” Seokjin asked, worriedly.

“Don’t worry, I’m all good! Just a bit tired,” Jimin assured and smiled softly, almost feeling guilty. Seokjin fooled around a lot, but he was also the first to drop everything to help his friends.

“You probably don’t eat enough lately. You lost weight since your midterms. Where are the chubby cheeks I love?” Seokjin asked and reached over the table to pinch Jimin’s cheek lightly, “Lemme cook you a meal later.”

“Deal!” Jimin agreed happily, though there was nothing to worry about. He hadn’t lost weight. At least not significantly. But who would say no to Seokjin’s homemade meals?

“What about me?” Taehyung suddenly whined adorably, “I’m starving, too. I’m all skin and bones.”

“Ask Jungkook to cook for you.”

“Yah! Hyung!” Taehyung whined even louder, “this is unfair!”

“Why is it unfair?” Seokjin asked nonchalantly and bit into his sandwich.

Jimin just giggled as he watched his friends bicker. He shook his head in amusement and picked up his chopsticks.

The moment he did and his gaze fell on his plate, he blinked owlshly.

If his eyes weren't deceiving him, there was more meat on his plate than before.

Confused, he takes a look at Hoseok's tray, who was eating the same, but he didn't have that much meat either.

Jimin looked back to his tray and the fruit salad at the corner, or rather the pair of chopsticks that currently picked out a piece of mango from it, caught his attention.

He glanced to his side and his heart stuttered in his chest. Of course, the chopsticks belonged to no other than Yoongi.

Fortunately, Yoongi didn't notice Jimin's stare and continued to pick out all mangos pieces in his bowl, replacing them with strawberries of his own bowl.

Flustered, Jimin looked back down to his play and shoved some meat into his mouth quickly, feigning oblivion.

What was Yoongi doing? Did he know Jimin disliked mangos?

The blush that was slowly starting to fade was turning into a darker shade of red instantly.

The blood roared in Jimin's ears, the sound of his pounding heart so loud that he feared his friends could hear it. Yoongi was so endearing. Jimin couldn't help but melt into a giddy puddle of goo at the sight.

They might not be dating for real, btu at the moment, Jimin felt like the luckiest man alive.

Two days later, Jimin found himself getting ready for another shoot.

The concept was rather simple this time. The character Jimin portrayed was more at ease now, more comfortable in his own skin, so Yoongi wanted Jimin to wear casual clothes he felt comfortable in. Jimin chose one of the black hoodies he wore often and a denim, ripped jeans.

Furthermore, Jimin wasn't supposed to wear a lot of make up today, nor style his hair too much, so Jimin only wore a bit of eyeliner and let his unstyled hair fall down to his forehead naturally.

There wasn't much of a difference between his current and his everyday appearance.

Jimin was nervous on his way to the park they agreed to meet at. Not because of the shoot, but because of Yoongi.

Even though they met daily at lunch, they didn't talk much to each other. Yoongi was rather listening than joining a conversation anyway, and they couldn't possibly talk privately with the others listening.

Yoongi didn't text him much either because he was busy, so they hadn't really talked since the day of the concert.

And that made Jimin nervous.

He didn't know what to expect. Would Yoongi want to talk about the kiss? Would they be awkward around each other?

Despite his nervousness, Jimin was excited, too. He looked forward to spend time with Yoongi.

When Jimin arrived at his destination, Yoongi was already there and was apparently taking a few test shots.

He should have greeted the other, but Jimin stood there, rooted to his spot with a rapidly increasing heartbeat.

There was something about Yoongi when he was in his element that rendered Jimin speechless. Something in Yoongi's gaze shifted whenever he picked up the camera. He was serious and concentrated, yet the adoration for his work was shining brightly in his eyes, tugging at the corner

of his lips now and then. It was stunning.

Eventually, Jimin snapped out of his daze and approached Yoongi with a shy smile. “Hyung.”

Yoongi looked up from his camera and flashed Jimin a smile. “Hi, Jimin. Are you ready for the shoot?”

Jimin nodded his head and looked around a little.

There were a few people in the park, but not as many as Jimin had expected. On his ride site was some low brick wall that reached up to his hips with a big, green meadow behind, on his left there was a huge fountain where little kids were currently playing at. A bit further in the back was a row of blooming cherry blossom trees.

The park was really nice.

“Okay so, today’s concept is rather simple. I want you to look carefree. Thought about walking on the wall like children do often, or lying on the grass, looking up at the sky, stuff like that,” Yoongi explained.

Jimin made an acknowledging sound and nodded in reply.

Without further ado, Jimin climbed on the wall next to them in a swift move. He didn’t want to waste any time. They needed to get the shoot down before the sun set.

He smoothed out his hoodie and jeans once, ruffled his hair in place and looked back at Yoongi. “Alright, then let’s start.”

Fortunately, Jimin was pretty used to stand in front of a camera by now. Even the people that glanced at them weren’t bothering him any longer, so he hoped he could portray today’s concept well.

And he did.

It was surprisingly easy. Jimin got a little help from the little kids who ran around, chasing each other. Just hearing their cute giggles made Jimin smile brightly.

Strolling around, staring at the sky, all of it was all done easily and they managed to wrap up the shoot after three hours.

The sun was already setting by the time they headed home, walking down the cherry blossom path.

It was Jimin's favorite part of the park. The scenery was so beautiful. The way the blossom danced in the wind, melting in the warm colors of the sunset sky, was truly a breathtaking sight.

Although the shoot went well, Jimin was slightly disappointed.

He didn't know what he expected, but Yoongi didn't seem to be affected by their kiss at all. He never mentioned their date, nor made an attempt to get closer to Jimin at all.

It wasn't a big deal, but they didn't even held hands like they usually did. They weren't on campus, nor did couples hold hands all the time. There was no reason to hold Jimin's hand. And yet, he still wanted nothing more than to reach out and interlace their fingers.

Should he be brave and just go for it?

While Jimin was lost in his thoughts, he failed to notice the dashing biker that rushed towards them from behind. He flinched in surprise when Yoongi suddenly reached out, grabbed one of Jimin's wrists and pulled him closer to his body.

"Yah, bastard! Slow the fuck down!" Yoongi yelled at the biker angrily.

He huffed, clearly annoyed. "You alright? This area doesn't even allow bikes. This lil' piece of shit I can't believe this."

Jimin barely caught Yoongi's words over the loud pounding of his heart.

They were close. Too close.

The memory of their kiss crept its way to Jimin's mind, sending a shiver down his spine.

He unconsciously glanced down to Yoongi's soft, pink lips. He tried so hard not to stare at them all day. Not even when Yoongi jutted out his lips in a cute pout while he spoke. But now his resolution crumbled.

He had thought about the kiss more than he would like to admit. He was embarrassed of himself, but he imagined what it would be like to kiss those lips again.

Jimin swallowed heavily.

He just had to lean in. Yoongi was close. He could just lean in, brush his lips against Yoongi's. He just had to lean in.

Jimin realized it wasn't only nervousness, but also desire that made his blood boil. He could hardly hold back any longer.

With his eyes half-lidded, Jimin started to lean in slowly, only to be pulled back into reality rather harshly.

Yoongi suddenly flinched and let go of his arm instantly, almost as if he had burnt himself. He took a step backwards and avoided Jimin's gaze rather obviously.

Jimin startled and stared at Yoongi, his eyes wide from the shock.

"Let's go. It's getting late," Yoongi mumbled and walked ahead, not waiting for Jimin's reply.

His heart clenched painfully, his throat constricted.

Did Yoongi just reject him?



Yoongi didn't join them for lunch the next day.

Hoseok told them that Yoongi forgot about an assignment he had to hand in by Sunday morning. He had another project due by Saturday evening, so he decided to eat lunch at his studio to save time.

There was nothing unusual about it. Yoongi had gone missing in action before, too. The reason why Jimin was anxious was rather the fact that Yoongi hadn't texted him after the incident at the park.

Jimin tried to not overthink the situation. Yoongi must be stressed. He probably didn't even have time to think about Jimin.

After all, he replied to Jimin's texts, although his answers were rather short and he never initiated a conversation since that night.

His reaction the day before was weird, too. He had never seen Yoongi flinch from anyone before.

Maybe there was really something wrong.

Jimin thought a lot during the past days. In all that time he spent together with Yoongi he had never really done anything for Yoongi.

Sure, he helped him out with his project, but Yoongi was doing way more than their arrangement demanded. There wasn't a reason for Yoongi to go that far, but he always made an effort to take care of Jimin regardless.

Jimin almost felt guilty about it. He wanted to change it, wanted to give something back to

Yoongi. It was his turn to make an effort.

And Yoongi's absence at lunch was the perfect opportunity.

According to Hoseok, they only ate instant food lately and now that Yoongi was eating lunch at his studio that meant either take-out or instant food as well. So, Jimin decided to prepare a lunchbox with homemade food for Yoongi.

It was only a small gesture and nothing compared to the things Yoongi had done for him, but he hoped Yoongi would like it anyway.

Jimin was distracted for the rest of the day, thinking about dishes he could prepare. After he decided on some, he went grocery shopping after his dance practice ended.

He bought a lot of stuff, different kind of fruits, eggs, vegetables, sausages, beef. Jimin had never spent so much money on food, but he didn't care. It was worth it.

Wanting the food to be fresh, Jimin planned to prepare the lunchbox before he left for class tomorrow morning. He had to set the alarm at four in the morning to have enough time to prepare everything. He just hoped he didn't wake up Taehyung with the noise he would make.

Waking up at this inhuman time was surprisingly not as bad as Jimin had feared. He was even kinda excited.

It was the first time he prepared a lunchbox for someone. And that certain someone was special to Jimin, so he wanted to try his best.

His skills weren't by far not as good as Seokjin's, but he managed to prepare a lot of different dishes, including egg rolls, kimchi, kimbap, mixed rice with beef, yellow pickled radish and different kind of fruits.

He was quite satisfied with the result, though it was more food than he had expected.

Ignoring the mess he created in the kitchen, Jimin decided to get ready for his class first.

As he turned on his heels he bumped face first into Taehyung's chest and yelped in surprise. He rubbed his nose and looked up to meet his friend's gaze. "You surprised me! Why are you sneaking?"

"I wasn't sneaking," Taehyung mumbled half-asleep and scrunched his nose cutely, "what are you doing? Are you cooking this early in the morning?"

Jimin scratched the back of his neck sheepishly. "I prepared a lunchbox for Yoongi."

"Dawww," Taehyung cooed, "I'm sure he'll be happy! He must be tired of instant noodles and sandwiches already."

Jimin smiled, but he now that he wasn't distracted any longer he got nervous. He really hoped Taehyung was right.

"I will be a bit late for lunch, so don't wait up. I won't stay long at the studio, but it will still take a while to get there and to the cafeteria afterwards."

Taehyung made a sound of acknowledgement and went to the fridge to grab some yoghurt.

Jimin took that as his cue to take a quick shower and head to class.

He was unsurprisingly giddy all morning. He tried to tell himself that it wasn't a big deal, but his heart thought otherwise. He could barely concentrate on the lecture.

It was the first time he dreaded and anticipated the end of class. Jimin wanted to give Yoongi the lunchbox, but was nervous about his reaction at the same time.

When class was finally over, Jimin made his way towards the studio. He went through things he could say to Yoongi over and over again in his head, but all of them sounded cheesy. Why was this so hard?

He held the lunchbox close to his chest, making sure it wasn't shaking too much and ruining the

perfectly arranged food inside.

His heartbeat increased with every step he took.

He chewed on his lower lip and slowed down when he spotted the door to the studio.

Jimin couldn't help but roll his eyes and giggle softly at his behavior. It was embarrassing how nervous and excited he was, how easily the smile bloomed on his face just from the prospect of seeing Yoongi in a few seconds.

As Jimin approached the studio he saw that the door was slightly ajar. It wouldn't hurt to catch a glimpse of Yoongi working before he went in, right?

Jimin quietly took a few last steps forward and stopped in front of the door, leaning forward to peek through the tiny crack.

However, Jimin wasn't prepared to see another guy sitting on Yoongi's lap.

He almost dropped the lunchbox in surprise, his heart stuttering in his chest.

"C'mon, Yoongs~ you know what I want," the pink-haired stranger whined and slung his arms around Yoongi's neck.

Much to Jimin's dismay, Yoongi smirked mischievously and placed a finger under the boy's chin. "What if I don't want to, though?"

"I'm sure I can persuade you," the guy said and wiggled his eyebrow suggestively, "you can't do this to me. I need you."

"Kihyun-ah, y'know I'm busy as fuck."

"I'm sure we can finish this real quick, knowing your skills."

Yoongi held Kihyun's gaze for a few dreadful seconds and sighed shortly after. "Alright. Just because you bought me lunch. Can't eat those instant noodles any longer."

"*And* because you love me."

Yoongi scoffed and rolled his eyes, but didn't deny his words.

That was enough.

Jimin backed off quickly. There was a weird, painful sting in his chest that made his heart clench and his head spin. He needed to get away as fast as possible.

Who was that guy? His classmate? His friend? ...his lover?

Jimin rushed out of the building, almost bumping into a group of girls. He was disoriented as he wobbled to the nearest tree, leaning against it for support.

Why did he run away? He was making a fool of himself.

He should go to the cafeteria. His friends were waiting for him. But his body won't listen. He could hardly move, the weird sting making it hard to breath.

Jimin was shocked. There was no way to deny it.

He didn't expect to see Yoongi with someone else. He didn't expect to see Yoongi so utterly comfortable and playful with someone else.

Jimin sank down and looked at the lunchbox in his slightly trembling hands.

He should have given Yoongi the lunchbox anyway. Yoongi could have eaten it later in the evening.

Rationally, Jimin knew he was overreacting, but he couldn't think straight. He was too shocked to walk in and pretend he was fine when he obviously wasn't. But why wasn't he?

Jimin carefully set the lunchbox aside. He pulled his knees up to his chest, hugging his legs and leaning his forehead against them.

He couldn't face his friends right now. They'd ask what's wrong and knowing himself he'd probably tear up. He always did when he was emotional.

Even if his reaction was ridiculous, he still felt down. He needed time on his own. He didn't have an appetite anymore either.

Jimin tried to get the images of Yoongi and that guy out of his head, but he couldn't.

The way Yoongi smirked, the way the guy sat so casually on Yoongi's lap, the way they talked to each other.

Why did it bother him so much anyway?

His nails dug into his calves as his grip tightened and his lip stung when he bit down on it harshly.

Jimin was ashamed of himself, he really was, but the burn in his chest was unbearable.

Stupid, weird, ridiculous crush.

"Jimin?"

Jimin jolted and lifted his head. Taehyung was there, slowly approaching and sitting down in front of him, his gaze lingering on the abandoned lunchbox before he looked back at Jimin.

"Oh, hi, what are you doing here?" Jimin mumbled, surprised.

“I was worried. You didn’t show up for lunch. You didn’t send me a message either, so I decided to look for you.”

How much time had passed since he sat there? It felt like he just sat down but apparently, lunch break was almost over.

“Is everything alright?” Taehyung asked hesitantly, the worry obvious in his voice.

“Yeah, sorry. I forgot about the time.”

“You sure?” Taehyung pressed, “what happened to the lunchbox? Why did you not give it to Yoongi?”

His heart clenched instantly at the mention of Yoongi. He wanted nothing more but to tell Taehyung the truth. But what was he going to say, when he didn’t even know what’s going on himself.

Jimin flashed him a forced smile. “Oh, he wasn’t at the studio. He didn’t pick up my call either. Probably busy working on his project somewhere else.”

Taehyung stared at him expressionlessly for a second, but suddenly smiled sadly and scooted closer until the tips of their feet touched.

Jimin was sure Taehyung knew he wasn’t saying the truth, but his friend was kind enough to play along. “You must be sad. You prepared so much for him.”

Jimin just looked at their feet, not knowing how to reply.

“Hey, but it’s okay,” Taehyung said and put a hand on Jimin’s knee, rubbing it comfortingly, “we can just write a note and leave it at his studio, right? He will definitely come back later.”

Jimin quickly shook his head. They couldn’t go there. He couldn’t face Yoongi right now. God knows what he and Kihyun were doing there either.

The thought sent another cold shiver down his spine.

“No, it’s okay, Tae. I can always prepare him lunch some other time. The food won’t taste good in a few hours either,” Jimin tried to reason.

Fortunately, Taehyung either sensed his distress or believed his words. “Okay, but the food is not going to waste. You put so much effort into it. We’re eating it now.”

Taehyung reached over and grabbed the lunchbox.

“I’m not really hungry today,” Jimin mumbled, “and you already ate lunch.”

Taehyung ignored his words and was already busy picking up a piece of egg roll, gently nudging it at Jimin’s lips. “There’s always space for your food in my stomach.”

Jimin hesitated but decided to eat in the end. Knowing Taehyung, there was no point in putting up a fight.

While Jimin chew painfully slow on his food Taehyung was trying out the different dishes he prepared, humming satisfiedly. “Woah, this tasted amazing, Chimchim. I’ll gladly gain weight without regrets.”

Jimin smiled softly. Taehyung was trying so hard to cheer him up. He was thankful.

“It’s all healthy, Tae. I doubt you’ll get fat eating this.”

“Is that a challenge?”

Taehyung actually managed to make Jimin giggle. He just knew Jimin the best. He was glad to have a friend like Taehyung.



They lost track of time as they sat there, talked and ate, but neither of them really minded skipping one class. Jimin relaxed a little and was glad Taehyung didn't press the issue any further.

"How's your relationship with Jungkook going? Are you happy?" Jimin asked curiously.

Taehyung blushed immediately. He dropped his gaze and cutely fiddled with his fingers. "I'm really happy. Nothing much changed between us to be honest. We still play video games, we still fight over the best anime."

Jimin genuinely smiled and quietly listened to his friend.

"We just cuddle a lot more, hold hands, kiss. I wanna take things slow with Jungkook. He's barely of age and we aren't in a rush."

Taehyung's smile was so bright that he could challenge the sun.

"I don't know. I'm just happy when I'm with Jungkook. He doesn't need to do anything to make me happy. I just am."

"I'm really happy for you, Tae. I really am," Jimin said earnestly.

"Thank you, Chimchim," Taehyung replied and sighed contently, "I never thought this puppy love would turn into a serious one. You know, at first I didn't realize it at all. Just thought he was cute with his bunny teeth and his round eyes. But the more time we spent together the deeper I fell without realizing it until I was in love. Never thought Jungkook felt the same, but here we are."

Jimin nudged Taehyung in the ribs, making him yelp. "That's enough. Do you wanna make me throw up from all the cuteness? A man can only take this much."

"Just wait until you're head over heels for someone. You'll understand what I mean," Taehyung mumbled, jutting out his lips in an attempt to pout, but ended up smiling again.

Seeing his friend like this made Jimin envious. He wondered if he'd ever feel this strongly for another person, too.

He had crushes before, but he never wanted to really date any of them.

Taemin was the only one that ever made Jimin want to give it a try. But did he feel as deeply as Taehyung did for Jungkook? Not even close.

In a way, he wasn't even sure if he should continue all this.

After listening to Taehyung, it felt like his feelings weren't worth all the trouble.

Jimin hadn't talked a lot to Taemin recently, nor ever met him outside of practice, but he didn't feel disappointed at all. Instead, he thought about nothing but Yoongi this whole week.

He really had no idea what he was feeling any longer.

When Jimin was finally back at their apartment in the evening, he went straight to his room and dropped down on his bed.

The whole day was exhausting.

One of his team members at dance practice asked why Yoongi wasn't picking him up this week and all the effort Taehyung made to cheer him up went down the drain. It was bugging him more than Jimin expected.

Sure, the initial shock was, at least to some point, understandable. Yoongi had never mentioned someone he liked before, so he wasn't prepared. But now? Now he knew. He had time to take the information in, but nothing changed.

Just thinking about it made Jimin's heart clench uncomfortably again.

However, this wasn't only about Yoongi and that guy. It was the realization that Yoongi was clearly avoiding him.

At first, he thought he was overthinking the whole situation, but now he was sure about it.

He knew Yoongi was busy with his assignments, but that never held him back in the past.

It couldn't be a coincidence that it started after that night.

Yoongi had gradually started texting him less. They saw each other during lunch twice, but aside from Yoongi's - admittedly cute - mission to exchange the mango pieces with strawberries, they didn't talk much. There was no hand on his waist, no hug or peck on the cheek as a greeting either. And the incident at the park was the key point of Jimin's certainty.

Seeing Yoongi with some other guy was just the cherry on top.

It hurt.

Maybe he was overreacting and his fears were groundless, but he couldn't shake the uncomfortable feeling off.

Was their kiss really that bad? Was it a mistake?

They could forget about the kiss, pretend it never happened. He didn't need the hand on his hips, he didn't need to hold Yoongi's hand. As long as Yoongi wasn't avoiding him it was enough. He just wanted to talk to his friend. He didn't want their friendship to crumble because of that kiss.

He had to try. He couldn't lose Yoongi like that.

Jimin sat up and took his phone, opening his chat with Yoongi.

*[To: Yoongi hyung]*

*Hyung, can I come over for a while?*

*[From: Yoongi hyung]*

*I'm still working on my projects. Don't have time. Sorry. Is something wrong?*

*[To: Yoongi hyung]*

*Please let me come over. I promise I won't disturb your work. I just wanna see you.*

Jimin chewed on his lip nervously. He wasn't brave. He had no idea where that sentence came from. He must be desperate to be this honest.

There was a long silence until a message finally appeared on his screen.

*[From: Yoongi hyung]*

*Okay. But don't stay too long. It's late already.*

Jimin broke into a smile almost instantly.

He quickly checked his appearance in the mirror. The dark circles under his eyes looked worse than he thought, but it didn't really matter. He pulled on his jacket, slipped into his shoes and rushed off to Yoongi's apartment.

Jimin took several deep breaths before he even thought about ringing the door-bell. His heart was beating so fast, partly because he was anxious, partly because he was excited.

His excitement was dimmed as soon as Yoongi opened the door, though.

The elder looked exhausted. His eyes weren't sparkling as usual, not a hint of a smile on his lips. His cheeks looked slightly sunken as well.

Yoongi hadn't seemed this tired when he saw him earlier that day. Now, Jimin felt a little guilty for even asking to come over. He should have waited until Yoongi's assignments were over.

They exchanged a short greeting and Jimin stepped into the apartment, feeling dejected. Yoongi grabbed some drinks on their way into his room and handed Jimin a bottle of water before he sat down at his desk.

It was exactly what he wanted, but Jimin felt nervous nonetheless.

He fumbled around with the bottle and almost dropped it when Yoongi suddenly spoke up.

"Is something wrong? Why did you want to come over?"

Well, Jimin hadn't thought about an excuse yet.

Going with the truth seemed to be best approach. "We didn't really get to see each other in the past days. I just wanted to see you for a while. Please continue your work, I won't disturb you, hyung."

Yoongi's gaze was unreadable.

"Okay," he said eventually, "sorry I'm busy lately. I'll pick you up starting from next week again."

Yoongi turned around and started working on his assignment again.

"It's alright, hyung," Jimin assured softly, "I didn't come here to make you feel guilty or anything."

It was awkward.

Yoongi's whole attitude was different. His body looked almost stiff, his words were calm, but not as gentle as usual.

Perhaps, he unintentionally chose the worst time to come over.

And yet, Jimin was glad he got to see Yoongi at least. It was absurd. He saw Yoongi two days ago, but it felt like an eternity.

Trying to keep his promise, Jimin didn't say a word, just quietly sat there and watched Yoongi working.

"There's something wrong, right?" Yoongi suddenly asked, but didn't turn around.

Jimin looked down at the bottle in his hands and decided to set it aside, an excuse to busy himself.

"No, there isn't," he replied as cheerfully as possible, but failed miserably. Jimin wasn't a good liar.

Why did Yoongi have to ask? Jimin had barely managed to keep his feelings under control, but his worries were surfacing instantly.

He hated this. He wanted to talk comfortably and joke around with Yoongi. He'd turn back time and never go out with Yoongi that night if that would change anything.

The chair squeaked as Yoongi turned around to face Jimin. "Don't lie to me. What's wrong?"

Jimin didn't reply. He couldn't. It would make things worse.

Yoongi waited, and waited, but when Jimin didn't reply he sighed and turned around again.

This wasn't going as planned. He just wanted to see Yoongi. They had done this before, being in a room with a comfortable silence. Jimin would read a book while Yoongi was editing photos on his laptop. It wasn't the first time they spend time together like this.

But now it was different.

It was unbearably uncomfortable. And Jimin hated it.

He clenched his fists until they were trembling, restlessly chewing on his lower lip. If he didn't bring it up, would they continue to be like this?

"Why are you avoiding me?" Jimin asked in a whisper.

There was a pregnant silence in the room.

Yoongi's chair squeaked, which meant Yoongi had moved, but Jimin was avoiding his gaze. "I-"

"I get that you are busy, but I know that's not the reason. You don't answer my texts as usual, you even *flinched* because of me," Jimin continued, the pain thick in his voice, "Is it because of the kiss? Did you hate it so much? I won't kiss you again if-"

What the hell was he doing?

How low could Jimin sink?

He promised not to distract Yoongi. What was he doing? Bothering his busy friend with his own insecurities. He was ashamed of himself.

"I-I'm sorry. F-Forget what I said. I'm going. S-sorry for disturbing you," Jimin stuttered and got up from the bed, stumbling a little in the process.

It was a dumb idea to come over.

"Ji-."

Jimin didn't listen, didn't *want* to listen. He knew how pathetic he seemed. That was enough humiliation for today.

However, just as Jimin reached the door, Yoongi suddenly grabbed his wrist and spun Jimin around, making his back collide with the door. Jimin gasped at the impact.

"Please wait-"

Jimin clenched his eyes shut. He was so embarrassed he couldn't look Yoongi in the eyes. "I-I'm sorry. I know t-this was unfair. I'll just-"

"Jimin."

"P-Please let me go."

"Jimin!"

Jimin eyes flew open. It was the first time Yoongi ever raised his voice towards him.

But Jimin stopped squirming and shut up for another reason. Yoongi's expression looked so utterly vulnerable.

He looked confused, hurt, desperate even.

Yoongi slowly loosened his grip, and eventually let go completely. He looked Jimin deep into his eyes.

"Jimin..." his voice was barely above a whisper, rough with emotions, "you're misunderstanding this completely."

"You're avoiding me," Jimin managed to reply, voice just as quiet as Yoongi's.



A single tear ran down his face. All the frustration that built up in the past days was taking a toll on Jimin now. Yoongi made it worse with looking distressed as never before.

Tentatively, Yoongi brought up his hand and cupped Jimin's face carefully, wiping away the tear with his thumb.

"Yeah, you're right. I avoided you," Yoongi admitted, "but not because of the reasons you have in mind. I..."

He clenched his eyes shut, his eyebrows furrowed. He hesitated, but met Jimin's gaze again. "I thought I went too far that night. I thought I made you uncomfortable and forced myself on you. I didn't want to give you the feeling that you were supposed to take that step. I'm ashamed of myself."

Jimin had a hard time comprehending Yoongi's words.

Making him uncomfortable? Forcing himself on Jimin?

It made no sense at all.

*Jimin* was the one who couldn't stop. Yoongi had kissed him first, but it was Jimin who clung onto Yoongi and kissed him again.

It was so absurd that Jimin had no idea what to say. Where they both worried for a similar reason?

"Do..." Yoongi uttered unsurely, "do you *want* me to kiss you?"

Jimin took in Yoongi's words, overwhelmed by the turn of events.

He didn't trust his voice to speak, so he hummed instead and gulped heavily.

Jimin gasped when Yoongi leaned in and kissed him without a hint of hesitation. His eyes fluttered shut as he slung his arms around Yoongi's neck, returning the kiss.

He pulled Yoongi closer until their chests are flushed against each other, not leaving any space between them.

The tension in his body was finally easing, but the desire grew with every second Yoongi's lips brushed against his own.

The kiss was different, lips moving against each other desperately, not a hint of hesitation.

Yoongi pried Jimin's lips open, licking his way into Jimin's mouth, swallowing the soft moan that left Jimin's lips.

*More, more, more.*

Jimin knew he crossed a line he shouldn't have crossed, but it felt so *right* that he gladly ignored the warning bells ringing in his head.

## Chapter End Notes

i'm finally back from war asDFGHJKL life has been a mess..

i really hope you enjoyed this chapter! i've been working a lot on this chapter and hope the feelings i wanted to convey come across well~

i also want to thank everyone for leaving kudos and comments. the response the last chapter got was unbelievable ;-; i'm still overwhelmed. so, thank you so much!!!

feel free to scream at me anytime on twitter or in the comments! :D

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

WARNING: change of rating from T -> M because this chapter includes smut! read with caution!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jimin forgot how to breath. The way Yoongi's tongue brushed so perfectly against his own had his mind turn hazy, his limbs go weak.

He tried his best to keep up with Yoongi's rhythm, sighing deeply into the kiss.

Their desperate movements got slower as the heat of the moment died down. They briefly broke apart, but Yoongi leaned in to capture Jimin's lips in a kiss once again. Slow and gentle.

Eventually they stop kissing and leaned their foreheads against each other, leaving Jimin breathless. They stayed like this for a while, their soft huffs echoing in the quiet room.

Jimin's eyes fluttered open and fell on Yoongi's swollen lips before he met the elder's gaze.

Yoongi looked like a mess. Jimin had run his fingers through Yoongi's hair, making it all tousled. His shirt was all wrinkled, because Jimin had dug his nails into it, fisting the thin fabric in an attempt to hold onto something.

He expected a lot of things to happen, but definitely not this. He was quite stunned, speechless even. He just stood there with a blank expression, staring at Yoongi with his heart beating uncontrollably fast in his chest.

"*Fuck* . I'm sorry," Yoongi suddenly said, his voice deep and rough as he bit on his lower lip and avoided Jimin's gaze for a second. He sighed tensely and rubbed his neck. "I'm sorry, Jimin."

"Why are you sorry?" Jimin asked innocently.

Yoongi's eyes widen, apparently not expecting that reply. "I mean...for everything. I shouldn't have avoided you. Should have talked just to you and all..."

For a second it seemed like he wanted to say something else, but he didn't, so Jimin shook his head and gave him a soft smile, fidgeting with the hem of his shirt sheepishly. "Oh, it's alright, hyung. I kinda overreacted...I don't know what's wrong with me either...I'm sorry for interrupting your work. I should go."

"I'm sorry," Yoongi repeated and looked at Jimin apologetically, "I promise I'll be back on Monday. I'll pick you up, too, okay?"

"You don't have to," Jimin quickly assured, turning shy at how determined Yoongi suddenly seemed.

"I want to pick you up, so don't talk back at me," he said with a smile.

Jimin couldn't stop himself from giggling softly. They were ridiculous. And he loved it. The air around them didn't seem as tense anymore. "Alright, hyung. Then I'll see you on Monday."

Yoongi cracked a soft smile in reply and accompanied him to the door. They said goodbye and waved each other rather awkwardly, making them both laugh at their behavior.

When the door finally fell shut, Jimin plopped down onto the ground immediately, covering his face with his small hands.

Had he just made out with Yoongi? It wasn't a simple kiss, right? That counted as making out with someone, didn't it? Yoongi's tongue was in his mouth.....

"Woah , I'm crazy. What am I doing?" Jimin muttered to no one and ruffled his hair in agitation before hiding his face again.

Since when did he want to make out with Yoongi? He just wanted to hang out with the other again without being awkward. Making out was never one of his intentions. And yet, he said he *wanted* Yoongi to kiss him. What was he even doing?

But Jimin couldn't deny that he liked it. Hell, he liked it *a lot* .

“Oh? Jiminie? Why are you on the ground? Are you alright?”

Jimin startled and looked up to see Hoseok with a bag full of groceries right in front of him. The other looked at him half-curiously, half-worriedly and offered him a hand to help him up.

Abashed, Jimin accepted Hoseok's help and stood up quickly. “Yeah, I'm good. Just dropped something.”

*I dropped my last bit of sanity* , Jimin thought, embarrassed.

Hoseok looked skeptically, but was nice enough not press the matter. “Mhm, alright. Are you coming in?”

Jimin shook his head too quickly, a hint of a blush spreading on his cheeks instantly. “No, I'm going home. Have a nice evening, hyung! See you on Monday!”

With a small bow, Jimin stumbled away as fast as possible. He wasn't ready to talk to Hoseok about his visit just yet. Jimin was sure his friends knew something was off when Jimin was absent during lunch . Showing up in front of Hoseok's and Yoongi's shared apartment was suspicious enough for Hoseok to ask questions, and Jimin genuinely wouldn't know how to answer any of them.

Even though nothing went as expected, Jimin felt at ease after his talk with Yoongi. There were still a lot of unanswered questions, but for now Jimin was satisfied that Yoongi wasn't going to avoid him any longer.

It would be a lie to say that Jimin wasn't nervous to face Yoongi again.

They hadn't talked much since Friday. Jimin feared that his visit made things worse, but Yoongi promised to join them for lunch, so at least Yoongi wouldn't avoid him for now.

Taehyung and Jimin were already at the cafeteria lining up and chatting away when Jimin suddenly squeaked in surprise. Someone suddenly slung their arms around Jimin's waist, leaning their full weight against Jimin's back for support.

The shock didn't even last a second. Jimin recognized these hands and that addicting scent anywhere. It was none other than Min Yoongi.

The realization wasn't exactly helping him to calm down, though. The proximity made Jimin's heart flutter and his cheeks flush in a matter of seconds.

"He's alive!" Taehyung exclaimed excitedly, "welcome back, hyung."

"I'm dying. I came to bid farewell," Yoongi mumbled grumpily into Jimin's shoulder, "Why am I doing this to myself? I'll drop out. Screw education."

Yoongi's nonsense made Jimin chuckle in amusement. He covered Yoongi's hands with his own, enjoying the unexpected cuddliness. "Hyung, stop exaggerating. You'll graduate soon."

"I won't make it, Jimin. It was nice knowing you, but it's time for me to go," Yoongi rasped and nuzzled the crook of Jimin's neck, erupting goosebumps on Jimin's skin.

"Hyung~" Jimin outright laughed, but was unable to stop the full body shudder. The ghost of Yoongi's hot breath over his skin reminded him of their kiss, of how he easily lost himself in the elder's touch, how *good* those lips felt against his own. He was getting nervous for no reason.

"Just let him die," Taehyung said playfully.

"Brat. Wait and see if I ever pick up your boyfriend again," Yoongi mumbled and reluctantly let go of Jimin as they were about to get their food.

Taehyung pouted. "You're playing dirty. Don't drag Jungkook in this."

Yoongi scoffed in a playful manner. "Why wouldn't I? He's your biggest weakness."

“Do you really want to hear me whine all the time? I can totally do that.”

“That’s why earplugs were invented.”

“Wow, you’re so cold.”

Jimin watched his friend’s playful bickering with a bright smile. Everything seemed back to normal.

“You *really* don’t need to walk me to class,” Jimin tried for the third time, but Yoongi won’t budge.

“You’re repeating yourself, Jimin. It’s no big deal.”

Truth to be told, Jimin was quite happy that Yoongi offered to accompany him.

“You still have dance practice in the evening, right? I’ll pick you up later, too,” Yoongi mumbled and stuck his hands into the pockets of his jacket.

Jimin giggled softly. His cheeks were even hurting from smiling so much, but he couldn’t help it. Yoongi was so utterly cute in his drowsy state. “It’s okay, hyung. Go to sleep after class. Pick me up some other time.”

“No, it’s fine. I can-”

Yoongi never got to finish his sentence. “Yoongs!”

Jimin froze on spot. He would have preferred meeting the devil himself to facing the last person he

ever wanted to see again. The cheerful smile on the boy's face made Jimin's stomach churn uncomfortably. The unpleasant memory he had tried so hard to ignore hit him with a full blow. The smile on his face was wiped off instantly.

"Oh god, what have I done to deserve this?" Yoongi muttered grumpily to himself and rubbed his temple.

Jimin slowly took a step back as Kihyun approached them and latched onto Yoongi's arm immediately. Jimin really didn't like this guy at all.

"What's up with your grumpy face? Aren't you happy to see me?" Kihyun asked in amusement, nudging Yoongi's side.

"No," Yoongi deadpanned.

"Wow, that hurt. But it's okay, I forgive you with the big heart of mine," Kihyun remarked cheesily and laughed when Yoongi groaned in reply.

Jimin just wanted to leave.

"Oh, sorry. I didn't want to interrupt you and your friend. Hi, I'm Kihyun, nice to meet you," the boy introduced himself and held out his hand.

It shouldn't bother him that much. Yoongi was free to do whatever he wanted with whoever he wanted. Yet, he felt uncomfortable.

After they made up, Jimin suppressed any kind of negative thought, but it didn't change the fact that Yoongi had kissed him despite having a lover. That knowledge hurt more than Jimin would like to admit.

But he knew he had no right to feel this way.

Reluctantly, Jimin shook hands with Kihyun and tried his best to flash him a smile. "I'm Jimin, nice to meet you, too."



Jimin fiddled with the strap of his bag. He could only do this much.

“Hyung, I think I’ll go first,” Jimin awkwardly shifted on his spot and bowed in an attempt to leave, but was stopped by Yoongi as he caught Jimin’s wrist just in time.

“Wait,” Yoongi said and gently tugged Jimin a little closer, “this idiot will go any second. No need to leave.”

Kihyun pouted and clicked his tongue. “Wow, I can’t believe you’re so cold to me.”

“You’re so disgustingly clingy and cheerful. One of us has to be cold to balance it out.”

“You don’t deserve my love.”

“Never asked for it.”

*And why do I have to be tortured like this?* , Jimin thought bitterly. They were bickering, but they were obviously just joking around. He *really* just wanted to go.

“Anyway, what’s up? Make it short.”

“Ah, I just wanted to thank you!” Kihyun explained with a bright smile, “Sohye was really touched when she received the collage.”

Jimin perked up. *Collage?*

“Well, at least my hard work paid off,” Yoongi replied and his smile turned a tad bit softer.

“You saved my life, bro. I’m in your debt.”

“Did I even have a choice to decline?” Yoongi complained playfully, “even when I said I was dying, drowning in my work, you just planted your ass on my lap and begged until I finally gave in. Be glad I took a pity on your poor girlfriend. Who forgets their 3rd anniversary? You don’t deserve her.”

Kihyun jutted out his lower lip. “You’re mean. I even bought you lunch.”

“That wasn’t a friendly gesture but bribery,” Yoongi deadpanned.

“Wow, okay, anyway, I don’t know how this cutie here”, Kihyun said and pointed at Jimin, “even wants to hang out with a grumpy grandpa like you, but I’ll leave you two alone. Don’t come at me for not being grateful. See ya!”

And just like that, Kihyun disappeared, leaving a dumbfounded Jimin behind.

Collage? Girlfriend? 3rd anniversary?

“I can’t believe I’m actually friends with him,” Yoongi sighed, but his gaze was fond, his smile soft, “Can you believe that idiot forgot his anniversary? He had no gift for his girlfriend, but of course, he wanted give her something meaningful. I had to edit tons of photos for him last minute. It was a mess.”

Oh.

“It took forever. ‘We can finish this real quick, knowing your skills’, my ass,” Yoongi groaned, “at least it paid off. Actually, I was kinda in debt to him. He was the one helping me out with the concert tickets.”

Jimin barely managed to keep up with all the information, let alone figure out something to say. He just blinked wordlessly at Yoongi.

He had totally misunderstood the situation. That guy wasn’t Yoongi’s lover. Apparently, he was just a cuddly friend of Yoongi’s who needed help from him.

They didn’t have sex.

It was embarrassing how relieved he felt, how a burden he tried to ignore was suddenly lifted from his shoulders.

It had bothered him. Even if he had no right to feel that way, the image of another guy on Yoongi's lap was strangely painful.

Knowing the truth was easing so much suppressed tension in his body, it was ridiculous.

Once again, Jimin wondered how much Yoongi actually meant to him.

The week passed in a flash and everything had gone back to normal. Or rather, it seemed like everything went back to normal, when in fact things had changed.

Yoongi wasn't trying to avoid him any longer, but his touches were hesitant, as if he was contemplating whether or not it was okay to even touch his arm. Therefore, Jimin tried his best to show that he was more than alright with the physical contact.

However, that was easier said than done.

Jimin was shy. The only person he could carelessly throw his whole body at was Taehyung.

But Jimin missed the familiar feeling of Yoongi's hand on his hips, the way he used to play with Jimin's hair absentmindedly, the taste of the elder's lips.

Jimin never thought he'd actually crave for Yoongi's touch, but he did.

Whenever they sat next to each other his eyes naturally fell on Yoongi's pouted lips as he talked, mesmerized to the point that he once even leaned slightly closer.

This couldn't go on like that any longer, so Jimin decided to be bold. He'd interlace their fingers when Yoongi picked him up, put Yoongi's hand on his waist himself and even went as far as planting a kiss on Yoongi's lips before disappearing inside his apartment.

Much to Jimin's relief, Yoongi seemed to get Jimin's point and slowly but surely, started initiating more physical contact again.

By the end of the week Yoongi even pecked his lips three times, but it strangely left Jimin unsatisfied.

He enjoyed it. The way Yoongi's lips curled into a smile after the kiss, his eyes sparkling so beautifully was enough to make Jimin's heart flutter, but he craved more.

Jimin was ashamed of himself, but then again, it felt nice and no one was going to get hurt, so it wasn't a big deal, right?

Truth to be told, Jimin kind of freaked out after he came back from Yoongi's apartment. He knew they were only fake dating. They were supposed to put on a show for Taemin, not make out in Yoongi's room where no one would even see them. He shouldn't *want* to do all this with Yoongi, but he couldn't lie to himself either. Jimin wasn't sure what all of this meant, but for now, he wanted to know where this would lead, rather than holding back.

And here he was, lying on Yoongi's bed, fidgeting restlessly.

Jimin should be at the library, studying for the upcoming final exams, but once again, Yoongi had dragged him to his room instead to relax.

However, Jimin got bored quickly, lying there and listening to the sounds Yoongi's mouse made while he worked on his photos. *Jimin's* photos.

Yoongi's exhibition was taking place in three weeks and he had to hand in his work a week prior. Considering the time it would take to print out his work Yoongi had about a week and a half left to finish choosing and editing the photos.

Jimin offered to help, but Yoongi strongly refused, even forbid him to look at any of the photos. Not even his best pout made Yoongi sway, so Jimin gave up quickly and obediently lied down on the bed, doing nothing at all.

He wondered how the photos would turn out. He knew some of Yoongi's work and trusted the

other to choose photos that Jimin wouldn't be embarrassed of, but he still doubted his talent to showcase the depth of the character Yoongi had created for his project.

"Why are you so restless? Is something up?" Yoongi suddenly asked, startling Jimin.

"Not really. I'm bored. And since you won't let me see any of the photos I'm left worrying I messed up," Jimin pouted.

"I wouldn't have let you go off the set if I wasn't satisfied with the photos I took, don't worry."

"*Or* you could let me watch you edit them," Jimin suggested playfully, knowing that Yoongi was having none of it.

Yoongi turned around and smirked. "Come to the exhibition if you wanna see your photos."

"As if I wouldn't go anyway," Jimin mumbled.

Amused, Yoongi shook his head and got up from his seat. He approached the bed and stopped right next to it, looking down at Jimin. "Scoot over."

Jimin's eyes widened in surprise. "Huh?"

"Scoot over," Yoongi repeated as he already climbed onto the bed, lying down next to Jimin comfortably.

Meanwhile, Jimin was having a little heart attack right there.

There was barely any space left between them. His heartbeat increased rapidly, thumping so loud that Jimin feared Yoongi could hear it. Jimin wanted to say something, anything, but he only managed to blink at the elder, his lips slightly parted.

If Jimin wasn't totally stunned, he would have laughed at himself.

He still hadn't grown used to how affected he was by such small gestures. He was nervous before, but because of the situation and gestures themselves, not because of the person doing them. It was kinda funny how Yoongi had him wrapped around his finger.

"Are you nervous?" Yoongi asked after a short moment of silence, his voice barely above a whisper.

Jimin looked at Yoongi questioningly and spoke just as calmly. "Nervous?"

"About the exhibition. Particularly the last shoot," Yoongi explained, his gaze never leaving Jimin.

"I'm nervous, but not about the shoot itself," Jimin answered truthfully, smiling softly, "I trust you. I'm not uncomfortable when we shoot and I know you won't choose photos I would be embarrassed of, so I'm not nervous about it. It's just...I want your project to be perfect?"

Yoongi listened to the younger's words attentively, waiting patiently for him to continue.

"I don't want you to lower your standards because I'm inexperienced and it *can't* turn out the way you pictured it. That's the only thing I'm nervous about."

Yoongi stayed quiet, looking into Jimin's eyes, but it didn't make Jimin nervous.

He knew that Yoongi always took his time to let the words he spoke sink in, giving him time to add things he hadn't said before, time to give his own words enough thought before he spoke.

Eventually, Yoongi smiled fondly and slowly reached out towards Jimin, brushing aside one of the strands of hair that covered his eyes a bit.

"You know," Yoongi started, the smile never leaving his lips, "I never thought I'd even do this project."

"Why?" Jimin asked bashfully, trying to suppress the flush that threatened to bloom on his cheeks,

“were you worried no one would agree?”

Yoongi shook his head. “No. I never wanted to ask anyone.”

Jimin’s confusion must have been obvious, because Yoongi suddenly smiled a bit brighter than before.

“Honestly speaking, when I outlined the idea for this project I thought about you.”

It took exactly three seconds until Jimin’s jaw dropped in disbelief. “What?”

A faint hint of a blush spread on Yoongi’s cheek, but his gaze didn’t falter.

“When I first had a rough idea for this project I had no one in mind, but I needed a model to finalize it. I needed someone who was able to look fierce, yet elegant and soft. And then I suddenly thought about you.”

Jimin’s was overwhelmed. He couldn’t believe his own ears.

“You fit the concept so well, Jimin. You have no idea how much inspiration I got once I had you in mind. But that was the biggest problem. I created this whole concept revolving around you. I couldn’t picture anyone else portraying the character I drew aside from you. It had to be *you* .”

“Hyung...” Jimin whispered, scared his voice would crack if he spoke just a little louder. His eyes welled up with tears, blurring his vision.

“I never planned to ask you, though,” Yoongi admitted and chuckled softly, “it wasn’t a concept made to be implemented. But then you agreed. It felt so surreal. This project is the first time I ever got the chance to work on something I truly wanted shoot. You have no idea how grateful I am, Jimin.”

It was too much.

Jimin didn't give Yoongi another chance to talk. In a swift move, Jimin scooted closer to Yoongi and captured his lips with his own. He cupped Yoongi's face gently as he tilts his head, immediately deepening the kiss.

Yoongi was clearly surprised by Jimin's reaction, but it didn't take long for him to melt into the kiss.

The uncomfortable position made Jimin shift until he propped himself up on his elbow. He leaned slightly back and let out a shaky breath, never opening his eyes.

"Idiot," he whispered endearingly.

Jimin nudged Yoongi's cheek softly with the tip of his nose before he leaned in and brushed his lips against Yoongi's once again.

Jimin moved his lips gently against Yoongi's, slowly prying them open. He carefully nibbled on Yoongi's lower lip, feeling his body grow warm as a pleased sigh left Yoongi's lips. He took the chance to slide his tongue into Yoongi's mouth, brushing his tongue against the elder's tentatively.

Jimin noticed how Yoongi let him control the kiss this time. He gave him the chance to explore and try out everything he wanted, encouraging him with soft sighs.

At one point, Yoongi grabbed the collar of Jimin's shirt and pulled him closer until their chest were flush against each other and Jimin was half lying on top of Yoongi.

They stayed there like this, lost in their own world, engulfed in each other's warmth.

It felt like it was only yesterday that Jimin and Yoongi had made an arrangement.

But there he was, standing in front of Yoongi's studio for the last and most important shoot of Yoongi's project.



Jimin thought about all the moments he had spent with Yoongi, how they met, how they slowly grew closer.

He remembered feeling slightly awkward around the elder at first.

Yoongi was usually rather quiet and scowled often for some unknown reason. Only when he started joining their conversations he turned out to be a really warm-hearted and thoughtful person. When Yoongi was in a good mood he'd even play along with Seokjin's dad jokes or crack one himself.

Jimin warmed up to the elder quickly.

Anyhow, it wasn't until they made an arrangement that Jimin got to know Yoongi for real.

Spending time together with Yoongi without the others gave Jimin the chance to see sides of Yoongi he hadn't seen before. Or maybe Jimin was just too blind to see how precious Yoongi really was before.

Yoongi seemed indifferent most of the time, but in fact he was attentive and showed his concernment through actions rather than words.

It wasn't until a week ago that Jimin noticed how Yoongi would remove the food Jimin didn't like quietly from his plate, opening Jimin's bottle once before closing it and handing it to Jimin after, how he made sure to keep Jimin warm after dance practice, walking Jimin home despite him living on the other side of the campus.

Yoongi never made a big deal out of his actions. It was his way to show that he cared.

He treated all of his friends in a similar way, Jimin just had never noticed.

He didn't know how things would have turned out if he didn't get closer to the elder. Yoongi became such a big part of his life in those few weeks, it was overwhelming.

Sometimes, Jimin felt guilty.

Their arrangement was to feign a relationship in front of Taemin, but Yoongi genuinely took care of Jimin

He felt like he could never repay Yoongi for all he had done for him.

Therefore, Jimin had made up his mind.

He had always tried his best, but today he wanted to do even better.

This project meant a lot to Yoongi. Jimin had no idea how much it actually meant to the elder until a few days ago. Just another reason to make it perfect.

Jimin was still nervous, but he was as determined as never before.

He took a deep breath and opened the door, stepping inside the studio.

“Hey,” Jimin greeted Yoongi as he closed the door behind himself and set down his bag on the worn couch.

The studio looked slightly different from the last time Jimin had seen it.

There was a bed with a black, metal frame and white sheets in front of the white wall where Jimin had done his test shoots last time. Further on the right there was an empty spot left which was also highlighted with spotlights just like the bed.

It slowly dawned on Jimin that he was going to lie there stark naked in a few minutes.

“Hey,” Yoongi replied and looked up from his camera, his eyes widening as they fell on Jimin.

“You...” he started, but seemed too stunned to finish his sentence.

Jimin smiled and rubbed his neck sheepishly. “Thought it would fit the concept well.”

Pleased with Yoongi’s reaction, Jimin ran his fingers through his freshly dyed, black hair. He thought about it a lot and decided that his original hair color would suit the concept of loving oneself the way they are the best. He had slightly trimmed his hair, too, but the new color was the biggest change.

“You didn’t have to, Jimin,” Yoongi said softly, a fond smile playing on his lips.

“I wanted to,” Jimin assured and walked closer to the elder.

Yoongi’s smile grew wider, but he didn’t say anything in reply. “Are you sure you wanna do this? You can still back out.”

“Of course, I’m sure. I’m fine.”

“But are you *sure* ?” Yoongi pressed, “Those photos will be part of the exhibition and a lot of people will see them. I’m not mad if you don’t want to this. Please don’t feel forced to agree to the shoot.”

“Yoongi, I’m *sure* about it. Don’t worry. I wouldn’t have agreed to it if I didn’t trust you in the first place.”

Yoongi sighed, scrunching his nose adorably. “Okay, but remember you can back out any time. If it’s too much, if you feel uncomfortable or simply don’t want to, tell me to stop. Promise me you will.”

Jimin rolled his eyes and giggled in admiration. Yoongi was too caring for his own good. It was adorable.

Jimin had stopped questioning his desires and pecked Yoongi just like he wanted to. “I promise. And now stop worrying and let’s get started.”

Yoongi still looked unconvinced, but nodded anyway. “Alright. We are going to do this in parts. You don’t have to be naked all the time.”

Jimin tried not to blush at the thought.

“I wanna take shots of different parts of your body first. You can leave some of your clothes on during that part. Afterwards, you’ll have to take them off completely and lie down on the bed. I got some white, obscure silk to cover your private parts. Nothing will be seen.”

Sounded like a good plan to Jimin, so he just hummed in agreement.

Yoongi chewed on his lower lip and hesitantly gestured him to stand in front of the prepared spot.

Seeing how Yoongi tried his best to make Jimin feel comfortable reassured him even more that he had nothing to worry about. He trusted Yoongi with all his heart.

He walked over to the wall and stopped in the center of the spotlights, waiting for Yoongi to give him further instructions.

“Should we start with your legs?” Yoongi asked carefully, checking Jimin’s expression as he asks.

“Sure,” Jimin replied casually.

“I will have to take a look at your legs first before I start, is that alright?”

Again, Jimin nodded his head in reply and started unbuckling his belt.

It was unexpectedly nerve-wracking. How could it not be? Yoongi would see him half naked for the first time.

Jimin swallowed nervously as he took off his pants and socks and threw them aside, leaving him

in nothing but his black briefs and his white shirt.

Jimin was prepared for this shoot. He really was. He wasn't prepared for Yoongi to suddenly drop down on his knees in front of him though. Yoongi said he wanted to take a look at his legs, but his brain apparently hadn't fully comprehended the meaning behind these words. He couldn't stop his heart from beating faster.

On the contrary, Yoongi seemed calmer than before.

The younger felt naked under Yoongi's intense gaze, but it wasn't uncomfortable. Instead, it was rather fascinating how his gaze changed once he started working.

Yoongi eyed his legs up and down, taking his time to look at them from every angle. Once his eyes set on a certain spot he gently traced it with his fingertips, causing a shiver to run down Jimin's spine.

Jimin cursed inwardly, but tried to keep his calm demeanor.

"Where are these scars from?" Yoongi asked softly, outlining them on Jimin's shin, "dance practice?"

Jimin swallowed the lump in his throat and tried to ignore the goosebumps that threatened to break out. "Yeah, dancing doesn't sound dangerous, but certain moves are hard to practice. You fall down, collide with others, I got the most injuries during practice."

Yoongi quietly listened to Jimin's explanation and caressed his skin one last time. "I'll take a shot of them."

"Huh?" Jimin blinked in surprise, "you wanna take photos of my scars?"

Yoongi hummed and picked up his camera, wordlessly guiding Jimin with his hand to position his leg in the right way for the light to hit the right spot. Soon the familiar sound of the flash going off echoed in the quiet studio.

Jimin was confused. Why would Yoongi take photos of his scars?

“Hyung, why are you taking pictures of my scars? Aren’t they unpleasant to look at?”

“No,” Yoongi said firmly, “they’re beautiful.”

It was impossible for Jimin not to blush at the statement. His heart was pounding wildly in his chest, the tips of his ears burning shortly after.

Jimin didn’t quite understand what Yoongi’s intentions were, but he didn’t question them further either.

He got even more confused when Yoongi took photos of the faded stretch marks above his knees next, followed by his unusual tiny hands, the moles on his neck, his short nose and even his crooked tooth.

It took a while until Jimin figured out *why* Yoongi focused on all these parts.

The concept was about a guy who feels comfortable in his own skin, loving himself the way he is.

Naturally, Jimin thought Yoongi wanted to take aesthetic photos that highlighted the best parts of his body. But that wasn’t the case.

Yoongi wanted to portray the beauty of traits others often viewed as unpleasant when they looked at themselves.

A scar was by no means supposed to be beautiful, but it didn’t make one ugly, either. Each of the scars told a story of his life, they were part of him. There was no reason to feel ashamed of them.

If Jimin thought about it, he had always tried to fit in.

He always deemed himself not good enough. His nose too short, his lips too plump, his cheeks too chubby, his voice too high. Jimin felt the urge to cover up his shortcomings as good as possible, started to wear makeup to hide his pimples, wore eyeliner to draw attention to his eyes rather than his short nose. He went on countless diets, trying to keep his chubby cheeks at bay.

Jimin often seemed carefree when he was just good at hiding his insecurities.

When he was younger he often watched shows he didn't even enjoy just to join his classmates' conversations. He played soccer despite hating the sports and kept quiet when he disagreed with their opinion.

Even now he was trying to change himself for someone else.

Instead of confronting Taemin about his ridiculous relationship requirements he blamed himself and went as far as fake-dating another person to please his crush.

In a way, Jimin had always tried to fit in.

But with Yoongi it was different.

The elder never made him feel out of place. Not even once had he felt the urge to hide himself.

Throughout the whole project Yoongi had been nothing but supportive, encouraging him and cheering him on. He had his way to coax Jimin into telling the truth, trusting him unconditionally. And his trust was never betrayed.

Yoongi showed him that his supposed shortcomings weren't unattractive but beautiful because they made him the person he was. Yoongi was teaching him how to love himself.

The realization made Jimin admire Yoongi even more, if that was even possible.

As soon as they were done, Yoongi covered Jimin with a blanket instantly and told him to take a short break. He gave Jimin some tea to warm up while he prepared the set-up for the second half of the shoot.

It wasn't as strange as Jimin had imagined. Even after taking off his shirt Yoongi seemed in different and focused on his work instead. It calmed Jimin's nervous heart and made him relax throughout the shoot.

After a short break, Yoongi walked over to Jimin again and crouched down in front of him to be at eye-level with the younger. He looked Jimin deep into his eyes as he spoke. "How do you feel, Jimin? Do you want to continue the shoot?"

Jimin's answered without missing a beat. "Of course, I do. I'm fine. What are we doing next?"

Yoongi seemed to check his expression, trying to spot any hint of discomfort, but there was none, so he stood up again and tentatively handed Jimin the silk cloth.

"Cover your hand with the cloth," Yoongi said and waited until Jimin did as he was told, "as you see, you can only make out the outline of your hand. You don't need to worry about getting anything exposed. The fabric is thick enough not to overly emphasise the covered parts either."

Jimin made a sound of acknowledgement.

Yoongi scratched his head awkwardly as he struggled with his words. "So...you can...I mean, I'll turn around so you can take of your briefs... lie down on the bed and cover yourself up with the cloth. I'll adjust it afterwards."

"Alright, hyung. Should I lie down in on my back?" Jimin asked as casually as possible, trying to hide his racing heart. He prayed not to blush for once in his life.

"Yeah, please do."

As promised, Yoongi turned around towards the corner of the room, giving Jimin space to undress.

Jimin took a deep breath and proceeded to take off his briefs, shuddering when the cold air hits his skin. It was a strange feeling to undress so casually with someone besides Taehyung in the room. Then again, they were both guys, it shouldn't be such a big deal. But how would he react when Yoongi suddenly undressed?

No, *that* was definitely *not* something he should think about right now.



Jimin covered himself with the cloth as he walked over to the bed and lied down, trying to find a comfortable position to settle in.

Afterwards, Jimin lay the cloth on top of his backside and tugged at the fabric until he was sure it covered all the important parts.

The cloth was smooth on his skin, hugging it just in the right places. The curve of his ass was outlined perfectly despite the thick fabric. Jimin didn't mind though. Tight jeans had the same effect after all.

"I'm ready," Jimin announced shyly.

Yoongi slowly turned around and approached Jimin with hesitant steps.

"Cross your arms in front of you and rest your head on top of them," Yoongi instructed calmly and watched Jimin getting into position, "good, tilt your head slightly down. Don't look at me, look at the corner of the room towards the floor, as if you were daydreaming. The key point of this shoot is to be relaxed, so take your time to get used to the feeling."

Jimin chose not to reply anything as he followed Yoongi's instructions. Relaxing was easier said than done when Yoongi started adjusting the cloth.

With Yoongi's fingers brushing the back of his thighs Jimin had use all his willpower not to blush furiously. The encouraging pat on his lower back wasn't exactly helpful either.

He wasn't nervous, he found this rather...arousing.

Right then was *really* the worst time ever to get aroused, but Yoongi's touch burned on skin, leaving Jimin's struggling to stay calm.

Jimin had tried so hard *not* to get flustered when Yoongi got down on his knees and touched his legs earlier, but he couldn't ignore the way his heart stuttered when his finger tips brushed his thighs.

When Yoongi said 'like you're daydreaming' he definitely didn't mean *that* kind of daydreaming.

He had to get a grip on himself.

Easier said than done with Yoongi still sitting next to him, threading his fingers through Jimin's hair to fix it for the shoot.

After Yoongi was done with the preparations, he went back to his spot, taking a few test shots as usual.

Meanwhile, Jimin closed his eyes and took several deep breaths, calming his nerves.

Fortunately, he managed to get rid of the inappropriate thoughts and was fully focusing on the shoot again.

They started with some warm-up shots of Jimin's full body. He didn't move a lot and just changed his expressions according to Yoongi's instructions.

After the full body shots, Yoongi moved closer to Jimin and focused on certain parts of Jimin's body, like the curve of his back and his jaw-line.

Soon enough, Yoongi told him to change position and turned around again to give Jimin time to settle comfortably.

The further they were into the shoot the less self-conscious and nervous Jimin felt. In fact, he was quite relaxed.

The arm facing Yoongi was now positioned behind his head while the other facing the wall leaned against his side, his hand resting on top of his abdomen.

One of his legs was slightly bend, making the cloth melt into the space he created between his legs.

Despite the lack of clothes, Jimin felt quite comfortable in that pose. He often relaxed in the exact same position when he listened to a bunch of tracks for his next dance routine.

They finished the shoot in the blink of an eye.

At least, that what it felt like.

When Jimin was fully dressed again and took a look at his phone he saw it was already past 8 pm. They had been working on this for almost 4 hours.

“You did really well today, Jimin,” Yoongi said all of a sudden and kissed him on the cheek.

Jimin allowed himself to blush this time. “Right back at you, hyung. I’ll never not be fascinated when I see you work.”

Yoongi shook his head. “No, I mean it. Even if you were fine with a nude concept, it’s not easily done. You’re bound to feel awkward. But you weren’t tense, nor had a hard expression on your face. I’m really proud of you.”

“Don’t make me shy, hyung,” Jimin giggled softly, feeling warm and proud of himself, “it wouldn’t have worked with anyone but you.”

“Glad to hear that,” Yoongi mumbled and rubbed his neck, “I’m sorry I can’t offer to walk you home or take you out to eat, but I have to tidy up the studio before I leave, so I don’t really have time today. I’m sorry. Let’s meet friday evening, I’ll buy you dinner.”

“You don’t have to, hyung!” Jimin assured quickly, “Should I help you cleaning up?”

The younger already took off his jacket again, but Yoongi quickly stopped him from doing so.

“No, it’s alright. I’ll do it on my own. You should go home, eat something and rest now.”

“I really don’t mi-”

“Go home, Jimin.”

Jimin pouted, too cute for his own good. “You just want to get rid of me now that we’re done.”

“Damn, you noticed,” Yoongi sighed dramatically.

The way Yoongi beamed at Jimin made the younger’s heart flutter, feeling utterly warm and secure.

He didn’t want to go. He wanted to see that bright smile just a little bit longer, but he didn’t want to hold Yoongi up either.

In the end, Jimin nudged Yoongi playfully as he smiled softly. “Alright, I’ll get going.”

“See you tomorrow?”

Jimin hummed. “See you tomorrow. I’ll choose the menu for friday!”

“Sure, now go. Taehyung is probably waiting for you.”

With his newfound boldness, Jimin leaned in and pecked Yoongi on the lips. “Go home soon, too, hyung.”

That day, Jimin left the studio with a bright smile on his face and an endless fluttering heart.

Thursday passed in a flash and it was soon Friday morning. What an surprising morning it was.

For the first time in a while, Jimin had a wet dream. And it wasn't just any kind of wet dream. He had dreamed about the very person he was gonna meet in the evening, Min Yoongi.

To say Jimin was shocked was an understatement.

He woke up with sweat glistening on his forehead and an aching hard-on straining his pants.

The dream felt so unbelievably real. The images were still fresh in Jimin's mind, the way Yoongi's fingers slid further up his thighs, gripping them as his breath ghosted over Jimin's heated skin, the way Jimin moaned breathlessly as Yoongi purred his name into his ear, the way his lips traveled from his neck down to his abdomen.

The dream left Jimin in a daze.

He never once thought about having sex with Yoongi, so why was he having such a dream? Why was that dream turning him on that much?

Maybe he was far more involved with Yoongi than he thought.

It was the same during the shoot. The light brush of Yoongi's fingers against his skin was enough to make heat pool in the pit of Jimin's stomach. He couldn't deny his desire to be close to Yoongi either.

Jimin sighed and decided to take a cold shower. It felt wrong to get off to the image of his hyung.

However, it was strange that even long after his shower he couldn't forget the bits he remembered.

Usually Jimin forgot most of his dreams right after starting his day. He remembered having a wet dream, but not the exact content of it. But this time it was different. The way Yoongi groaned his name was still ringing loudly in Jimin's ear, his touch still lingering on his skin.

Fortunately, it got better during the day. Classes and dance practice gave him some time to distract himself.

Jimin had to skip lunch due to an appointment he had with his professor, so it wasn't until the evening that Jimin had to face Yoongi again.

The elder was supposed to take Jimin out for dinner, but they made different plans.

Hoseok was out preparing his solo stage for some dance competition and Jimin felt kinda lazy, so they decided to order take-out instead and watch some movie together at Yoongi's apartment.

And so, Jimin found himself sitting next to Yoongi on his bed, laptop on top of Yoongi's chair in front of them. They had ordered Jimin's favorite sweet and sour, fried chicken along with some fried noodles and munched away on the food while watching some movie Jimin wasn't really paying attention to.

He was kinda nervous facing Yoongi after his dream. He felt kinda guilty, though he hadn't dreamed about Yoongi on purpose. Maybe he felt guilty because the dream hadn't grossed him out.

After finishing their meal Yoongi set aside the dishes and they watched the rest of the movie in silence.

It wasn't until an hour into the movie that Yoongi noticed how quiet Jimin was. He turned towards the younger and eyed him curiously. "Is everything alright?"

Jolting out of his daze, Jimin met Yoongi's gaze and smiled. "Yeah, why?"

"You seem out of it today."

"Oh," Jimin rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly, "I'm fine. Just thinking about stuff."

"If the movie was that boring you could have told me," Yoongi teased.

"It's not," Jimin whined and nudged Yoongi's ribs.

Yoongi chuckled and shook his head. He caught Jimin off guard when he suddenly put his hand on Jimin's thigh and gently squeezed it in an encouraging manner. "I know I've said it before, but you *really* did well on Wednesday. I took a look at the pictures on my laptop and they exceed my expectations *by far* . So, thank you, Jimin. I mean it."

Jimin's cheeks flushed at the compliment, his heart fluttering. He tried to play it off with teasing Yoongi. "Woah, look at you being all soft. I deserve an award. And definitely a reward, too."

Yoongi scoffed, but his tender smile never left his lips. "I bought you food, brat."

"You ate half of the food, what kind of reward is that?" Jimin joked, hyper-aware of the hand that never left his thigh.

"Demanding, aren't you?" Yoongi mock-sighed, "name your price."

Knowing Yoongi, he probably took Jimin's joke at least half-seriously. If Jimin wanted a house, he obviously wouldn't be able to buy it, but he'd find something else for the younger instead. He really shouldn't have joked about something involving money. But he already got an idea how to solve that problem.

"It's really expensive, hyung. Can you really afford it?" Jimin asked playfully.

"Name it."

It really wasn't his best idea, but he got no time to think this through. "A kiss."

The elder seemed stunned for a second before he chuckled, clearly amused, flashing Jimin his favorite gummy smile. "Ah, that's *really* expensive. I don't think I can afford that."

However, it didn't take a second for Yoongi to remove the hand from Jimin's thigh to cup his face instead, slowly pulling Jimin in for a kiss.

Jimin's eyes flutter shut, warmth bubbling in Jimin's veins, his heart beating faster the moment he felt Yoongi's lips on his own.

Their movements are slow, their lips warm and soft against each other.

Jimin felt tingly and lightheaded with every brush of Yoongi's lips. Yoongi's scent invaded Jimin's senses, making him melt even more into the kiss.

The moment Yoongi leaned away left Jimin following after his lips, still in the familiar daze.

"I never pegged you for a kiss-addict, Park Jimin," Yoongi whispered teasingly, his breath ghosting over Jimin's plump lips.

"Shut up," Jimin replied just as quiet, leaning in to capture Yoongi's lips with his own once again.

Jimin's hand traveled up Yoongi's chest to lightly touch the elder's neck as he tilted his head to deepen the kiss, enveloping Yoongi's bottom lip between both of his own.

Yoongi licked Jimin's lip once, using the sigh that left his lips to slide his tongue into Jimin's mouth, humming contently when their tongues touch.

It was insane how easy it was to lose himself in Yoongi's touch. His skin tingled, his heart soared, his throat constricted with all the emotions the kiss erupted. All reason was long forgotten.

The angle was slowly but surely getting uncomfortable, so Jimin tentatively threw a leg over Yoongi's, straddling him. Yoongi briefly broke their kiss and groaned ever so quietly when Jimin sat down on his lap, before their lips locked again.

Yoongi continued to trace soft lines along Jimin's cheekbone as they kiss, swallowing the soft sounds he made. The tips of their noses brushed as Yoongi tilted his head and put his free hand on Jimin's thigh. The touch burned, warmth seeping through the fabric of Jimin's jeans and onto his skin, making Jimin shudder under his touch.

He unconsciously leaned into the touch, sighing softly and pressed his hips closer to Yoongi's abdomen. Something dangerously close to a whimper left Jimin's lips when he felt Yoongi slowly getting hard, jerking up into Jimin ever so slightly.



The friction sent another jolt down his spine, making his breath stutter helplessly.

Yoongi groaned deeply into their kiss, his hand squeezing Jimin's thigh as their kiss became more sloppy.

It was too much.

Heat was pooling in the pit of his stomach and his pants were suddenly too tight.

It was wrong, but it felt so *right* , so *good* , that he didn't want to stop.

Jimin couldn't ignore how the bulge was pressing perfectly against his ass, the way the pressure of Yoongi's fingertips was rubbing just the right places, the way his mind turned hazy with every brush of Yoongi's lips, his addicting scent.

He didn't know what to do, never having made out with anyone before, but he gave in to his instinct and tentatively grinded down on Yoongi's crotch, breath hitching when the elder moaned brokenly into their kiss.

Jimin rolled his hips once again, inhaling sharply when the friction made his own cock twitch inside his pants.

Yoongi suddenly broke their kiss and leaned his forehead against Jimin's, groaning breathlessly. "S-stop. Jimin, stop."

Jimin didn't need to open his eyes to see he wasn't the only one affected by this.

"Why?" He asked in a whisper, "Do you not like it? Do you *want* me to stop?"

"That's not the reason..." Yoongi started, but didn't finish his sentence.

Jimin licked over his swollen lips and shifted to bury his face in Yoongi's neck. "Unless you want to stop, please don't. *I* don't want to stop."

There was a short silence between them, but eventually, Yoongi lay both of his hands on Jimin's hips and bit down on the exposed part between Jimin's neck and shoulder, alternation between kissing and sucking the smooth skin. A surprised moan left Jimin's lips, unconsciously grinding down on Yoongi once again.

"Fuck, Jimin," Yoongi groaned and pressed open-mouthed kisses along Jimin's neck, making him whimper in pleasure.

Jimin's heart was racing a mile a minute, his whole body tingling when Yoongi started rocking their hips together. He tried his best to join the rhythm, but with Yoongi's deep sighs, his growing bulge and the firm grip on his hips it was hard to focus on his own movements.

Jimin gasped when Yoongi slowly ran his hands down his hips to the curve of his ass.

"Is that alright?" Yoongi rasped, voice slightly muffled as he still planted kisses and soft bites along Jimin's shoulder.

Jimin barely managed to hum, holding onto Yoongi desperately. The way Yoongi's fingers squeezed and kneaded him through his jeans made him unable to hold back a lewd moan.

It was embarrassing how hard Jimin was, how little Yoongi needed to do to make him feel so much. The sound of Yoongi's huffs was so damn enticing, his touch so utterly warm, his scent *so* alluring.

He whined breathlessly as he picked up his pace, grinding down on Yoongi in a steady rhythm.

Yoongi's groan cracked, inhaling sharply as he kept up with Jimin's rhyth. "J-Jimin... *fuck*. "

Another whimper escaped Jimin's lips, clinging more onto Yoongi with each roll of his hips. His mind was hazy, his whole body tingling from how good he felt.

Yoongi suddenly tightened his grip on Jimin's ass, pressing him even closer as he rocked their hips together perfectly, making Jimin roll back his head in pleasure.

It was too much.

Jimin let his head drop forwards, his swollen lips brushing against Yoongi's ear. He grinded down on Yoongi desperately, *needing* more of that overwhelming friction.

"H-hyung," He moaned gaspingly, feeling Yoongi's whole body shudder underneath him.

His breath hitched, white flashing in front of his eyes when Yoongi rolled hips so deliciously against his. A wave of pleasure coursed through Jimin's body, hips stuttering as his orgasm finally washed over him. He trembled in Yoongi's arms, a breathless sob escaping his lips as Yoongi slowly worked him through his orgasm.

Yoongi cursed quietly into Jimin's shoulder and groaned when he pressed their bodies together tightly. Jimin whined, head buzzing as he slowly pressed down onto Yoongi's hardness and slowly started to roll his hips again, shuddering from the sounds Yoongi made. It didn't take long for Yoongi to come shortly after, hips jerking up into Jimin a few times before his movements slowly came to a halt.

Yoongi tentatively let his hands travel up to Jimin's waist, hugging him comfortably as he pulled Jimin the slightest bit closer. He buried his face further into the warmth of Jimin's shoulder, his huffs muffled by the fabric of Jimin's shirt.

Jimin slid his arms around Yoongi's neck and held him just as tight.

He felt peaceful, an exhausted smile playing on his lips. His heart was still racing as he snuggled into Yoongi's shoulder, inhaling the elder's scent.

It was too soon to let go of Yoongi just yet. He needed more of his warmth, wanted to listen to his soft breathing, feeling his heart beating just as fast as his own.

They were slowly coming down from their high, but neither of them made in attempt to break away from their position.

His hazy mind slowly started to clear up. It suddenly dawned on Jimin what they had done, leaving him jittery all over.

“Are you okay?” Yoongi asked, his voice rough and deep, but gentle as ever.

“Mh,” Jimin hummed blissfully, “more than okay.”

The way Yoongi’s lips curl into a smile instantly had Jimin smile as well.

Nervously, Jimin chewed on his lower lip and asked, “What about you, hyung?”

“Me too,” Yoongi answered straightaway, nuzzling the crook of Jimin’s neck affectionately.

Happiness jolted through Jimin’s body, blushing in a beautiful shade of red. Jimin tilted his head unconsciously, giving Yoongi better access and sighed contently. He let his hand slide up Yoongi’s neck and ran his fingers through Yoongi’s hair, scratching his scalp delicately.

“I’m glad”, he whispered more to himself than Yoongi.

They fell into a comfortable silence afterwards, enjoying each other’s ministrations.

Though Jimin would have loved to stay in that position forever, the stickiness inside his pants started to feel uncomfortable.

“Hyung,” Jimin mumbled, cheeks still flushed, “I think I need to go....it’s starting to feel kinda...icky.”

“Yeah, me too,” Yoongi agreed, but didn’t loose his hold on Jimin at all.

Jimin waited for a few seconds before he spoke up again, giggling softly. “You need to let me go, you know?”

“Do you wanna stay the night?” Yoongi asked all of a sudden, his voice barely above a whisper.

The question caught Jimin off guard. His heart had just began to calm down, but was racing again in a matter of seconds.

He hesitated before replying, trying not to show how much that simple gesture affected him. “If it’s not a bother I’d love to.”

Yoongi planted one last kiss on Jimin’s neck, but eventually retracted his arms to let Jimin crawl off his lap.

“You can shower first. I’ll give you some clothes you can change into.”

“Thank you,” Jimin said shyly as he got off Yoongi’s lap.

He almost startled when looked at the elder. He looked so utterly wrecked. His hair was a mess, his lips swollen, his clothes rumpled from all the movement. Jimin was suddenly too aware of what they had done, making his blush turn into a deeper shade of red. He was flabbergasted.

Yoongi seemed less astounded as he got up from the bed and walked over to his wardrobe. He returned with a t-shirt, some sweatpants and a pair of briefs.

“They should fit,” He said as he handed Jimin the clothes, “the shirt might be a bit loose, but you like oversized shirts anyway. Oh, and there’s a spare toothbrush in the cabinet. Use that one.”

It slowly dawned on Jimin that he’d wear Yoongi’s clothes, making him strangely excited.

“Okay, I’ll be right back,” Jimin excused himself and fled into the bathroom.

Everything seemed surreal. From the point where Jimin felt things he didn’t understand to the part where he actually *initiated* something that led to orgasms and a closeness he hasn’t had before. No matter what all of this meant, Jimin didn’t regret anything.

Yoongi had always been kind to him, more than Jimin could ever repay him for. He trusted Yoongi unconditionally. He didn’t regret sharing his first sexual experience with Yoongi and he won’t regret any further experiences he would have with the elder.

Jimin proceeded to take off his clothes, turning as red as a beet when he peeled off his soaked underwear.

Not in a million years Jimin would've imagined that it felt this good to be touched by someone else. Of course he expected sex to be fun, but they were fully clothed and hadn't even actually touched each other. And yet, it was so intense and overwhelming, he couldn't describe it in words.

He sighed when the hot water hit his skin, enjoying the sensation for a minute before he started to wash up.

Jimin wondered if Yoongi had liked it as much as he did.

If he had answered truthfully back then, he must have enjoyed it as well. Jimin wasn't the only one who came either.

To know that *he* was capable of making someone like Yoongi feel the way he had felt himself made Jimin happy, proud even. He was inexperienced and most likely doing everything wrong, but he still managed to make Yoongi feel good as well. That was good enough for him.

He quickly dried himself off and slipped into the shirt and briefs Yoongi had given to him. True to Yoongi's words the shirt was a bit oversized, revealing a bit of his shoulders and reaching his mid thighs. He contemplated on whether or not to wear the pants, but decided against it for now.

After putting on the clothes, Jimin headed to the cabinet, reaching out to open it when he froze in place. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, utterly dumbstruck by what he saw.

There was a huge purplish spot on his shoulder. He traced the spot lightly with his fingers, blushing once again. Yoongi gave him a hickey.

A shy smile bloomed on Jimin's face. He had often seen them on Seokjin's neck before and wondered what it was like to get one himself. Now he knew.

Jimin got butterflies in his tummy, feeling giddy all over.

Everything truly felt surreal, and Jimin liked it.

After brushing his teeth real quick Jimin left the bathroom and his eyes immediately fell on Yoongi, who was currently setting up dropping a blanket on top of the couch.

When the elder spotted Jimin his eyes traveled down to Jimin's exposed thighs, but he quickly snapped his head up, feigning innocence. "Ah, Jimin. Are you done?"

Jimin looked down at himself, realizing he was running around half-naked. "Oh, I'll..."

He didn't finish his sentence and stumbled back into the bathroom, pulling on his pants before he walked out once again, rubbing his neck sheepishly. "Now I'm done."

Yoongi cleared his throat. "Alright. I already got everything I need. You can sleep in my bed."

"Huh?"

"I'll sleep on the couch", Yoongi added and picked up his sleeping attire from the armrest.

"Wait", Jimin interjected quickly, "*I'm* gonna sleep on the couch. Why would you sleep on the couch?"

Yoongi seemed confused. "What do you mean? Of course I won't let my guest sleep on the couch. That's what we call 'manners'."

"I won't let you sleep on the couch! I'd rather go home!"

"It's not a big deal, Jimin. I fell asleep in my chair a dozen times already. The couch is luxury."

"Listen, you either sleep in your bed and let *me* sleep on the couch, we share the bed or I'll go home. I seriously won't let you sleep on the couch." Jimin insisted.

Truth to be told, Jimin probably would have offered the same if Yoongi was sleeping over at his apartment, but he didn't like the thought of Yoongi sleeping on the couch. He'd rather go home.

"Share the bed?"

Jimin blinked, and blinked. And then he realized what he just offered.

Blood was quickly rushing to his face, his ears soon burning in embarrassment, but he tried to play it off. "I-I mean, Taehyung and I share a bed almost everyday. It's no big deal."

It must have been pretty obvious how flustered Jimin was, because Yoongi suddenly smirked in amusement. However, Jimin swore he saw a faint blush on the elder's cheeks, even though his eyes probably just deceived him.

"Your wish is my command. Go to bed first, I'll join you once I get out of the shower," Yoongi teased and walked passed Jimin into the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

Questioning his life choices, Jimin headed to bed first, timidly lying down on the bed and snuggling up in the blanket.

His bed had the same scent as Yoongi himself. It was faint, but Jimin had memorized the scent of Yoongi's cologne so well that he could easily smell it.

He waited nervously until Yoongi entered the room ten minutes later. His hair was slightly damp and curly, his shirt and sweats as black as his hair. It was unfair how attractive he looked in such a cozy outfit.

Yoongi looked at Jimin before he turned off the lights and approached the bed.

"Should I scoot over?" Jimin asked softly, his heart pounding loudly inside his ribcage.

"Don't bother," Yoongi replied and smoothly climbed over Jimin to lie down behind him.



He quickly slipped under the covers and wordlessly slung his arm around Jimin's waist, pulling him closer until his chest collided with Jimin's back. His touch seemed hesitant at first, but when Jimin made no attempt to create distance between them Yoongi tightened his embrace and snuggled into him even more. He traced the tip of his nose along Jimin's shoulder until he reached the crook of his neck, nuzzling like he did before.

Jimin shuddered under Yoongi's touch. He wasn't used to such intimate ministrations, but he enjoyed every second of it. He sighed contently, feeling Yoongi's breath ghosting over his skin.

"I didn't peg you for a cuddler, hyung," Jimin whispered, smiling in the dark.

"I'm not," Yoongi mumbled in reply, but didn't even move an inch.

Jimin giggled softly and chose not to reply anything. He had cuddled with Taehyung hundreds of times, but with Yoongi it felt different.

His body tingling pleasantly and somehow Jimin couldn't stop smiling at all, feeling utterly comfortable in the elder's embrace.

"Good night, hyung."

"Sleep well, Jimin."

It took a while for Jimin to fall asleep at night, but he didn't mind enjoying the other's warmth just a little longer.

Jimin wasn't surprised to be the first to wake up the following morning.

Yoongi had always been a sleepyhead, once even slept up to 20 hours according to Hoseok.

Therefore, Jimin decided to get up and prepare breakfast for them.

Easier said than done with the little ingredients they had. Jimin decided to make some omurice with the leftover rice and vegetables he found. It wasn't a lot but at least enough for the three of them to eat.

He was currently mixing the rice with the vegetables when Hoseok strolled out of his room, rubbing his eyes sleepily. His eyes widened in surprise when he spotted Jimin in the kitchen. "Oh, Jiminie? Did you sleep over?"

Jimin smiled shyly and bowed his head ever so slightly. "Morning, hyung. Yeah, sorry for intruding. I'm preparing breakfast for us."

"It's fine, it's fine," Hoseok said and waved his hand dismissively, clearly more interested in the food rather than Jimin's presence in their kitchen, "the smell of food woke me up. We barely ever cook for ourselves. Both of us suck at cooking."

Jimin giggled in amusement. "I figured that much. You barely had any ingredients."

"But it smells so nice, we must have had *something*," he chuckled and walked over to where Jimin was standing, looking over his shoulder.

"Well, it isn't anything special, but better than nothing, right?" Jimin carefully tilted the pan to show Hoseok how far he'd come with the dish, but when he turned his head to look at his friend he was meeting his gaze instead.

Jimin eyed him quizzically when a bright grin bloomed on Hoseok's face.

"What?" Jimin asked, confused.

Hoseok wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Nothing. I just realized why you slept over. The big bad wolf is deflowering our sunshine. You're growing up too fast."

"Huh?"

What was Hoseok talking about?

And then he remembered. How could he forget about it? It was hard *not* to see the huge hickey on his shoulder.

Jimin's face turned as red as a beet instantly. He quickly put his hand on his shoulder, covering the hickey.

“Hyung!” Jimin squeaked, embarrassed, “It’s not like that!”

Hoseok just chuckled in reply and ruffled Jimin's hair affectionately, before he disappeared into the bathroom wordlessly.

Jimin chewed on his lower lip, trying to focus on preparing breakfast instead. He couldn't give in to Hoseok's teasing.

However, his poor heart got no break as Yoongi suddenly hugged him from behind, nuzzling into his shoulder as he hummed, his voice thick with sleep. “I knew something was off when I smelled food. Why are you up already? It's way too early to be awake.”

Yoongi's new found habit of nuzzling Jimin's neck was hard to get used to. The touch felt so intimate, so endearing that Jimin's mind turned all hazy in a matter of seconds, enjoying the ministrations more than he probably should. His skin tingled pleasantly under Yoongi's touch.

“I'm an early riser. Couldn't sleep much longer,” Jimin explained and moved the mixed rice from the pan to a bowl to prepare the eggs next, “thought I'd make us breakfast when I was up anyway.”

“You're crazy-”

“ *Oh my god!!!* ”

They jumped in surprise when Hoseok appeared all of a sudden and screeched as soon as he saw them.

“Oh my god, Namjoon will never believe me if I tell him how clingy Yoongi is! This is gold, I need to take a picture. Oh, my god, you are adorable. I’ll get diabetes just from looking at you.”

While Jimin was rendered speechless, shy and embarrassed about the whole situation, Yoongi just groaned deeply.

“Shut up,” Yoongi rasped, “or I’ll eat your breakfast as well.”

Hoseok gasped. “You wouldn’t!”

“I wouldn’t risk it,” Yoongi grumbled and sleepily clung onto Jimin’s small frame.

The situation felt strangely domestic. Jimin preparing breakfast, Hoseok teasing them, Yoongi back-hugging him. It was nice. Jimin could get used to mornings like this.

The following days passed by in no time.

Jimin didn’t know whether or not he should feel disappointed they didn’t talk about the recent changes in their relationship or not, but he decided not to dwell on it for now. They were both busy after all.

While Jimin was preparing for his upcoming final exams, Yoongi worked on his exhibition. Apparently he had finished selecting and editing all the photos now and was now searching for a place to print them out in the different sizes he preferred.

Despite being busy, they made sure to meet each other at lunch as usual, though they couldn’t really share a private moment during those times.

It was strange how attached Jimin was. Even though he saw the other daily, he craved Yoongi’s warmth. He got used to the elder’s warm embrace too quickly for his own good.

He wondered when all of this started. When had he forgotten the purpose of their arrangement?

Jimin remembered how nervous he was when Yoongi picked him up for the first time. The anxiety was driving him nuts, fearing to mess up big time. Even if they were friends, it had been a weird request after all and a part of Jimin had always felt embarrassed for suggesting such an idea.

But then everything went smoothly from there. Instead of being nervous Jimin started to look forward to Yoongi's appearance. Instead of having to fake interactions with the elder, it felt natural to interlace their fingers.

When they stood there, soaked and exhausted, the kiss didn't catch him off guard. Yoongi's lips were warm and soft against his own, his touch too gentle for Jimin to worry even the slightest bit.

He didn't notice how his desire grew from there.

Jimin didn't know if it was Yoongi's touch he was craving or if it was his attention, his affection Jimin desired.

Seeing Yoongi with some other guy was painful. There was no reason for Jimin to feel this way. His friend was doing him a favor and went through the trouble to fake-date him in order to help Jimin date Taemin. And yet, his heart clenched painfully at the sight, making it hard to breath.

It was ridiculous how relieved he felt when it turned out it was just a friend of his.

Maybe he already realized how much Yoongi meant to him back then.

Jimin still wasn't entirely sure what he felt towards the elder, but he knew that his feelings crossed the line of a platonic friendship a long time ago.

For now, he wanted to see where this was going and figure out his feelings along the way.

All he knew was that he was giddy all afternoon at the prospect of Yoongi picking him up after dance practice today. He couldn't hide his excitement one bit. He'd grin randomly during their dance routine, his thoughts drifting off to the elder way too easily.

And just like that, dance practice ended in the blink of an eye.

Jimin was exhausted, but it didn't dampen his mood one bit.

He was a bit surprised that Yoongi wasn't there yet though. The elder was usually waiting for him outside the room even before they were done, but that wasn't the case today. Jimin went to his bag and checked his phone, but there was no message either.

"Waiting for your boyfriend?" Taemin asked as he appeared and slung an arm around Jimin's shoulders all of a sudden.

Jimin couldn't suppress the smile that bloomed on his face immediately when Taemin referred to Yoongi as his boyfriend. "Yeah, how do you know?"

"Well, first of all, you've been grinning like an idiot the last two hours," Taemin said teasingly.

"I did not!" Jimin sputtered as he blushed furiously. How embarrassing.

The elder stuck out his tongue and pinched Jimin's cheek playfully. "Ah~, I'm so jealous. I wanna date, too. Look at how adorable you are, all smiley and giddy. I miss that feeling."

Jimin turned shy. It was true. He was happy and excited to see Yoongi. Those feelings weren't fake.

"I'm sure you'll find someone who loves and cherishes you soon, hyung."

He didn't know where these words came from, but he meant every word he said. And strangely enough the thought of Taemin dating someone else wasn't as uncomfortable as he had expected. In fact, he wanted Taemin to be happy, no matter what that meant.

Jimin startled when his phone suddenly lit up with a message from Yoongi.

Without missing a beat he opened the message and read it.

*[From: Yoongi-hyung]*

*Sorry, Jimin. I'm running a bit late. Can you meet me outside the building? I'll pick you up from there.*

His smile turned into a full blown grin. He quickly typed his reply, telling Yoongi he'll be there in a minute.

“Sorry, hyung. I gotta go. Yoongi is waiting for me. I'll see you tomorrow!” Jimin exclaimed brightly as threw over his jacket and picked up his bag.

Taemin mock-sighed. “Everyone is leaving me, what a sad world.”

In the end, Taemin shook his head and chuckled. “Ok, joke aside, have fun, Jimin. See you tomorrow.”

Jimin quickly bowed his head before he literally rushed out of the room.

He didn't slow down his steps until he finally spotted Yoongi, almost crashing into him.

“Woah, calm down,” Yoongi said and held up his hands defensively, “why are you running?”

Jimin panted softly, flashing Yoongi a cheerful smile, “You said you were waiting!”

“Exactly, I was waiting. I wouldn't have left without you. No need to run.”

“You don't get it, hyung,” Jimin pouted.

He naturally interlaced his fingers with Yoongi's and gently tugged him along. “Let's go~”

Yoongi chuckled softly. “You’re in a good mood today.”

“Yeah! Studies are going well, dance practice is going smoothly, too, everything seems to be going fine lately.”

“That’s good to hear,” Yoongi said, his smile somehow not reaching his eyes.

“What about you? Are your preparations going well?” Jimin asked worriedly.

“Hm? Oh, yeah, everything’s fine. I found a place that offers nice quality to a rather cheap price, so I’m printing the photos there.”

Jimin hummed in acknowledgement. “Sounds great.”

If everything was fine, why did Yoongi seem so absentminded today? Was he exhausted? Maybe Jimin was overthinking again, just like he did with Kihyun.

They arrived at Jimin’s apartment too soon for Jimin’s liking. On the other hand, Yoongi should go home and relax. They could always meet some other time.

“Thank you for picking me up, hyung. Go home and rest a bit. You’re working too much lately, I’m worried.”

Yoongi smiled softly in reply. “I’m fine. It’s not that bad.”

“I’ll ask Hobi whether or not you are skipping meals,” Jimin threatened and giggled, “Good night, hyung.”

When Jimin was about to retreat his hand, Yoongi suddenly tightened his hold. “Wait.”

He looked at Yoongi in surprise. “Hm?”



The elder seemed nervous. His adam's apple bobbed twice before he met Jimin's gaze. "There's something I need to say..."

Jimin waited patiently for Yoongi to continue, suddenly getting nervous himself. His heartbeat increased.

"I think it's time to break up."

## Chapter End Notes

my first attempt at smut...i'm still sweating here hahahahah /laughs nervously

first of all, special thanks to my lovely friend drea who helped me out editing this monster chapter! her support means a lot to me

ahhh~this chapter is probably the most important one of the story, it was so hard to write. i hope you guys liked it!  
this fic is slowly but surely coming to an end ;-; i can't believe it...

i wanna thank everyone for their feedback. i really appreciate all the support ;-; your comments cheer me up and motivate me to continue this fic, so thank you a lot !!! <3

you can always scream at me on twitter if you want to! :)

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

please note: i added the "light angst" tag just in case.

please read the a/n at the end of the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*I think it's time to break up.*

“What?”

Yoongi slowly retreated his hand, Jimin’s arm numbly dropping back to his side. Jimin’s throat constricted uncomfortably, making it hard to breath. It felt like the wind got knocked out of his system. His heart pounded loudly in his ears.

The elder seemed restless, but his words held no sign of hesitation nonetheless. “We’ve done this long enough, Jimin. Taemin has seen us for months now, he believes you. There is no reason to draw this arrangement out even longer.”

Why was Yoongi saying this all of a sudden? Did he do something wrong? Was he upset? No, he had thought this through. It wasn’t a spontaneous act. Yoongi knew exactly what he wanted to say.

Jimin tried to swallow the lump in his throat multiple times.

“This won’t change anything between us,” Yoongi reassured, but the small smile on his lips didn’t reach his eyes, “we can still hang out. You can text me anytime, too.”

He wanted to say something, *anything* to make Yoongi stop.

“You can finally stop pretending and date for real.”

Jimin didn't want to hear any of this. He wanted to tell Yoongi that he no longer had any interest in Taemin, that he'd rather spend his time with *him*. He wanted to explain how he craved the elder's warmth, how much he enjoyed his company, how his feelings had changed within the past months. But he couldn't. The words were stuck in his throat.

If Yoongi just felt a fraction of what Jimin felt for him, he wouldn't have brought it up. He would've tried to spend as much time with Jimin as he could, would've hoped the younger reciprocated his feelings. He wouldn't have willingly ended their relationship.

The realization made his chest clench painfully.

"Jimin?" Yoongi asked softly, startling him out of his trance.

He couldn't let his feelings show. He was never supposed to develop these kind of feelings anyway. It was his own fault. He had crossed a line that shouldn't be crossed.

"Y-You're right," Jimin replied as cheerful as possible, but he sounded miserable even to himself, "sorry, you just caught me off guard."

As Jimin casted down his eyes to his hands, which were fiddling with the hem of his shirt restlessly, Yoongi reached out and ruffled his hair, making it even harder for the younger to fight back the tears that burned at the back of his eyes.

"Man, you should be celebrating right now. You can finally get rid of my lazy, grumpy ass," Yoongi said playfully.

Jimin looked up and met Yoongi's eyes. Yoongi was smirking and no longer seemed anxious at all. He must have been nervous how to bring the issue up earlier.

Jimin tried his best to flash Yoongi a soft smile. "Don't say something like this, hyung. You were a good boyfriend." *The best.*

"So were you, Jimin", Yoongi muttered, the smirk no longer playing on his lips, "I hope Taemin will treat you well. I'll beat him up if he doesn't."

That had Jimin giggle. “You’d just break your hand.”

“Excuse you? Don’t underestimate me, brat.”

Jimin just chuckled and looked down to his hands once again. It was harder to look at Yoongi than he thought. He licked over his lips nervously before he looked at the elder once again. “I should go inside. Taehyung is waiting for me.”

Yoongi hummed in agreement and handed Jimin his bag. He used to carry it for Jimin by habit.

“Thank you for walking me home, hyung. See you at lunch?”

The words hardly left Jimin’s lips, knowing well that if they parted now, their relationship would really be over.

“See you, Jimin,” Yoongi said and gave him a short wave.

But neither of them moved.

They just stood there, staring into each other’s eyes for what seemed like eternity.

Hope bloomed in Jimin’s heart. Maybe he misunderstood the elder. Maybe, just maybe, Yoongi didn’t want to break up with him either.

However, the last bit of hope vanished the moment Yoongi turned around and left Jimin behind just like that.

Jimin didn’t move as he watched Yoongi walking down the hallway. It couldn’t be the end. He couldn’t be the only one who felt this way. Yoongi had kissed him, embraced him, touched him. Jimin couldn’t be the only one who felt that something between them had changed, right?

If Yoongi just turned around, just showed him one single sign that he felt the same, Jimin would run to him and hold on. He would admit his feelings and cling onto Yoongi, ask him not to break

up with him, hell, he'd ask Yoongi to date him for real.

But Yoongi didn't look back. Not even once.

Jimin's hope crumbled with every step the elder took. His hands were shaking ever so slightly, his head buzzing as he stood there frozen on the spot, unable to do anything but stare at Yoongi's retreating figure.

*Don't go. Please don't go,* Jimin pleaded silently, but there was no hesitation in Yoongi's steps.

Yoongi left just like that.

In a way, Jimin wanted to laugh at himself.

He was the one who proposed a fake-relationship and yet he was the one who couldn't distinguish between reality and illusion.

Jimin just stood there, staring at the direction Yoongi had left, when all his doubts and regrets crashed in on him.

After all the time they spent together Yoongi must have pitied him. The poor inexperienced boy who blushes at a mere hug. It made sense. Like the good friend he was, Yoongi only wanted to help Jimin to get used to these situations. He couldn't freak out like a teenage girl when Taemin tried to initiate physical contact.

Perhaps, Yoongi had sensed Jimin's feelings and tried to be nice, too. What if he just gave in to Jimin's greediness because he didn't want to hurt Jimin's feelings? Had he abused Yoongi's kindness for his selfish pleasure?

Jimin couldn't think straight. His racing heart made his mind all hazy, making it hard to even get the keys out of his pocket.

He needed to calm down.

Yoongi didn't seem mad. It couldn't possibly be that bad. He was overreacting. Yoongi didn't feel the same, but it wasn't the end of the world. He'd survive. He just needed to calm down.

When Jimin finally managed to unlock the door and stepped inside he was met with the sight of Jungkook and Taehyung sitting on their couch, playing some kind of video game together.

The youngest turned his head towards the door and his eyes widened in surprise as soon as he spotted Jimin. "Hyung, is everything alright?"

Jimin opened his lips slightly, ready to lie, but he was cut off before he could even utter a word. "Why are you crying?"

*Crying?*

Jimin carefully let his fingers slide over his cheek and stared at his now wet fingertips in surprise. He was indeed crying. He hadn't even noticed.

"Crying?" Taehyung repeated worriedly and abandoned his controller instantly, getting up from his seat to approach Jimin.

Big mistake.

The moment their gazes met Jimin last bit of self-control crumbled. Tears started to stream down Jimin's cheeks, a pathetic sob leaving his plump lips as he sunk down to the ground, bringing up his knees to his chest to hide his face in them.

"Jimin, hey, shhh, don't cry," Taehyung tried to soothe and quickly crouched down and embracing his trembling friend, "Everything is going to be fine."

But was it really?

He didn't expect it to hurt so much. It felt like Yoongi had ripped out his heart, stepped on it twice and gave it back to him just like that. He had been sad before, he had felt disappointed and desperate before, but he had never felt anything like *this* .

“H-He...h-he brok- ..he broke up with me,” Jimin managed to squeeze out between his hiccups, sobbing helplessly in his friend’s arms.

He barely noticed when Jungkook and Taehyung heave him up and help him to sit down on the couch.

“I should go,” Jungkook suddenly whispered, sensing that Jimin needed Taehyung more than himself at the moment.

“I’ll call you later. Call Jin, he said he’ll drive you home,” Taehyung replied and snuggled a little closer to Jimin as Jungkook hummed in reply. Hesitantly, the youngest stroked Jimin’s head sympathetically a few times and left shortly after.

Taehyung waited patiently, stroking Jimin’s back up and down as he waited for him to calm down a little bit. And it strangely worked. His hiccups eventually stop, his sobs dying on the tip of his tongue. Only the tears won’t stop along with his trembling hands.

“What happened?” Taehyung asked apprehensively, never stopping the comforting rubs.

Jimin sniffled and wiped away his tears for the nth time. His voice was barely above a whisper, hoarse from all the crying. “Y-Yoongi...he broke up with me.”

From the way Taehyung hesitated it seemed like he was contemplating what to say next. That alone added nervousness to the mess of Jimin’s feelings.

“Jimin” Taehyung tried carefully, his voice unbelievably soft, “did you fall in love with Yoongi?”

He should be shocked about that question. He should have felt a pang in his chest, think about Taehyung’s words and his own feelings, should have a hard time to come to a conclusion, but none of that happened. In fact, it felt like someone had lifted a burden from his shoulders.

All this time he couldn’t explain his own feelings, making him restless and jittery, and yet he never wanted it to stop.

It was so obvious, but he didn't understand the urge to feel Yoongi's warmth. He didn't know why his touch seemed so different from the other's, why his presence alone made a smile bloom on Jimin's face.

He just knew that he didn't want to let go. Even if it was only for one more day, one more hour, one more minute, even one second, he wanted to hold onto Yoongi. He wanted to drown in his comforting embrace, cloud all his senses with his familiar soothing scent, enjoy his gentle touch just a little more.

*Love.*

There were no fireworks going off, no background music and chirping birds, no dust of wind and dancing flower petals. There was something even better.

Trust, affection, warmth, *happiness* .

Falling in love needed no special effects like it got in movies. Maybe falling in love was just that easy, or maybe it was *Yoongi* who made it easy to fall in love.

It was easy to lose oneself in Yoongi's fond gaze. His gentle ministrations were far too tempting, his words offering endless comfort and advice. And more than anything, Yoongi always gave him the feeling that he didn't need to hide himself. Even when he threw a tantrum, was exhausted and moody, when he was playful and childish, Yoongi accepted and appreciated every part of him.

Yeah, Jimin loved Yoongi.

Jimin sniffled softly, blankly staring at his feet. He hummed as he replied ever so softly. "Yeah, I love him."

He was glad Taehyung wasn't scolding him, wasn't telling him how he *told* him it was a mistake from the start, and tucked Jimin's head under his chin instead, hugging him even closer.

Taehyung cupped Jimin's cheek carefully and wiped away his tears with his thumb in soothing motions.



“Why did you break up then?” Taehyung asked hesitantly.

It was a weird question, but Jimin answered nonetheless. “He doesn’t feel the same, Tae.”

“I doubt that,” he replied without missing a beat, “I’m sure Yoongi feels the same. This must be a big misunderstanding.”

Jimin shook his head slightly, burying his face in his best friend’s neck. He didn’t want to hear those reassuring lies. It just hurt more. “*He* wanted to break up. Why would he break up if he felt the same? He must have noticed that my feelings were deeper than they were supposed to be and broke up before it got worse.”

“No,” Taehyung said firmly, “That can’t be the case. Yoongi had always been affectionate towards you. That’s why I was worried about the whole thing in the first place.”

“What are you talking about?” Jimin asked warily, confused by Taehyung’s implication.

He felt Taehyung’s steady heartbeat against his palm, making him calm slowly.

“I can’t really explain it,” Taehyung mumbled, “He tries not to show it, but it’s obvious? Like, his gaze is often fixed on you even when someone else is talking. He always makes sure your favorite drink is there when we met up at Namjoon’s and picks out the food you dislike from your plate when you don’t pay attention.”

*Oh.* He remembered.

Yoongi had done that one time in the cafeteria as well. He had done that before?

No, that didn’t mean anything. Yoongi was a nice person, he was taking care of the others as well.

“That doesn’t mean he loves me, Tae. Y’know, one of his friends forgot about his anniversary and he helped him out even though he was packed with work already. Yoongi is nice to everyone,” Jimin mumbled dejectedly.

“It’s not the same,” Taehyung insisted, “Trust me, there is something between the two of you. You told me the same, remember? I was so sure Jungkook would reject me, but you knew he wouldn’t. We can’t judge that stuff well on our own. You gotta trust me on this. Please promise me to talk to Yoongi. I’m sure it’s just a big misunderstanding.”

It made sense, even though Jimin thought their situation was too different from Taehyung’s back then. They had been chasing each other for a while, were just too blind to see each other’s love that had been there from the start, while Yoongi and him were just friends.

No matter how convincing Taehyung’s words seemed, at that moment he was unable to feel any hope. The sadness Yoongi left behind as he disappeared still lingered, engraved too deeply into his heart.

Fresh tears filled Jimin’s reddened eyes, his heart clenching at the memory.

Taehyung meant well, but right now those reassuring words stung painfully. His friend didn’t deserve such ungratefulness, but he couldn’t bring himself to even *try* to cheer up.

“Maybe you’re right,” Jimin mumbled in reply, even though it was a lie. His voice was raw with emotions, making him seem even more pitiful. He didn’t like it. He shouldn’t have dragged Taehyung into this.

Jimin slowly shifted to get out of Taehyung’s embrace, “I’m sorry, Tae. I think I should get a shower now...I need some time on my own. I’m sorry.”

Taehyung quickly shook his head and helped him stand up as his wobbly legs gave in. “It’s fine...just...my door is always open for you, okay? Call me if you need me and I’ll be there in a second.”

Jimin tried his best to give Taehyung a small smile as he hummed and wordlessly disappeared into the bathroom, locking the door behind him.

A shaky breath left his lips as he sunk down again and brought his knees up to his chest, hiding his face as fresh tears rolled down his cheeks.

It wasn’t going to be easy to get over this, but he had to try. He held onto the hope that Yoongi

didn't hate him at least. That was more than enough for Jimin.

However, an ever so small part of him wanted to believe Taehyung's words, that Yoongi liked him back.

He wanted to feel Yoongi's gentle touch again, wanted to drown in his warmth and call him his. The thought of Yoongi's soft lips against his own made him whimper quietly, sadness, but also hope coursing through his veins.

Maybe those kisses had meant something to Yoongi, too. Maybe he was just as sad as Jimin was.

It was delusional, but he couldn't help but feel a little hopeful.

If there was a small chance Yoongi reciprocated his feelings, didn't he have to try? Even if it was hard. Even if a second rejection would crush him completely.

Talking to Yoongi was easier said than done.

After his conversation with Taehyung Jimin couldn't stop contemplating his options and his conclusion was not to talk to Yoongi about it at all.

Taehyung wasn't wrong. There *might* be a chance that Yoongi loved him as well, but was that tiny bit of hope worth trying? If he listened to his aching heart, he shouldn't waste time and run straight to Yoongi's apartment, confessing his love and asking him out. However, Jimin knew it wasn't as simple as that. First and foremost, they were friends. Even though there was a possibility of Yoongi liking him back, chances were higher he didn't. If Jimin confessed and his feelings were unrequited it would put both of them in an awkward situation. It would make Yoongi uncomfortable. He himself would feel uncomfortable, knowing he caused this feeling.

Jimin couldn't risk that. He couldn't let his selfishness harm Yoongi.

He could deal with a broken heart, but he couldn't cope with losing Yoongi.

Everything would be alright. Jimin was still able to spend time with Yoongi as a friend. They would meet, talk, laugh. It was going to be fine. At least, that's what he told himself over and over.

His body, however, didn't seem to catch up with his thoughts.

He barely caught any sleep that night, neither the following one. His mood gradually dampened, no matter how hard he tried to distract himself from his childish mourning. He couldn't concentrate on his studies at all, even though he had two of his finals coming this week.

He detached himself from his friends, neither wanting to lash out at them nor to dampen their mood, but it just made him sadder.

Jimin hoped dance practice would free his mind, but he just found himself messing up every single step, leaving him even more frustrated than he was before.

With self-loathing huff, Jimin grabbed his bottle from the corner and took a sip from his water, sweat dripping from his chin.

Despite his repeat mistakes he had given it his all, clinging onto the hope that it would help him feel relieved after, but now he was frustrated *and* exhausted, which wasn't exactly a good combination. Unshed tears burned behind his eyes, anger seething in his veins.

Jimin heard someone approaching him and he didn't need to look up to know it was Hoseok. The other had glanced at him throughout their practice, worry evident in his eyes.

"Are you okay?" Comes shortly after from his friend as he put his hand on Jimin's shoulder, squeezing it comfortingly.

He didn't trust his voice to speak, but he still managed to mumble quietly. "Everything is fine," he reassured, but it was quite obvious it wasn't.

It didn't occur to him until that very moment that Hoseok probably knew they had ended their arrangement. After all, he had talked to Taehyung about it and Hoseok was Yoongi's best friend, so it made sense.

The realization didn't make it easier to control his feelings though. He felt even more ashamed now. Hoseok wasn't dumb, he probably had figured that Jimin wasn't taking their 'break-up' very well. It was embarrassing to show this side to his friend. He just prayed Hoseok wouldn't mention it to Yoongi, that's all he could hope for.

Much to his relief, Hoseok didn't press the matter any further and embraced the smaller boy for a moment before he tentatively stepped back. "You can always talk to me if you need to, Jimin. You know that, right?"

Jimin finally looked up and flashed his friend a small smile, which never reached his eyes. "Thank you, hyung. I'm just stressed because of my upcoming finals," Jimin lied, though those were definitely *not* helping him to reduce his stress either.

The elder hummed, but Jimin clearly saw the suspicion in his eyes. "Alright. Take care of yourself and don't stress over those exams too much. Take breaks in between your studies, okay? I'll get going now... don't stay too long and go to bed early today, promise?"

"I promise," Jimin replied, physically and emotionally utterly exhausted.

Hoseok glanced at him one last time before he eventually left just as the rest of his teammates.

But Jimin couldn't bring himself to move. He wasn't ready to face Taehyung's worried expression at home just yet. He needed some time on his own, even if it was for a few minutes only.

However, it didn't even take a minute until he felt someone touch his shoulder lightly, making him flinch in surprise.

Jimin turned around and was surprised to see Taemin still being there. He was sure everyone had left already.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you,” Taemin apologized genuinely and rubbed Jimin’s upper arm soothingly.

The younger quickly shook his head and smiled as brightly as possible. “Not your fault. I was lost in thought. Why are you still here?”

“I wanted to talk to you,” Taemin explained, his voice thick with concern, “Are you okay?”

Jimin couldn’t help but scoff, palming his face as he tried blink away the tears that threatened to form. He sounded desperate even to himself, “Why is everyone asking me if I’m alright? I’m fine. Don’t worry.”

“Jimin, you look like you haven’t been sleeping too well.”

When Jimin didn’t respond, Taemin took a step closer and looked him deep into his eyes, making Jimin feel almost naked under his gaze. “What happened? Did you have a fight with Yoongi?”

He didn’t want to cry, he really didn’t, but as soon as the elder mentioned Yoongi Jimin couldn’t hold back his tears any longer. They spilled down his cheeks, a quiet whimper involuntarily leaving his lips. He quickly wiped away his tears with the back of his hand and covered his face afterwards. Could this be any more embarrassing?

“Hey, shh, don’t cry,” Taemin whispered and pulled Jimin gently into a hug, rubbing his back comfortingly.

Jimin didn’t resist and let himself lean into his warmth instead. He had no energy left to pretend everything was fine.

It wasn’t as easy to deal with his feelings as he hoped.

Seeing Yoongi during lunch was enough to make his chest tighten painfully. He hadn’t sit down at his usual spot next to Jimin but on the opposite of him. It wasn’t a big deal, but it strangely hurt even though Yoongi wasn’t avoiding him per se. He had still talked to Jimin, but it didn’t feel the same.

Maybe he just needed more time to get used to it. After all, it was the first time he faced Yoongi after coming to terms with his feelings.

Yeah, maybe time would heal his wounds, but that didn't help him at the moment.

He felt miserable. It hadn't been two days and he craved the elder's warmth so much. He missed Yoongi *so* much. Did love always feel this way?

Jimin had been crushing on people before, but he never felt like someone ripped out his heart and yet yearned for the exact same person to put the pieces back together.

"Was your fight that bad?" Taemin asked carefully, trying not to make Jimin feel worse but at the same time seeming somehow protective after seeing Jimin crying like this.

It was ridiculous that the boy that held him in his arms right now was the beginning and end of his whole misery. If he hadn't want to date Taemin that bad he would have never started fake-dating his friend. He would have never fell for the elder. He would never have felt this utterly crushed. And yet, he didn't regret it.

"We broke up," Jimin explained in a whisper, sniffing quietly as his tears finally stopped streaming down his face.

Taemin took a step back to look at Jimin, shocked. "What? You broke up? Why?"

Well, he couldn't possibly tell Taemin the truth, so he lied, "Yoongi said he thinks we're better off as just friends, so we decided to break up. Staying friends was the better decision."

Sounded legit. Yoongi and him were still hanging out with the same group of friends. Any other explanation wouldn't make sense.

"That's...."

It seemed like Taemin wanted to say something, but decided against it.

“I’m sorry,” he said instead, reaching out to wipe away a tear that ran down his cheek.

The younger didn’t know what to say, so he just forced himself to smile. *I’ll be fine*, he wanted to say, but he wasn’t so sure if he would be at the moment.

“You know what? You need to get out of here!” Taemin suddenly exclaimed almost cheerfully.

Jimin sniffled, slightly confused by the sudden change of mood. “Hm?”

“Let’s go out this saturday! We can eat ice cream, watch a movie, whatever! We will have fun and distract you from your bad feelings. I’ll pay. We can treat ourselves after the exams, too.”

Weeks ago Jimin’s heart would have jumped out his chest. He would have been giddy and happy, but now he simply felt grateful for Taemin’s effort. There was not even a little bit of romantic interest left.

Either way, it might not be a bad idea. He liked Taemin as a friend nonetheless and doing something out of the ordinary might be a good chance to distract himself. Maybe it would really help him to calm his aching heart.

“Sounds like a great plan,” Jimin eventually replies with a small, genuine smile on his lips, “thank you, hyung.”

Taemin smiled as well, but Jimin could see the sadness in his eyes as well. “Ayyy, that’s what friends are for! I’ll text you later and we can talk out the details? You should go home and relax for now.”

Jimin hummed in agreement and watched Taemin picking up both of their stuff. “I’ll walk you home.”

“It’s fine!” Jimin quickly chipped in, “I can walk home on my own. I’m good now. I feel way better already.”



It wasn't a lie. Crying didn't take away the pain, but he didn't feel as tense anymore, just utterly exhausted.

"C'mon, when will I ever walk my junior home again? I always wanted to be the cool senior. You'll see boy and girls, left and right, falling to their knees in awe when I walk by, carrying two bags with my strong arms," Taemin joked and walked ahead, leaving Jimin no option but to go along with his plan.

"You're still lame, hyung. You look lanky, too. They'd probably just look to see you break down under the weight," Jimin giggled, yes, actually giggled, as he opened the door for Taemin.

They left the building together in a lighter mood, joking around and successfully making Jimin forget about his struggles for a short while.

However, that peace didn't last.

They were barely heading to the dorms when Jimin spotted Yoongi in the distance, seemingly on his way to his dormitory complex, staring at him and Taemin.

His breath hitched, his heart missing a beat.

It felt like a punch in the face when Yoongi waved at him shortly and turned around without sparing Jimin another glance.

Did Yoongi just subtly give him privacy with Taemin? Privacy he didn't want to have?

Was he really unfazed like this? Was seeing Jimin with someone else not making him the slightest bit uncomfortable?

Jimin's throat constricted painfully, not saying another word and quietly listening to Taemin.

It hurt.

Wednesday evening the boys met up as usual.

Jimin dreaded their usual carefree hangout for the first time, but he didn't want to miss out on it either. Hiding wasn't going to solve his problems either. He had to face his feelings and get over them.

His resolution went down the drain as soon as Taehyung and him reached Namjoon's apartment though.

His knees suddenly felt weak, his throat so tight that it was hard to breathe.

He hadn't seen Yoongi since Monday when the elder spotted him and Taemin on his way home. They had neither talked nor texted each other since and it made Jimin feel more than anxious.

It wasn't like he was caught red-handed. First of all, Taemin was just accompanying him because he was sad and secondly there was no reason for Yoongi to feel bad about it. *He* wanted Jimin to date. And yet he almost felt like he cheated on the elder, which was nonsense.

Fortunately, it wasn't as awkward as Jimin had feared. Jeongguk had talked about his upcoming graduation ceremony and what restaurant he wanted to invite his family to, while Taehyung cooed at his cute boyfriend, Seokjin pointing out how fast his kid was growing up and Hoseok suggested various places for him to go. Namjoon chimed in once in awhile, while Yoongi and Jimin didn't say a word. The air between them wasn't necessarily awkward though, so Jimin didn't really mind. He enjoyed getting distracted from his own struggles like this.

After doing the dishes, they gathered at their conversation pit as usual.

Jimin chose to sit on the floor, avoiding sitting down next to anyone. Especially Yoongi that is.

Everything was going well so far, but Jimin just wasn't supposed to live in peace.

“Say,” Hoseok suddenly muttered, looking straight at Jimin, “I saw you with Taemin the other day.”

*Shit* . Did Hoseok have to bring this up?

“Didn’t mean to eavesdrop, but I forgot my towel and went back to get it. That’s when I saw you,” Hoseok explained, his voice suddenly not as cheerful as before.

Jimin swallowed the lump in his throat and rubbed his sweaty palms against his knees, trying to stop his fingers from fidgeting nervously.

“So....did I hear it right? Are you going on a date with Taemin?”

All eyes were suddenly on him, making him the room feel suffocating in a matter of seconds. Jimin licked over his lips nervously, eyes downcast.

Why was he this nervous? He could just say how it was. Yes, he was going out with Taemin, but as friends. Because he was sad and his *friend* wanted to cheer him up. There was nothing wrong about it. There really wasn’t.

But that tiny voice in his head told him not to clear things up. That very, ever so tiny part of him wanted to see Yoongi’s reaction. His last string of hope.

“Oh, yes. This saturday,” was all Jimin managed to squeeze out, carefully glancing at Yoongi to see his reaction.

The elder, however, was busy refilling his glass with water, not paying Jimin much attention at all.

It hurt.

“That’s great, Jimin,” Namjoon broke the silence, smiling softly, “I hope you’ll have a great time with him.”

Jimin's smile probably looked more like a grimace, but he couldn't care less. "Thanks, hyung."

Seokjin changed the topic as quickly as it came up, trying to lift the mood that threatened to dampen. "By the way, when is your exhibition, Yoongi? Still no news?"

"It's this saturday," Yoongi remarked casually, taking a sip from his glass, "12 to 6 pm."

Jimin head snapped up in surprise. *This saturday?*

"Hey, why didn't you mention it earlier?" Namjoon asked, just as surprised as Jimin.

"Just got the notice yesterday. Apparently they always do it like that to keep it fair," Yoongi explained and shrugged.

Jeongguk shifted on his seat, leaning closer towards Seokjin, "Hyung, can you pick me up on Saturday? I really wanna go to the exhibition, too."

Seokjin smiled and reached out to ruffle the youngest hair. "Sure, don't worry about it."

Only Taehyung seemed to realize Jimin's dilemma. His best friend got out of his seat and sat down next to Jimin, nudging Jimin's shoulder with his own gently.

"What are you going to do?" He whispered, looking at Jimin half-worried, half-curiously.

Jimin met his gaze, blinking a few times, before he answered, "Of course I'm going to cancel the date. What kind of question is that?"

"You won't," Yoongi suddenly chipped in, voice deep and firm.

The younger jumped at the sudden interference, head snapping up to look at Yoongi. He was confused. "What?"

Their friends stopped talking when they felt the air change between them, their expressions slowly turning worried.

“Why would you cancel your date?” Yoongi replied, seemingly getting annoyed by the second.

“Why would I-.hyung! I was the model for your project! It’s your exhibition. This is important to me, too, okay? It’s just a date, I can-”

“You wanted this date, now you got it. I can send you the photos, it doesn’t matter if you’re there or not, so go to your date,” Yoongi reasoned coldly.

Jimin tried his best not to let his emotions show, but Yoongi’s words stung painfully in his chest. It didn’t matter if he was there? Wasn’t that a bit to harsh?

“It matters to *me* . I want to go. Doesn’t matter if I have to cancel the date. I will go,” Jimin remarked as calmly as possible, but his lower lip started wobbling halfway through his speech. Unshed tears were burning behind his eyes.

“What was the point of all of this then?” Yoongi asked harshly, getting up from his seat.

Alarmed, Hoseok got up from his seat beside Yoongi as well and put a hand on his shoulder, but Yoongi shrugged it off. “Why the fuck did we go through all the trouble, if you cancel your date now? We’ve done this shit for *months* for you to get into that dude’s pants and now you wanna back out? For fuck’s sake, I really should have never agreed to this bullshit.”

“Min Yoongi!” Namjoon’s voice boomed, “that’s enough!”

Jimin had never seen such an expression on Yoongi’s face. His eyebrows were knitted in frustration, his gaze full of anger and disappointment. The elder bit down on his lips and left the conversation pit to grab the jacket from the chair he had tossed it at earlier.

“Whatever, I’m leaving,” He grunted, stormed out of the apartment without another word and slammed the door behind him.

“Yoongi!” Hoseok called after him and sighed, “Sorry, I think I should check on him.”

Hoseok quickly pulled on his shoes and left shortly after, leaving the group in a state of shock behind.

The moment the door fell shut once again, tears began to roll down Jimin’s cheeks, whimpering pathetically. He shouldn’t break down like this in front of his friends, but he couldn’t hold his sadness back any longer.

It hurt. It hurt so fucking much.

Why was Yoongi this harsh? Did he hate him? Had he lost Yoongi already?

Taehyung quickly wrapped his arms around Jimin’s smaller frame, pulling him close to his chest. Seokjin soon joined, gently rubbing comforting circles into Jimin’s back.

“Yoongi didn’t mean it,” Seokjin said softly, his voice soothing, “Yoongi is stressed. He didn’t want you to change your plans because of him that’s all.”

“Jin is right. Yoongi probably already regrets his words, hm? Don’t cry, Jimin,” Namjoon agreed with his boyfriend and slowly joined the others on the floor.

Even Jungkook sat down behind them, but he seemed at loss for words.

“I-I’m sorry,” Jimin hiccupped, sniffing miserably, “I didn’t want to ruin the evening.”

“You didn’t!” Taehyung said firmly, “You did nothing wrong!”

“Don’t worry. There’s nothing to be sorry about,” Seokjin reassured, but none of their words were comforting Jimin at this moment.

He knew the others were just trying to comfort him, but Yoongi had every right to be mad. Hell, he would have been mad, too.

The arrangement was made because Jimin wanted to date Taemin and now he just wanted to cancel their date? That was indeed rude towards Yoongi. He had put so much effort into their fake-dating and Jimin was just throwing it away just like that. He would have been mad, too.

On top of that, Yoongi probably knew Jimin was seeing him in a different light now. He must have been uncomfortable. Must have been even worse to feel awkward *and* having to see someone carelessly destroying your effort.

It wasn't his intention.

Jimin just wanted to go and support his friend. Despite everything that has been going on between them, Yoongi put so much effort and love into this project, he wanted to see the result.

Sadly, the fact that Jimin was the model for his project must have dampened Yoongi's mood. Perhaps, Yoongi regretted doing this for his final project now.

And it was all Jimin's fault.

Saturday, a day Jimin dreaded and looked forward to all the same.

Since Wednesday his days had been rough.

His exams didn't go well. He couldn't concentrate at all. Even the question he could have answered without studying suddenly seemed difficult. Jimin feared he had failed at least one of them, but for now he was just glad it was over.

He hadn't talked to Yoongi since that day.

The elder had sent him a short '*I'm sorry.*' at Wednesday night, but he had no idea what to reply, so he chose to not answer instead.

Yoongi had made it clear that he didn't want to see Jimin that day and no matter how he looked at it, he couldn't go to the exhibition.

It was Yoongi's day. He worked so hard for that project, Jimin didn't want to ruin his mood by showing up despite him being told not to. Yoongi deserved to enjoy that day.

So, there he was, waiting for Taemin in front of Seoul's biggest shopping mall, rocking back and forth on his feet.

Taemin arrived shortly after, apologizing for making Jimin wait. They went inside and strolled through the long, crowded hallways. They paused in front of some windows, animatedly talking about the latest fashion, but neither of them intended to buy any clothes that day.

Talking to Taemin was rather relaxing. He was easygoing and fun, so their conversation never got boring. Jimin genuinely enjoyed the time he spent with the other, but that made him feel even guiltier. His thoughts always wandered back to Yoongi.

They sat down at a small ice cream parlor and ordered some waffles with ice cream and a milkshake each.

The place was nice. Jimin wondered if Yoongi would like it, too. The moment he caught his thoughts drifting off again, Jimin quickly shook his head. He shouldn't think about Yoongi now. He had to try to get over his feelings. Nothing good came out of them anyway. Yoongi only seemed entirely uncomfortable with the situation and Jimin had no desire to suffer for longer than needed either. But again, that was easier said than done. His heart still ached just thinking about the elder's fond gaze he might never get to see again.

"You're still thinking about him, huh?" Taemin asked softly, no bite behind his words.

Jimin's head snapped up immediately, eyes widening. "I'm sorry," he replied, shame seeping into his voice, "I didn't intend to..."



The elder chuckled lightly, placing a hand on top of Jimin's, coaxing him to ease a bit of his tension. "It's alright. I know it's hard."

"Oh, Lee Taemin?"

They look up in surprise. All of a sudden a tall guy with brown hair and warm, dark eyes stood in front of their table, placing down their order on the table. Within a second, Taemin retracted his hand as if he was burnt, blushing furiously. "Minho, what are you doing here?"

Jimin eyed them curiously, never having seen Taemin blush like this.

"I'm working here," Minho replied, amused.

"Wouldn't have brought you waffles just like that," He added with a wink, making Taemin blush even more.

Jimin quickly covered his mouth but couldn't suppress the short giggle.

Taemin looked at him accusingly before he focused back on the waiter, "R-right."

"Are you on a date?" Minho asked and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, "He's cute."

Now it was Jimin's turn to blush. Wasn't everyday a stranger called him cute. Especially not when he hadn't slept well for a whole week, dark circles so deep that he had to give them names soon.

"What? No, of course not!" Taemin exclaimed, flustered to no end.

Jimin took no offense in his response. He was actually amused by how adorable the elder looked in front of this guy. He briefly wondered if he had looked like this when he talked to Yoongi, too.

"He's a junior of mine from dance club, just hanging out," Taemin explained, making far too

many hand gestures for this short explanation.

Minho hummed in reply and nodded his head. “I see. Well, still gotta work, so have fun. Call me if you need anything.”

The waiter gave them a small bow and went ahead to the next table, serving the customers there.

Taemin groaned as soon as Minho was gone, hiding his face behind his hands in embarrassment. “On a scale of 1 to 10, how bad was it?”

“Ten,” Jimin replied without missing a beat, laughing when Taemin hit his arm playfully, “It was cute. Don’t worry.”

“God, why am I always like this,” Taemin mumbled more to himself than Jimin and took a sip of his strawberry milkshake.

“Who’s that guy though? Since when are you crushing on him?” Jimin asked, grinning when Taemin’s eyes widened instantly.

He seemed uncharacteristically shy. Adorable.

“He’s my brother’s coworker. We met at their company’s charity soccer event and I’ve seen him a few times since,” Taemin explained. He scratched the back of his neck. “We kinda exchanged numbers, too and texted ever since...”, he admitted shyly.

“Aww, that’s great, hyung!” Jimin smiled, genuinely happy for his friend, “I’m glad you found someone you like.”

Taemin sighed, but a bright smile was blooming on his face, “I don’t even know if he’s gay yet. But it’s the first time since forever that I felt this giddy and happy around someone. It’s strange. A simply ‘good morning’ makes me so unbelievably happy. It’s ridiculous.”

Jimin chuckled, knowing that feeling all too well.

“You know, I think you should go,” Taemin suddenly changed the topic, making Jimin blink in surprise.

“Hm?”

“To the exhibition.”

The smile immediately slipped off Jimin’s face, “He doesn’t want me there, hyung. It’s rude if I show up.”

“Listen,” Taemin leaned closer and took Jimin’s hand in his own, “I didn’t want to say this, since I don’t know anything about Yoongi, but I can’t watch you suffer like this and keep quiet. There is no way Yoongi doesn’t like you in a romantic way.”

Jimin was caught off guard, not having expected such a statement. “Why- I mean... what are you talking about?”

“The way Yoongi looked at you isn’t the way you look at a friend. I’ve dated a few people already and none of them ever looked at me with such a fond and loving gaze. Yoongi couldn’t stop smiling when he looked at you, Jimin.”

Yoongi was a good actor *and* he was nice to everyone, but Taemin couldn’t know that.

“I often caught him staring at you, you know?”

Jimin arched an eyebrow at that, having no idea what Taemin was implying.

“When he picked you up he sometimes waited outside for up to ten minutes and watched you dance, utterly entranced. *Trust me*, Jimin. You don’t look at someone like *that* if you have no romantic feelings towards them,” Taemin pressed, squeezing Jimin’s hand encouragingly, “I don’t know why he said that, why he wanted to break up, but I’m sure this is just a big misunderstanding.”

It was the second time someone said these words. Taehyung said it was probably a

misunderstanding as well. But was it really?

When Yoongi told him to go to the date he was cold as never before. His words were harsh and hurt even now. Would he have gone that far if it was a misunderstanding?

Or was he going that far *because* it was a misunderstanding?

Jimin mouth suddenly went dry, his throat constricting as his heartbeat increased in a matter of seconds, hope racking through his body.

But what if they were wrong? What if Yoongi just wanted to be friends and Jimin showed up, ruining his exhibition. Should he really risk that?

Jimin thought back to the time they spent together in the last three months. The way Yoongi was always there for him, the way his warmth embraced him in every situation, the way he reassured and supported him throughout the weeks. He thought about the moment their lips touched for the first time, how right it felt, how comfortable and enticing the feeling was. He thought about Yoongi's gentle touch, the way he gave Jimin the chance to explore himself, lose himself in Yoongi. And he thought about the way Yoongi held him close to his chest all night, thumb rubbing soft circles into his tummy, nose buried in the crook of his neck.

A single tear rolled down Jimin's cheek.

Yoongi wouldn't have done all that if he didn't feel even the slightest bit the same. He couldn't have held Jimin like that, couldn't have taken his first kiss just like that. Yoongi wasn't that type of person.

Maybe they were right. Maybe Jimin failed to show Yoongi how much he cared about him, how much he *loved* him.

Jimin could be wrong. He could ruin everything if he went to the exhibition now, but maybe, just maybe, Yoongi was suffering just as much as he was.

He had to try. He had to hold onto that very last chance and talk to Yoongi.

He had to go.

The younger quickly wiped away the tear with his sleeve and got up from his seat, his food completely untouched.

“You’re right. I have to go,” Jimin said and grabbing his bag in a hurry.

“I’m really sorry, hyung,” He apologized and bowed quickly, “I’ll make it up to you some day.”

Taemin shook his hand and waved his hand dismissively. “Don’t worry about it. Go get your man, Jimin.”

Jimin bowed one last time and didn’t waste another second, running towards the exist of the huge mall. It was already half past five, giving him nothing more half an hour to get to the exhibition.

He called Taehyung on his way to the bus station, asking for the exact location he had to go to. His friend seemed surprised, but Jimin had no time for long explanations now, so he mumbled a short word of gratitude before he hung up. Much to his dismay, it took 40 minutes by bus and another 15 minutes by foot. He would definitely be late. But he had to try.

The ride was agonizing.

The traffic was no joke today, so the bus had to stop several times. Jimin looked at his watch, over and over again, rubbing his sweaty palms against his thighs.

He was nervous. Right now he could just pray for the exhibition to *not* close on time. He was going to be really late.

The bus arrived at its destation 15 minutes late and Jimin cursed his luck. Maybe it was a sign for him to give up. But he couldn’t accept this, he had to see it all the way to the end now. Even if he was going to get crushed. He had to try.

So he ran. He ran as fast as never before.

His lungs constricted as he ran, the back of his throat burning. It was hard to breathe after a while, but he couldn't slow down yet. He was so close, so damn close, he couldn't take a break now.

Relief washed over him the moment he spotted the building from the photo Taehyung had sent. He was there. Jimin was finally there.

However, disappointment and sadness replaced the previous joy shortly after as Jimin slowly came to a hold, panting heavily.

The lights were off, the doors closed.

Jimin was too late. The exhibition was over.

Tears welled up in Jimin's eyes, the disappointment almost unbearable. He was too late. Yoongi was gone.

Jimin tried to calm down, chanting over and over that everything was fine in his head. He really would have loved to see Yoongi's project. If he had only ignored Yoongi's words right from the start and listened to his heart instead. Now it was too late.

*You can still go and talk to Yoongi though , he told himself. If he even wants to see you, that is.*

Jimin snapped his head up a moment later when he suddenly heard the doors open. A middle-aged security guard stepped out of the building, closing the glass doors behind him as he blindly searched for the keys dangling at his belt.

"Stop!" The words left Jimin's lips before he had a chance to think about them. He took a shaky breath as he hurried closer to the man, "please wait."

The man turned around in surprise, eying Jimin curiously. "Are you alright?"

He must have been quite the sight. Hair stuck to his damp forehead, breath still coming out in short huffs.

Jimin nodded quickly and licked over his dry lips as he ran his fingers through his hair, “Could I possibly go inside before you close up?”

“I’m sorry, kiddo. The exhibition is over,” The man explained, his voice sympathetic.

“I know...I know,” Jimin mumbled defeatedly, at loss for words. He knew he was causing the man trouble, but it was the only chance he got, “I’m really sorry, sir, but is there no way I can see the exhibition? I promise it won’t take long. I just...please...”

He was pleading at this point. He had no idea how to convince the man, how to reason his urgency to see the exhibition despite being way too late.

Out of nowhere, the security guard smiled softly, “Aren’t you the model of one of these projects?”

Jimin’s eyes widened a little as he nodded almost automatically.

The man sighed, “Alright, c’mon, let’s go inside.”

“Thank you so much, sir,” Jimin exclaimed and bowed deeply, unshed tears burning behind his eyes.

His heart raced a mile a minute when the man led him inside, switching the lights back on as they stepped in.

The room was larger than Jimin expected.

“Your pictures are in the back,” the security guard explained and walked straight ahead.

Jimin looked around curiously, fascinated by the different photos he saw. It seemed like Yoongi’s project wasn’t the only part of this exhibition.

“You know,” the man suddenly spoke up, “I heard that the project you were part of was

everyone's favorite. I personally like it the best, too."

The boy's cheeks flushed instantly, happiness and pride creeping up his spine. He was glad to hear Yoongi's work got great feedback. But at the same time, Jimin felt sad. Sad that he couldn't be there by Yoongi's side, anxious because it felt like he had no right to be here.

"Did your girlfriend take these pictures?" He asked, his steps coming to a halt.

The man startled Jimin out of his trance, his heart skipping a beat. He opened his lips to reply, but no words came out.

"There is so much love in every single picture, it's overwhelming even to a stranger. She must love you a lot."

The tears he managed to suppress were blurring his vision in a matter of seconds, his heart thundering wildly in his chest.

Hearing these words was painful, yet utterly comforting that Jimin hesitated to take a look at the pictures. He fiddled with the hem of his shirt timidly and took a deep breath before he tentatively turned towards the wall.

The first thing he saw was a sign that read '*Min Yoongi - Beauty from Within*'.

He unconsciously held his breath as he turned to the first set of pictures, his feelings overwhelming him the moment he saw the first picture.

They looked so unbelievably *good*. He still remembered the first shoot all too well. He had been so damn nervous. The set looked so different on camera. The abandoned, sordid building looked somehow pleasing, like it was especially made for this shoot.

Jimin is genuinely surprised with his own expressions. He didn't remember looking so fierce ever before. The smile on his lips seemed mocking, his gaze ready to kill thousands. And yet, warmth spread in his chest when he looked at the pictures.

He couldn't put his finger on it, but the picture was flattering him. He couldn't point it out, but the



security guard was right. It somehow seemed like the photographer had liked his model.

On top of the set of pictures was another sign, shining in a bright gold.

*‘ I try to live up to society’s expectations.  
They cover me in layers of their standards,  
hiding my flaws behind their pressuring hands.  
They push and pull until I fit in,  
but I’m getting tired.’*

Jimin swallowed thickly and slowly went to the next set of pictures.

That shoot was easier than the first. They got rid of some of the heavy makeup and styled his hair a little less. His clothes were more comfortable, but still chic enough.

The set was quite and gave of a melancholic yet peaceful feeling. He came across less troubled in those pictures, more thoughtful and calm.

*‘The thick layer of fake-perfection is heavy on my shoulders,  
so I rip it off with all my strength.  
I have to walk down these unknown streets,  
but I’m not scared.  
Their emptiness is calm and welcoming.’*

Jimin could barely hold back his tears when he continued to walk down the path plastered with pictures of him.

The next pictures looked so bright and colorful next to the previous ones.

They had taken those pictures in the park with flowers blooming and the sun shining brightly above in the sky. There was barely any make-up left on his skin, his clothes casual and loose on

his small frame.

He rubbed his eyes in an attempt to stop the tears from flowing, but it was hard keeping his emotions together at this point. Those photos were the worst so far.

Jimin looked so happy, the sun highlighting his sun-kissed skin, his eyes sparkling beautifully. He looked utterly carefree and comfortable.

One particular picture caught Jimin's attention the most. He still remembered that moment clear as it was just the day before.

They took a short break during the shoot. The kids at the park were still chasing each other around, giggling cutely. One of the girls suddenly sprinted towards Jimin, who sat on the grass in the middle of the field. She didn't pay attention where she was going because her focus was on the boy chasing her, so she almost bumped into Jimin in the process. Her eyes widened in shock as she stared at Jimin and he couldn't help but coo at her. She giggled adorably when he patted her head.

It was a picture of exactly that moment.

The girl was barely seen on the picture, but Yoongi had captured his entranced smile perfectly.

Jimin had no idea Yoongi was taking pictures at that time.

*'I take a deep breath and smile.*

*Freedom is tingling on my skin,*

*embracing me in its warmth.*

*The layers they caged me in crumble,*

*my smile is genuine.'*

Tears were rolling down his cheeks and this time Jimin didn't wipe them away. He was overwhelmed by the amount of thought and love Yoongi.

Every word seemed encouraging to the reader, every picture chosen with so much care.

Jimin's limbs felt weak, his heart still beating rapidly in his ribcage.

"Hey, kid. You alright?" The security man suddenly spoke up, "Do you need a tissue?"

He quickly shook his head and chuckled a little. It was embarrassing how he was crying in front of a stranger, "I'm fine. It's just...overwhelming."

The man hummed, smiling, "Young love is truly beautiful."

Jimin laughed breathlessly, but he couldn't disagree.

The pictures did not only showcase Yoongi's concept, but also reminded Jimin of all the memories he and Yoongi had made together, how he fell in love with the elder along the way. Even if Yoongi didn't feel the same way in the end, Jimin wouldn't regret it. He would cherish the memories of his first love.

He sniffled softly as he walked to the last set of pictures, the last and most important part of this project, a smile playing on his lips. He decided to read the sign first before he looked at the pictures.

*'Life engraves its marks on my skin,  
like an artist applying paint on a white canvas.  
Ease and comfort rest in every fiber of my body.  
And when I look at the mirror I realize  
that I've been beautiful all along.'*

Goosebumps spread all over his body, a shiver running down Jimin's spine. It was surreal how Yoongi's words affected him to the core, how easily he managed to convey appreciation and love.

Jimin felt nothing but warmth coursing through his veins.

The pictures were almost too much to take in at this point.

Yoongi had chosen several pictures of different body parts. From the moles on his neck to the curve of Jimin's back, to the stretch marks above his knees and the scars on his legs. There were pictures of his hands, his jaw, his belly button.

Those pictures seemed so intimate, yet not erotic at all. Even the full body picture seemed nothing but aesthetic.

On these pictures Jimin was surprisingly relaxed. There was no hint of discomfort or embarrassment in his expression. He remembered how flustered he was, but he also remembered how much he trusted Yoongi. How he was at ease around the other. Maybe it wasn't so surprising after all.

He quietly stood there for a while, waiting for his tears to dry and his heart to calm.

Eventually, the security guard told him he had to close up for real and Jimin had to leave. He thanked the man over and over again, telling him how much he appreciated his action.

On his way home Jimin tried to collect his thoughts. He wished he had a little more time to admire Yoongi's work, but he was glad he got to see it at all.

There was one thing Jimin was sure of now, he couldn't go on as if he didn't love the elder. He couldn't waste even one more day without talking to Yoongi. He had to try. Hell, he would *fight* for Yoongi if there was only the slightest chance he'd reciprocate his feelings.

He wanted to cry again, too overwhelmed from all the feelings he had gone through in the past weeks. But instead, Jimin smiled softly and took a deep breath. More than anything, Jimin was glad he befriended such a wonderful person, with the biggest heart anyone could ever have.

He was nervous, but this time Jimin didn't hesitate to ring the doorbell to Yoongi's apartment.

He fidgeted with the hem of his shirt as he waited. He heard the footsteps approaching before Hoseok opened the door shortly after, surprise lacing his features. "Oh, Jiminie?"

"Hey, hyung," Jimin muttered and rubbed his neck timidly, "I wanna talk to Yoongi, is he there?"

"Oh, eh, I'm sorry, but Yoongi isn't here," Hoseok said, seeming a little distressed.

Jimin scrunched his eyebrows. Where could Yoongi possibly be? If anything he'd hang out with their friends but apparently that wasn't the case. "Where is he? It's kinda important..."

Hoseok hesitated and sighed, ruffling his hair furiously, "Man, he told me not to mention it to anyone, but he's on his way to Daegu."

His heart skipped a beat.

"What?" Jimin asked, shocked.

"Yoongi...kinda needed a break. He headed out ten minutes ago. He might still be at the bus station, but-- Jimin!"

Jimin wasted no time, turned around and sprinted as fast as he could towards the bus station. The wind is harsh against his skin, still slightly damp from running earlier.

His mind felt hazy with the adrenaline wracking through his body, heartbeat roaring in his ears.

He had to make it on time. He just *couldn't* miss Yoongi. Not again.

Jimin almost tripped over his own feet when he spotted the lone figure sitting at the bus station. He panted heavily as he approached the elder, licking his dry lips before he bit down on his lower one.

“Hyung,” Jimin huffed when he was close enough, hands slightly shaking from the overexertion.

Yoongi snapped up his head in surprise, eyes widening when his gaze fell on the younger.

“Jimin? Why are you here?” Yoongi asked, genuinely surprised.

The sadness in Yoongi’s eyes made Jimin’s heart clench painfully. If he could just close the distance between them and pull him into a tight embrace.

The younger tried to swallow the lump in his throat, rubbing his arm in an attempt to busy himself, “I wanted to see you, I mean, talk to you.”

The elder apparently hadn’t expected that response, his eyebrows arching slightly. “Aren’t you mad?” He asked ever so softly that Jimin barely caught his words.

Now it was Jimin’s turn to be confused. “Why would I be mad?”

“I lashed out at you for no reason? You didn’t reply to my message, so I figured you were mad,” Yoongi explained, seemingly regretting his past actions.

“Oh...I’m not mad,” Jimin mumbled and sighed as he sat down next to the elder, “I’m sorry, I should have replied. I honestly didn’t know if you wanted me to, so I chose not to.”

“I’m sorry, Jimin. I really didn’t mean to--”

“Yoongi,” Jimin interrupted the elder and put his hand on Yoongi’s knee, squeezing it reassuringly, “I’m not mad. It’s fine. I--”

“It’s not fine!” The elder said firmly, frustration clear in his voice.

Yoongi pinched the bridge of his nose, sighing deeply. His voice was calmer as he spoke, but the desperation in his voice made Jimin's blood run cold. "It's not fine, Jimin. I can't do this anymore."

Jimin opened his lips slightly to reply, but Yoongi didn't leave him a chance.

"I don't *want* to be like this anymore."

"This has nothing to do with you, okay? So don't even think about feeling guilty. It was my mistake. I thought....I don't know what I thought," Yoongi rasped.

The younger sat there, listening helplessly to Yoongi's words. He fell silent after that so Jimin took it as his cue to speak.

"I was at the exhibition," Jimin confessed softly, his gaze resting on Yoongi's crouched figure.

Yoongi looked at him, surprised for the second time that day, "What? When? I didn't see you..."

"Ah," Jimin's smiled softly, still grateful towards the security guard, "I was late. The security guard was about to close up, but let me in when I begged him to."

Yoongi just stared at him, dumbfounded.

"Your project was beautiful, hyung. I cried," Jimin admitted sheepishly, his heart beginning to pick up its pace instantly, "I really admire your work. The security guard told me your project was the most popular of them all, too. Congrats, hyung. I'm really happy for you."

A soft smile tugged at the elder's lips as he dropped his gaze to his folded hands. "Thank you. I'm glad you liked it."

Jimin looked up at the sky. The sun was slowly setting, coloring the sky in a bright red colors. The moment seemed peaceful, despite their gloomy mood. The light breeze felt good on his burning skin.

He was still nervous, but he knew it was his only chance to say the words he held in for too long.

“Do you know why I went to the exhibition?” The younger asked carefully, his heart pounding loudly in his chest. He didn’t wait for a reply. “I was there to confess.”

Yoongi slowly raised his head and looked directly into Jimin’s eyes. His intense gaze was as fond as Jimin had remembered it, making Jimin’s heart well with warmth.

“I love you.”

He tried to fight it, but his eyes glistened with unshed tears. “I love you, Yoongi.”

When the elder didn’t say a word and just sat there, frozen on the spot, Jimin got even more nervous. He fiddled with the hem of his shirt, but he didn’t avoid Yoongi’s eyes. He *had* to explain everything. Even if Yoongi will reject him, he promised himself to tell the truth, explain and not regret a single thing.

“I was dumb. During all the time we spent together I was falling in love with you more and more every single day, but I was too dense to realize my own feelings. I got used to your warmth. Every time you comforted me, hugged me, kissed me, I felt so utterly comfortable and at home that I didn’t know what these feelings meant.”

“I thought I knew what love felt like, but I had no clue at all. Falling in love with you was *so* damn easy that my brain couldn’t keep up with my feelings. I just knew I didn’t want to let you go. Even for one more day, I wanted to spend my time with you.”

“I-If you don’t feel the same...” Jimin cut off his words abruptly, when a single tear rolled down Yoongi’s cheek. Panic crept up his spine, his hand fidgeting to wipe away the tear carefully. “I’m s-sorry. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable. I just--”

“Say it again.”

“Huh?”



Yoongi leaned into Jimin's touch, his voice rough and barely above a whisper as he spoke. "Say it again."

Jimin couldn't hold back his tears any longer. Yoongi seemed so utterly vulnerably that it broke Jimin's heart. His voice almost broke as he spoke, so soft and only for Yoongi to hear, "I love you."

Everything happened so fast.

In the next moment, Yoongi pulled Jimin into a tight embrace, burying his face in the crook of Jimin's neck. Jimin wrapped his arms around Yoongi instantly, nails digging into the fabric of his jacket.

"I love you, too," Yoongi mumbled against his neck and tightened his embrace, "fuck, Jimin. I love you so much."

A quiet sob escaped the younger's plump lips. His smaller frame was slightly shaking in Yoongi's arms, his emotions overwhelming him completely.

He couldn't believe his own ears. It seemed to good to be true.

After all the agonizing days it seemed like years had passed since he last talked to Yoongi properly. It felt so *right* to be back in his arms, to inhale the familiar scent and drown in the elder's warmth. He was right where he belonged.

"I thought I was going crazy. Fuck, you have no idea, Jimin," Yoongi confessed, sniffing as pressed his face further into Jimin's warm skin, "I've loved you for *ages*, way before we made that arrangement."

The confession makes Jimin's heart skip a beat, both regret and happiness seeping in every fiber of his body.

"I don't know why I agreed to this fake-dating arrangement in the first place. It *hurt*. I wanted to get close to you so *bad*, but at the same time it felt so wrong. I wanted to hold you, but you wanted someone else. I wanted to be the one who makes you smile so hard your eyes smile, too. I

wanted to be the one who made you smile so brightly that the sun looked dull compared to you.”

“But you wanted to date someone else. And I was fine, I really was. But then you asked me to fake-date you, to help someone else falling for the boy I loved,” Yoongi’s voice cracked and Jimin’s heart ached with every word he spoke, “Yet, I was selfish enough to agree. Even if it was only for a short amount of time, I wanted to show you that you were perfect the way you are. You didn’t need to put on a how for someone else. I wanted to treat you the way you deserve, even for just a day.”

“I really wanted to let you go, but then you started to open up to me,” Yoongi whispered, his fingers threading through Jimin’s messy hair, “On our date...you were so beautiful I forgot that it was fake for a moment and kissed you. I panicked so hard, but you suddenly kissed me back. I guess I got greedy starting from there.”

“At the same time, I got scared. Every time I picked you up and saw you talk so brightly to Taemin, my heart hurt. It was so fucking painful to watch you with another guy. So I wanted to end this before I ended up hurting even more, but it was too late.”

“Hyung...” Jimin muttered brokenly, his tears soaking the fabric of Yoongi’s jacket. He had no idea what Yoongi was going through. He never regretted anything as much as not realizing his feelings earlier.

“When Hoseok told me he saw you and Taemin...that you were going to go on a date... something in me snapped. I had no right to be mad, I *knew* I had no right and yet, my heart was aching so hard that I couldn’t think straight anymore.”

Yoongi inhaled deeply, slowly leaning back to look into Jimin’s eyes. Even though Yoongi wasn’t crying, his eyes were red and Jimin could almost see the tears burning behind his eyes.

“I never meant to hurt you. I just wanted you to be happy.”

Jimin sniffled and leaned into Yoongi’s touch instantly as the elder cupped his cheek softly. His thumb was wiping away his tears, tracing soft lines into the skin.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin whispered, “I’m so damn sorry, hyung. I should have noticed. I shouldn’t have dragged you into this dumb arrangement. I’m sorry I caused you so much pain.”

The younger hiccuped involuntarily, but Yoongi's soft smile urged him to go on.

"You know, I lost interest in Taemin weeks ago," Jimin admitted, voice hoarse, "We didn't go on a *date* either...I broke down in tears when he asked me if we had a fight and he was simply trying to cheer me up. I didn't know I'd hurt you this much, hyung. I'm so sorry."

To Jimin's surprise, Yoongi chuckled softly, a fond smile still playing on his lips, "I guess we were both idiots."

When Jimin didn't reply, his eyes still looking so utterly guilty and apologetic, Yoongi placed a soft kiss on his lips, before he leaned back and looked Jimin deeply into his eyes. "If we could turn back time and you'd ask me the same question again, I would still agree to the arrangement. I love you, Jimin. I don't regret anything," Yoongi reassured, his gaze firm yet soft all the same, "It feels like a dream that you are here, that you feel the same."

Jimin retreated one of his hands to wipe away the mess on his face with his sleeve, sniffing ever so lightly. His smile was genuine, even if it looked more like a grimace with his puffy eyes.

"Jimin-ah," Yoongi said softly, "Do you want to be my boyfriend? For real, this time?"

The younger just pulled Yoongi closer and pressed his lips desperately against the elder's. "Yeah, I'd love to be your boyfriend", he whispered against his lips and captured them in another kiss.

He could feel Yoongi smile against his lips before he kissed him back just as passionately.

It felt surreal how fast the tables had turned.

Jimin wanted to date someone else and ended up falling in love with his friend, the most wonderful, kind, thoughtful and patient person he had ever met. Life might not always go as planned, but Jimin learned that it wasn't a bad thing.

Yoongi eventually leaned back to rest his forehead against Jimin's, enjoying the moment for just a little longer.

His heartbeat slowly calmed down, but where nervousness left giddiness took over. He was

suddenly all too aware where they were and that Yoongi was going to leave to Daegu in a while.

“Are you still going to Daegu, hyung?” Jimin asked softly, his hands fiddling with the collar of Yoongi’s jacket, “Can’t you just...not go?”

The elder chuckled, his deep voice sounding utterly attractive to Jimin’s ears, “Do I have a choice? Will you let me go?”

“No!” Jimin exclaimed quickly and wrapped his arms around Yoongi’s torso, “I will never let you go again.”

“I’m glad,” Yoongi mumbled against the crook of Jimin’s neck and pressed butterfly kisses along his skin, “I won’t go.”

Jimin smiled brightly, his body shuddering under Yoongi’s touch. It still felt like a dream to be here with Yoongi like this, to be loved by such a wonderful person.

“You know,” Jimin leaned back again and jutted out his lips slightly, eyes avoiding Yoongi, “You could sleep over tonight? Taehyung is staying with Jungkook tonight, too, so it’s just convenient for you to stay over...”

“Convenient. Mhm, I see.”

Jimin saw Yoongi’s smirk from the corner of his eyes, making his cheeks flush instantly. He lightly hit Yoongi’s shoulder and got up from the bench. “You know what? Forget I asked. Go to Daegu.”

“Aww, don’t sulk, baby,” Yoongi pleaded playfully as he got up as well just to wrap his arms around Jimin’s waist, pulling his back against his chest and resting his head on Jimin’s shoulder, “I’d love to stay over.”

He wanted to sulk, he really wanted to, but Yoongi had just called him ‘baby’ and casually set off a millions of butterflies in his stomach. The pout was quickly replaced with a bright smile.

“Okay, you can sleep over. Be glad I love you so much,” Jimin teased.

“Trust me, I am,” Yoongi replied so honestly that Jimin’s blush deepened instantly.

His heart was pounding loudly in his chest and for the first time in forever, it was out of pure happiness.

They went to Jimin’s apartment shortly after.

The rest of the evening was utterly peaceful, making it seem even more surreal.

They were lying down in Jimin’s bed face to face, their legs comfortably tangled up as Jimin slowly traced Yoongi’s features with his finger.

“It still feels like a dream,” the younger admitted softly, eyes still shining brightly, “A few hours ago I thought I lost one of the most important people in my life, and now you are here. Now you’re my *boyfriend* . I still can’t believe it.”

Yoongi gently took a hold of his wrist and dragged his hand to his lips. He kissed Jimin’s palm tenderly and placed it on his cheek afterwards, leaning into the touch. His thumb was rubbing soft circles into Jimin’s skin. “I’ll hold onto you until you can.”

“Don’t make me cry,” Jimin warned as he felt emotional all over again, “You have no idea how much I cried in the past days. More than in my entire life!”

“I will make it up to you,” Yoongi promised sincerely, “I will give you a kiss for every tear you shed and make you laugh twice as much. I’ll never make you cry again.”

“You’re failing miserably,” Jimin teased with a laugh, rubbing his eyes before he snuggled up even closer against the elder.

Yoongi wrapped his arm around Jimin’s waist, holding him as close as possible, his hand disappearing underneath Jimin’s shirt.

“I love you,” Yoongi whispered lowly and buried his face in Jimin’s hair, fingers gently digging into Jimin’s skin.

The sincerity in his voice makes Jimin’s heart beat faster, love seeping into every fiber of his body.

His eyes fluttered shut, trying to hold in his tears. “I love you, too, hyung. So damn much.”

To think that there was a time he thought he could have something like this, that he could be happy like this, with someone other than Yoongi blew his mind. It was ironic how an arrangement with the purpose of dating someone else led him right where he belonged, to Yoongi. He knew no one else could ever made him feel this way.

Everything he was looking for was right in front of his eyes, all he had to do, was just to take a look.

## Chapter End Notes

first of all... i really hope you liked this chapter! i poured my heart into this one and i'm really curious about your opinion on it!

i can't believe NiR is officially done now ;-; i'm kinda emotional

it was my first fic i wrote after **years** .. and actually the first one i ever finished as well

i sincerely wanna thank everyone for their support and feedback. your comments (well, any kind of feedback really) gave me so much energy and motivation to finish the fic, i couldn't have done it without your support <3

also special thanks to my friend drea who helped me editing and keeping me motivated as well, thank you a lot boo ;-;

i have an epilogue chapter planned for this, but i can't say yet when i will write and upload it. but i will definitely continue to write and am currently outlining my next project already!

last but not least, feedback is always appreciated! you can always scream at me on twitter as well ^-^

# Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

"7k at most" i said.  
11,4k it is...

here is the final part of NiR, the epilogue!!!

please read the notes at the end! ^-^

have fun reading~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*I must be going insane .*

Yoongi sat there quietly, watching Namjoon introduce the newest additions to their group. There was this tall kid with tanned skin, a straight nose and a honest to god cute rectangle grin. Even though that boy looked like he just walked right out of a magazine, he wasn't the one who caught Yoongi's attention.

There was another boy about the same height as himself. His hair was dark brown, making an unbelievably good-looking contrast to his ever so lightly sun-kissed skin, his dark orbs shining brightly under his long lashes. His nose was short, a perfect button nose, and his lips plump and pink.

God, this kid was too beautiful for his own good.

A couple of minutes passed since Namjoon brought them along to the table they usually met at, and he had been staring at the boy like a creep ever since.

Hell, the kid barely even said anything, but he still couldn't take his eyes of the beautiful smile that bloomed on his face when Jin made one of his unfunny dad jokes. He must be a saint.

Yoongi vaguely remembered Namjoon calling him Jimin and he couldn't help but think that the

name suited his cute looks. If that even made sense.

He wasn't the type to believe in love at first sight, but he felt strangely drawn to the kid from the moment he laid his eyes on him. He wasn't used to feeling attracted to a stranger. Yoongi usually got to know people first before he found them anything close to attractive. Beautiful, handsome, sure, but never attractive.

He had a hard time opening up to people in general, so he preferred to keep to himself rather than go out and meet a lot of people. That was one of the reasons his past relationships hadn't last, though he was never invested enough to mourn the loss either.

That's why he was even more confused. Could he just stop acting like a freak and look somewhere else for a goddamn second?

Apparently not.

The more time Yoongi spent with Jimin and Taehyung, the fonder he grew of them.

They were literally rays of sunshine, always smiling and laughing about anything and everything.

Jimin was really shy when they first met. He preferred to listen to their friends talking instead of joining the conversation himself. He used to hide his laugh behind his hand and was unable to hold eye contact with any of them for longer than a few seconds.

However, as weeks passed he started to open up to them, smiling brightly while cracking jokes, throwing his body at the person beside him with how hard he laughed. Eventually, he started whining and complaining openly to them, too. But more than anything, Jimin was cheerful and always ready to help his friends out. He often joined Seokjin in the kitchen to help him prepare dinner for everyone. All in all, Jimin was quite adorable.

He seemed to be too shy to talk to Yoongi the most, as the elder apparently seemed to look



intimidating. It didn't take long until Jimin found out he was nothing but a big softie though and from that moment, made it his mission to act even cuter than usual around him.

It was safe to say that Yoongi was slowly but surely growing attached to the younger.

He always had a soft spot for his dongsaengs, especially Jungkook. He was the first friend Yoongi made that was so much younger than him and he couldn't help but feel protective of him. Yoongi unconsciously looked out for him all the time and doted on him more than he'd like to admit.

Lately, he often found himself listening to his rants of how unfair the world was for sending someone as perfect as Taehyung into his life. The brat had the biggest crush on Taehyung, but deemed himself too young and unworthy to make a move on him. Instead, Yoongi had to listen to Jungkook whining and swooning over Taehyung regularly. If he just got his ass up and made his move on Taehyung, there wouldn't be a reason to wallow in self-pity.

But who was Yoongi to talk.

He was worse.

Yoongi did not only have a soft spot for Jimin but was legit crushing on the bubbly kid.

He was most definitely too old to crush on someone, yet, here he was, watching Jimin laugh from a distance, unable to hold back a smile.

It was ridiculous, it really was, but his heart still did a flip when Jimin directed a smile just at him and no one else.

Yoongi knew right from the start that there was something special about him, but he had never expected to grow *this* fond of the younger.

Over time, Yoongi had developed the habit of picking out the vegetables Jimin didn't like from the younger's plate. He didn't intend to be such a weirdo, but after he watched Jimin eat a meal he didn't like, to spare Seokjin's feelings, Yoongi felt his heart swell with warmth, admiration coursing through his veins. Hoseok had teased him so bad when he found out, but fortunately Jimin remained oblivious, enjoying his food with a bright smile on his face.

Yoongi was a goner, and he knew it.

But he wasn't going to act on his puppy crush any further.

First of all, he had no idea if Jimin was even interested in men. He never talked about relationships or anything of that matter before.

But most of all, they were friends and Jimin obviously didn't feel the same as Yoongi regardless, so there was no point in ruining their friendship. He was content the way things were at the moment.

He *had* been content the way things were until Jimin started crushing on a fellow teammate from his dance club.

It's not like Yoongi was jealous per se, but Jimin just wouldn't stop talking about that 'god-like' dude.

Worst of all, that guy managed to make Jimin feel insecure about himself, and Yoongi disliked it so damn much.

He lost count of the days Jimin wailed how he needed to change for that guy, how his cheeks were too chubby, his attitude to childlike, god, Yoongi didn't even want to think about all that nonsense Jimin had listed.

Yoongi couldn't understand how someone like Jimin felt the need to change at all. Jimin wasn't rude, he wasn't unhygienic, he didn't neglect his studies either. How could Jimin be genuinely displeased with himself when all Yoongi saw was a gorgeous boy with one of the biggest hearts ever.

There was a huge difference between wanting to put some effort into his looks, wanting to change

for himself, and feeling the *need* to change because someone else gave him the feeling he had to. Someone else's satisfaction wasn't a reason for Jimin to change a single thing about himself. Yoongi believed in that strongly.

The elder didn't know whether that boy gave Jimin the feeling he needed to change or if Jimin deemed himself unworthy on his own.

Either way, he doubted that Jimin even knew how sad these thoughts were.

People often stressed themselves to meet society's expectations. All those idols with their pale skin and sculpture like faces made the younger generation believe they needed to look the same. Even a small thing like a shorter nose or perfectly normal baby fat suddenly became a huge flaw. Yoongi disliked that term so much. It wasn't a flaw until someone regarded it as one. Aren't those traits what make a person special in the end?

Jimin often complained about his crooked tooth, but to Yoongi it was one of his biggest charms. It was so endearing.

He wanted nothing more than for people to realize that it's alright to have 'flaws', to be satisfied with themselves and proud of who they are.

Seeing Jimin doubt himself made Yoongi sad.

He wished he could somehow express those other than with words. Words were easily said, but often hard to believe. If he could showcase his thoughts, however, that could leave quite an impact.

Yoongi's thoughts wandered off, images forming in his head.

He saw Jimin standing in front of a mirror, looking at himself.

His hair was slightly parted, revealing his forehead, blue contact lenses covering his brown orbs, makeup covering his skin. He wore a white button up along with black slacks, silver earrings making a beautiful contrast to his dark hair.

He would look handsome, but there wouldn't be a smile on his face. The style wouldn't be one he chose himself, but society who forced him to dress that way.

But he would have enough.

He would run his fingers through his hair, destroying the perfect hairstyle. He would remove the makeup and get out of these uncomfortable clothes.

Jimin would take a deep breath and look at himself again, a smile slowly blooming on his face, finally feeling comfortable in his own skin.

Yoongi imagined it roughly like that. He truly wished Jimin would feel that way, that he would realize that he was perfect the way he was, that he didn't need to judge himself so harshly, that he didn't need to change for *anyone*.

The elder really wished he could portray such a concept. He would have loved to make such a project, show it to the world, but the images in his mind were now filled with a certain boy, and he knew he wouldn't ever be able to realize that concept.

It was alright though.

For now, he quietly continued to observe the younger complain about being too shy around his crush, wondering if that dude realized how lucky he was to have someone like Jimin crushing on him. He wondered if that guy felt the same.

Yoongi never expected that turn of events.

Jimin asked *him* to be his fake-boyfriend. Not that he had a lot of choices left with Namjoon dating Seokjin and Taehyung's and Jungkook's mutual pining. Hoseok was in the same crew as him, too, so that only left Yoongi as an option.

And still, Yoongi was sitting there like a fool, heart pounding wildly in his ribcage, blood roaring in his ears.

He was silently praying for Jimin to be as oblivious as he usually was.

The elder knew it was a bad idea, a *very* bad idea.

His feelings hadn't changed for the better in the past months. Instead his puppy crush had turned into a full blown mess of a one-sided love.

Yoongi had no idea how it happened. Then again, Jimin didn't make it hard for someone to fall in love with him. He wasn't only physically attractive but his personality even more so. Jimin was one of the kindest people Yoongi had ever met. He might not be aware of it himself, but he was constantly looking out for his friends. He'd ask them how their day was, massaging their shoulders when they were tired. He'd help Seokjin cook, knowing that no one else could. Despite their playful bickering he'd always take care of Jungkook the most, like a real brother.

Jimin wasn't only friendly, but he was also playful and sassy. He was the full package. How was someone capable of *not* loving Jimin? Yoongi didn't know if he ever felt this attracted with someone else before, but he couldn't blame himself for falling so hopelessly in love with his friend.

In conclusion, it was a horrible idea.

But Jimin looked at him with those hopeful, shining puppy eyes, and Yoongi felt weak.

His last attempt to get out of pretending, was suggesting a trade off-- one that he was almost certain Jimin would never agree to. He suggested that Jimin should model for the project he can't help but keep thinking about regularly. But Jimin agreed so easily, too easily. Yoongi never intended to go through with the project.

He wouldn't take nudes of his friends, especially not of *Jimin* .

However, the way Jimin almost pleaded to help him out, Yoongi found himself agreeing nonetheless.

*Maybe it's not going to be so bad* , he tried to reason with himself. He promised himself to try his best to treat Jimin well. He would use the time to indulge Jimin as much as possible, making sure he always had a reason to smile brightly.

Maybe Jimin would learn to feel more comfortable in his own skin with his project, too.

If Yoongi accomplished any of this, he would be happy and not regret his decision, no matter how this would end.

A part of Yoongi selfishly enjoyed the thought of calling Jimin his. Despite his attempts to get rid of his feelings, he was still utterly smitten for the boy. Just the thought of being close to Jimin made his heart beat faster instantly.

But Yoongi was scared, too. It was the first time he ever felt this emotionally invested in a romantic way that he feared to fall even deeper in love with Jimin. He had been content watching Jimin from afar, as a friend, but he wasn't sure if was able to let go of Jimin so easily after this. Yoongi feared to get crushed at the end of this journey.

And yet, his worries meant nothing when he saw the happy smile on Jimin's lips.

It was dangerous how easy the lines between illusion and reality blurred when he was with Jimin.

Despite his internal struggles. Yoongi thought it couldn't be *that* bad to fake-date Jimin. The way his limbs were shaking as he stood in front of the dance studio told him otherwise. He was legit nervous. Which was quite ridiculous, considering he was simply picking up his friend.

Jimin seemed just as nervous as him, though for a completely different reason. The younger was nervous about the physical contact itself and making it seem real in front of his crush, while Yoongi was close going into cardiac arrest because it was *Jimin* he was going to be affectionate with.

When Yoongi slipped his hands into Jimin's, interlacing their fingers for the first time, he felt his whole body tingling, excitement coursing through his veins. Their hands fit too perfectly, the warmth too comfortable. He wasn't supposed to like such a small thing that much.

And then there was Jimin, blushing so utterly endearingly next to him all the time.

Even though Yoongi *knew* it wasn't because of him, but Jimin's nervousness in general, his heart couldn't help but doing a flip every time the younger's round eyes widened slightly with his cheeks beautifully flushed.

It got worse with every passing day.

Jimin grew familiar with the small gestures, he seemed to visibly relax the more time they spent together, opening up and talking freely. Although he had never done a photoshoot before, Jimin always tried his best to deliver, and hell, he did. Yoongi was impressed with how fast Jimin relaxed in front of the camera, how easily he followed his instructions. Yoongi was genuinely mesmerized.

The time he spent with Jimin was too nice not to grow attached. He got used to Jimin's giggly 'hyung', to his sassy jokes, to his adorable grin, to the touch of his small hand. Whenever he was around Jimin, he felt nothing but warmth, his heart swelling every time the younger flashed him a bright smile.

Yoongi got bold. He didn't intend to, but he found himself teasing Jimin, making suggestive remarks just to see another beautiful blush blooming on his face.

He didn't know where the courage came from, but one day he found himself pressing his lips against Jimin's cheek ever so lightly. Blood roared in his ears, heart close to exploding, but Jimin didn't seem to notice.

However, it seemed like Yoongi wasn't only the only one who grew familiar with the situation.

Jimin began to lean into him from time to time, reaching out to interlace their fingers first, seeking Yoongi's closeness.

It was hard to remind himself that it was fake, that Jimin was simply getting more comfortable in a platonic way, while Yoongi feel deeper and deeper in love. He knew he shouldn't grow attached, but that was easier said than done.

With every smile and every fleeting touch, Yoongi fell even deeper in love.

The days passed too fast, a few weeks passing in a flash.

Yoongi was quite worried about Jimin in the past days. The younger was stressed because of his exams to the point he neglected his meals. He even had to drag Jimin back to his apartment for him to take a break. He didn't like seeing Jimin struggle like this, even if every student went through that phase.

Therefore, Yoongi decided to cheer him up a little.

He remembered Jimin and Jungkook whining about their favorite group having a concert but failing to get tickets. That seemed to be a nice idea.

With the help of his friend Yoongi actually managed to get two tickets for the concert in the end. He got super excited after that. He planned to take Jimin out for a meal first and then go to the concert afterwards. Maybe it sounded too much like a date, but maybe Yoongi just wanted it to be one, too.

When he picked the younger up from dance practice and gave him his gift, Jimin's reaction exceeded his expectations by far. It was obvious how excited Jimin was, his eyes sparkling brightly, his grin almost ripping his cheeks apart.

Yoongi would have lied if he said his heart didn't skip a beat when a 'I love you' slipped past Jimin's lips. He *knew* Jimin didn't mean it *that* way, but he couldn't hold back the genuine 'I love you, too' anyway.

It was Friday in the blink of an eye.

Yoongi was getting ready to pick up Jimin, trying on various different outfits.



He had never made such a big fuss about his clothes, but he was going out with Jimin and he wanted to look nice. A very tiny part of him *maybe* wanted to impress the younger, too.

Hoseok, who leaned against the wall with his arms crossed and watched Yoongi going through his wardrobe, eyed Yoongi worriedly.

“You’re serious about Jimin, aren’t you?” His best friend suddenly asked, catching him off guard.

Yoongi’s head snapped up in surprise. He quietly stared at his friend, but eventually sighed softly, dropping his gaze towards the pile of clothes on his bed. He hummed in reply.

There was no point in lying to Hoseok. They had been friends for years and the younger was able to read him way too easily.

Hoseok chew on his lower, but eventually smiled softly. “Please be careful not to get hurt. I love both of you, I don’t want to see either of you suffer.”

“I’ll be fine,” Yoongi assured, putting on his leather jacket with a shrug, “I know that Jimin doesn’t feel the same way. I just wanted to him to have fun today. I won’t get confused, don’t worry.”

Well, that’s what his brain told him, but his heart wasn’t on the same page.

As soon as the younger opened the door it felt like the wind was knocked out of his system.

Jimin was all dressed up, he looked fucking stunning. The way the leather pants hugged his thighs so perfectly was surely illegal. He had to try very hard to keep his eyes off Jimin’s thighs for the rest of the evening, but fortunately Jimin’s face was a very pleasing distraction.

The evening felt like a dream.

He had been out eating with a friend before, even with Jimin before, but that evening it really felt like a date. Jimin’s cheeks were constantly slightly flushed, his eyes sparkling endlessly throughout the whole evening.

When they went to the concert hall Yoongi bought Jimin one of those lightsticks every fan apparently needed to have. The shy, but very bright smile on Jimin's lips was definitely worth it.

His mood was about to dampen when some random stranger had the audacity to flirt with his boyfriend, fake-boyfriend, but still.

Jimin managed to cheer him up way too easily, his words not holding the meaning Yoongi wished they did, but his heart was fluttering in his chest nonetheless.

Rather than paying attention to the concert, his eyes lingered on Jimin, who was having the time of his life. He sang along, screamed, even danced a little in his seat. Yoongi was glad he went through the trouble to get these tickets. It was definitely worth it.

He almost expected something to go wrong with how nice the evening had been so far. He was never that lucky.

It suddenly began pouring heavily and of course, neither of them had an umbrella.

Much to his surprise, Jimin seemed almost excited about it. He grabbed Yoongi's hand and dragged him into the rain, fooling around until they were completely soaked before he started running towards the dormitories. If it had been someone else he would have been fucking mad, but this was Jimin, the boy he was helplessly in love with, laughing so freely that Yoongi couldn't care less.

It happened on the spur of the moment.

Every fiber of his body was itching to get closer, to feel Jimin's warmth again. The soft smile on Jimin's lips was tempting him, utterly mesmerized by the boy in front of him. Before he knew it, Yoongi closed the distance between them until they were barely inches apart.

His eyes flickered between Jimin's plump lips and his eyes, the last bit of sanity he had left telling him to make sure it was alright, but when Jimin's gaze dropped to his lips as well Yoongi couldn't resist any longer. He softly kissed Jimin.

His brain seemed to snap out of its trance in that second, realizing what he was doing, so he

leaned away quickly, ready to apologize. However, Jimin suddenly tugged at his jacket and pulled him closer, capturing Yoongi's lips in another kiss.

It felt so surreal. Yoongi's heart was pounding rapidly in his ribcage, his body tingling all over.

Jimin's lips were soft against his own, his nose bumping into Yoongi's as he cocked his head to the side, deepening the kiss. His small hand held onto his jacket so tightly, his whole body slightly shaking.

Yoongi didn't know how long they stood there, lost in their own world, but the way Jimin shook in his embrace told him it was time to come back to reality. He hardly managed to break the kiss, still in a daze, when he walked Jimin home.

The younger seemed just as overwhelmed as Yoongi felt.

Later that night, when the heat of the moment subsided, Yoongi started to panic.

Had he just forced Jimin into a kiss? Jimin was way too kind-hearted to push his friends away. He probably didn't know how to reject Yoongi without feeling rude about it, so he went with the flow. What had Yoongi done?

He suddenly felt nauseous, his stomach churning uncomfortably. He went too far.

Yoongi had crossed a line, let his feelings overpowering reason. He felt horrible for taking advantage of Jimin's innocence, of his kindness. What kind of friend was he? Jimin trusted him and he just went and let his hormones harm the younger.

This had to stop.

The following days Yoongi had tried to distance himself, but it wasn't that easy.

He craved for Jimin's warmth. He was used to having the younger lean into his side during lunch, test him throughout the day and listen to his cute giggles.

But now he couldn't have any of those. If he didn't set his mind straight he would make the same mistake again. He had to stay away from Jimin and get his feelings under control first.

The shoot was the hardest one for Yoongi so far. Jimin looked too beautiful for his own good, the way he smiled at the children was too endearing for Yoongi's heart not to beat fast at the sight.

He was trying so hard to hold himself back, but all he wanted to do was to pull Jimin into an embrace and capture those sinful lips between his own again.

It was driving him insane.

When that rude biker almost crashed into the younger, they were unintentionally close, desire flaring up instantly. He caught himself leaning in, but this time he was quick enough to back off. It was hard, his chest clenching uncomfortably, but it had to be done. He couldn't let the lines get blurred even more.

His mood got worse every day.

He lost his appetite, memories of Jimin's lips against his own still too vivid in his mind. It was hunting him. Why couldn't his body listen to him once? Jimin didn't deserve this. He put so much effort into his project and Yoongi couldn't give back even half of it because his fucking heart wouldn't let him live.

Yoongi was ashamed.

At least Hoseok was there to help him a bit. Yoongi had told him the morning after the concert, that he made a mistake and needed some time away from the younger, so his best friend was kind enough to lie to the others for him. Being busy with his projects wasn't even exactly a lie, but it was an excuse to stay away from Jimin nonetheless.

Needless to say that he had no nerves to deal with his bubbly friend, who just barged into his studio.

Even though he knew his friend partly meant to cheer him up, he would have preferred to stay in his cave and be depressed on his own.

“C’mon Yoongs~ I really need your help, hm?” Kihyun pouted, “My girlfriend will kill me if I show up without a great gift.”

“Who forgets their anniversary anyway? You deserve to get your ass beaten,” Yoongi mumbled grumpily.

“Don’t be like this,” Kihyun whined and promptly said down on Yoongi’s lap.

Yoongi groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose. “What do you want, Kihyun?”

“C’mon Yoongs~ you know exactly what I want,” Kihyun whined and he wasn’t wrong. Yoongi knew this was probably about editing tons of pictures and he had zero interest in doing so. He had enough work to do and seeing cute couple pictures wasn’t going to help him cheer up either.

Then again, he owed him. Kihyun worked hard to get him those concert tickets and he shouldn’t be such an asshole just because his love life wasn’t all sunshine and roses.

Truth to be told, it was quite adorable how much Kihyun loved his girlfriend. He often spoke about her, showed him pictures of her and was overall just smitten for that girl. It was a mystery how he managed to forget his anniversary.

Well, if he was going to do it anyway, he could get at least a bit fun out of this, right? Teasing Kihyun was always fun.

Yoongi smirked mischievously and placed a finger under the boy’s chin. “What if I don’t want to, though?”

“I’m sure I can persuade you,” Kihyun said and wiggled his eyebrow suggestively, “you can’t do this to me. I need you.”

“Kihyun-ah, y’know I’m busy as fuck,” He replied playfully, knowing that Kihyun already caught on he gave in.

His friend grinned. “I’m sure we can finish this real quick, knowing your skills.”

“Alright,” Yoongi sighed but mirrored his grin, “Just because you bought me lunch. Can’t eat those instant noodles any longer.”

“And because you love me.”

Yoongi scoffed and rolled his eyes. *Whatever makes you sleep at night*, he thought, but he was grateful his friend tried to cheer him up. Even if he was gaining something out of this himself.

The elder was more than surprised to get a message from Jimin, asking if he could come over.

Yoongi wasn’t ready yet, not at all, but Jimin wouldn’t budge, so he told him to come over anyway.

So Jimin did, and it was worse than Yoongi expected.

There are dark circles under Jimin’s pretty eyes, his usual happy demeanor nowhere to be found. Knowing that he caused this made Yoongi feel even worse.

He didn’t know how to cope with his feelings any longer.

Having Jimin sit on his bed was tempting him to sit down next to him, apologize and explain everything, but he couldn’t. Yoongi knew Jimin didn’t feel the same and that it would ruin their friendship, if he hadn’t done that already with his careless actions. Jimin would surely feel bad about not reciprocating his feelings, and that was the last thing Yoongi wanted. He couldn’t face Jimin just yet.

However, when Jimin suddenly rambled, saying nonsense like ‘Yoongi not liking the kiss’, if he ‘hated the kiss that much’, something inside him snapped.

Was Jimin worried he *disliked* the kiss and was therefore avoiding him?

Where did that thought come from?

The elder barely managed to let go of Jimin that night, how could he possibly think that Yoongi disliked the kiss? Wasn't it obvious how much he loved the younger?

Things escalated from there.

Yoongi has Jimin pinned against the door, truth spilling from his lips. He didn't say the whole truth, leaving out the part of loving Jimin so much it hurt, but it was enough to calm him down.

Their lips soon crash against each other in a heated kiss, hand holding onto each other desperately. The soft moan escaping Jimin's lips sent a shiver down Yoongi's spine, fueling his suppressed desire even more.

It was driving him insane how much he wanted the younger in every possible way.

He wanted to be his friend, someone he could talk to without hiding anything. He wanted to make him laugh and see those beautiful eyes sparkle happily. He wanted to hold him, kiss him, be close to him, embracing him with his love.

He loved Jimin. He loved Jimin with every fiber of his body.

The way Jimin kissed him back, clung onto him so desperately, made hope raise in Yoongi's heart. He got greedy.

Maybe, just maybe, Jimin was starting to feel the same.

Jimin left shortly after.

Yoongi sunk down to the ground the instant he closed the door, bringing up his knees to his chest to hug his legs and hide his face.

His cheeks were burning, his heart racing a mile a minute.

Just an hour ago he was drowning in self-hatred, but now he was feeling light-headed, giddy and hopeful.

He felt horrible, knowing that Jimin lost sleep over such a misunderstanding, but in a way, it made him happy, too. Jimin *must* feel *something*, whatever that was. He wouldn't have been this desperate if his feelings were entirely platonic, right?

It was toxic to get up his hopes, but Yoongi couldn't help it.

The door suddenly opened behind him, a confused Hoseok almost tripping over Yoongi's hunched figure. "Ayyy, hyung. What's going on here?"

Yoongi didn't even get a chance to reply as Hoseok went on. "Jiminnie was also sitting on the ground. What are you guys up to?"

His blush turned into a deeper shade of red, happiness creeping up his spine.

Maybe there was hope after all.

Yoongi was a fool.

But how could he not melt into Jimin's touch when the younger pressed his lips so softly against



his own? How could he not love Jimin wholeheartedly when the boy made him feel at home, made him happy and excited every single day?

Days, even weeks, passed in a flash.

It still felt like a few days ago when Jimin stood there in front of him, light blush on his chubby cheeks, as he asked him to be his fake-boyfriend.

A lot of things had changed since that day.

Yoongi thought it was impossible to fall even more for Jimin, but he was wrong. Every time the younger interlaced their fingers, his tiny hand fitting perfectly into his, every time he flashed Yoongi a soft smile, only for him and no one else, every time Jimin merely called him 'hyung' in his adorable, whiny tone, Yoongi's heart wouldn't stop fluttering. He loved to just lay there and listen to Jimin's soft, high-pitched voice, talking about this and that. He loved the way the younger's eyes sparked whenever he talked about something he liked. He grew familiar with Jimin's warmth, loving every second he was able to indulge in his warm embrace. He loved Jimin.

Yoongi was a fool, he knew, but hope settled deep in his heart.

Ever since they made up Yoongi wasn't holding back as much as before. He would snuggle up to Jimin's back, burying his nose in the crook of his neck. He loved Jimin's scent, but he loved the excuse to let his lips linger on Jimin's warm skin even more.

The younger seemed to feel more at ease around Yoongi as well. With fleeting pecks and slow, deep kisses, Jimin managed to crumble the last bit of resistance in Yoongi.

It was scary how comfortable he felt, how a simple smile from Jimin brightened his day, but he wouldn't want to have it any other way. Instead, he wanted nothing more than to hold onto Jimin, enjoying their time just a day longer, until forever.

And just like that his days passed in a flash.

They found themselves in Yoongi's studio, ready for the last shoot.

Jimin seemed nervous, but the genuine smile and the warmth in his eyes told the elder that he trusted him with this and that he was fine.

Little did Jimin know that Yoongi was freaking out since the moment he woke up that day. It wasn't only the most important shoot for his project, but Jimin had to do this shoot *naked*. The elder was nervous. He didn't want to make Jimin uncomfortable. The shoot was going to be as professional as possible and he'd make sure Jimin was covered well enough, but he couldn't deny that he was attracted to Jimin nonetheless. Even if he wanted to be professional, his heart, embarrassing enough, was already starting to beat faster the moment Jimin stepped into the room. His unstyled hair and bare face were enough to make Yoongi swallow heavily, feeling way too affected for his own good.

The shoot was unexpectedly, smooth as if Jimin modeled every day.

They started with some shots of different parts of Jimin's body, so he didn't need to undress completely right from the start.

Yoongi noticed the tiny stretch marks above Jimin's knees for the first time, as well as the scars on his legs. His fingers carefully traced the lines on Jimin's skin, mesmerized, wondering what stories were behind those scars.

Jimin was so utterly beautiful, even more than Yoongi could ever express in words.

When the younger has to undress completely, Yoongi turned around to give him some space. A sudden force of nervousness hit Yoongi in with a full blow, his heart pounding loudly in his chest.

Nothing could have prepared him for the sight that awaited him.

Jimin looked *ethereal* with nothing but the silk covering his private parts. His light sun-kissed skin and black hair made a beautiful contrast to the white material. With the blush on his cheeks and his slightly parted lips, it was hard for Yoongi to focus on the purpose of his state.

Fortunately, Yoongi managed to calm himself down as he struggled to suppress the blush that crept on his face, staying as professional as possible. The last thing he wanted was to make Jimin feel weird in this situation, and that thought helped Yoongi a lot.

However, he was only a man, too.

When he got home later that evening and finally stepped into the shower, even the cold water couldn't fight back the hard-on any longer.

Yoongi hissed, trying hard *not* to think of the younger's strong thighs, his smooth skin, the enticing mole on his collarbone. He tried not to think of the soft sighs that leave those pink, plump lips when they kiss. He tried not to think of his small hands tangling with Yoongi's hair, tugging it ever so lightly with their movements.

He felt ashamed the moment he starts jerking off, sucking in his lower lip, chewing on it in an attempt to keep his voice muffled.

It wasn't the first time he had touched himself to the thought of the younger, but he had stopped ever since his imaginations were replaced with memories instead.

It felt wrong, so utterly wrong, but also so damn *right*.

The elder came so embarrassingly fast, groaning deeply as he does.

Never in a million years had Yoongi expected to have Jimin sitting on his lap just a few days later, grinding down on him so sinfully that Yoongi barely comprehending the turn of events.

His heart was almost combusting when Jimin said he'd stay the night. It got worse when he came back from the shower with Yoongi's clothes on. Yoongi didn't think he would be *that* affected, but he was wrong once again. The sight of Jimin wearing his clothes made him melt into a puddle of goo, heart fluttering uncontrollably, cheeks slightly blushing.

When they went to bed and he snuggled up closer into Jimin's back, he had only one thought in mind. *I wanna stay like this forever.*

Holding Jimin in his arms, feeling his warmth against his chest, smelling the scent of his own body wash on Jimin's skin, was everything Yoongi could ever wish for.

He couldn't hold back the soft 'I love you' that left his lips in a whisper, but it was left unheard. Jimin was sleeping soundly in his embrace and Yoongi couldn't seem to mind.

Yoongi was in a good mood.

He had promised to pick up Jimin from dance practice and was currently on his way to the practice room, the route familiar by now.

He would never admit it to the younger, but it wasn't the first time Yoongi was going there early, *way* earlier than he needed to. Sometimes, when he wasn't busy himself, he'd just go there and watch Jimin dance from the slightly opened door with a proud smile playing on his lips.

Jimin's movements were fluid and sharp all the same, leaving Yoongi in awe every single time.

The elder was giddy when he arrived, peeking into the room in excitement.

To his surprise practice seemed to be over already. Was he late or did they end early?

His gaze searched for the boy he was eager to see, but when his eyes finally spotted him Yoongi's smile fell.

Jimin wasn't alone.

Taemin stood there right beside him, arm slung around his shoulders. They were smiling brightly at each other. Even from afar Yoongi saw how flushed Jimin's cheeks were, how Taemin reached out to pinch his cheek.

They were flirting.

His heart skipped a beat, his chest feeling painfully tight as his throat constricted, making it hard to breathe.

Jimin was smiling so utterly brightly at the other and it hurt. It hurt so fucking much.

Yoongi was a fool. He had known right from the start that *this* was the reason for their arrangement. Jimin was *supposed* to get closer to his crush. There was no reason for Yoongi to feel betrayed. But he did.

Within the past weeks it felt like Jimin had slowly warmed up to him, like he had wanted this as much as Yoongi. They had made out just a few days ago, did that mean nothing to Jimin?

He felt sick. He couldn't take it.

Reality suddenly crashed down on him, making his stomach churn uncomfortably.

He shouldn't have got his hopes up. Jimin had probably enjoyed the physical affection, but it held no meaning that it was Yoongi who embraced him. Maybe he wanted to experiment a little before he dated for real, too. He didn't know. He didn't *want* to know.

He was a fool for believing there was more behind this, that he wasn't the only one in love.

Jimin wasn't to blame though. He knew it right from the start and yet, his foolish heart hadn't listened to him just once. It was his mistake.

But enough is enough. Yoongi couldn't do this any longer.

The elder quickly turned away from the painful sight and walked away as fast as possible. He blindly fished his phone out of his pocket and typed Jimin a message to meet him outside, giving himself some time to calm down before he had to face the younger.

He had set his mind to break up with Jimin. If he could even call it breaking up. After all, they weren't dating for real.

For the first time, Yoongi couldn't bear to look at Jimin's bright smile.

The last steps to Jimin's apartment were dreadful, almost luring him into giving up his plan, but he knew he'd only get hurt even more if he didn't end this right now. It might damage him to a point he couldn't put the pieces back together anymore.

He thought it was impossible, but the moment the words leave his lips it felt like his world was breaking apart all over again.

The shock on Jimin's face was obvious, pain flashing in his eyes, but Yoongi was unable to hope any longer. He wasn't going to lie to himself anymore.

Yoongi left without turning back. Not because he didn't want to, but he feared if he looked at Jimin once again he might cling onto him, asking the younger to give him a chance. He shouldn't sink that low.

He dragged himself back to his apartment. He fiddled with his keys, his shaking hands making it hard to unlock the door.

When he finally managed to open the door, Yoongi stepped inside the apartment and slammed the door shut behind him.

Hoseok startled, looking at Yoongi from across the room, worry immediately lacing his features. "Hyung?"

However, Yoongi ignored him and went straight into the bathroom. He heard Hoseok approaching instantly, alarmed by Yoongi's behavior, so he locked the door with his trembling fingers.

His friend knocked at the door shortly after, door handle moving up and down. "Yoongi? Are you alright?"

No, he wasn't.

His legs gave in. He sunk down to the ground, tears he held back for too long rolling down his cheeks. He quickly covered his mouth with his hand, trying to muffle his pathetic sobs.

“Hyung, please open the door. I know something is wrong. Let’s talk, hm?” Hoseok said, voice full of concern.

But Yoongi didn’t reply. He brought up his knees to his chest and hid his face, feeling ashamed and dumb more than anything else.

He had no right to be upset. Maybe that’s why it hurt even more.

Yoongi wasn’t the type to cry often, but right now his tears were streaming down his cheeks and he couldn’t care less.

All the memories he had made with Jimin suddenly seemed dark, like an illusion he wasn’t supposed to have seen. The warmth, the tenderness, the kisses, everything seemed like a dream, unreachable now.

Even though his brain knew the day would come, his heart had lulled him into false hope, all reason forgotten.

His chest clenched so hard that it felt suffocating. Each sob hurt his dry throat, his fingers convulsing uncomfortably.

Hoseok continued to talk to him, banging his fist on the door in worry, but it was all just distance noise to Yoongi’s ears.

*It will get better soon* , he had lied to himself and was promptly proven wrong.

Yoongi was heading home after he left the printed photos for the exhibition at the location. He was exhausted, barely having slept in the past days. Appetite long lost, he hadn't really eaten much either. The elder just wanted to go home and lock himself up in his room again.

He had already been this close. Just another 5 minute walk to his dormitory, but he just *had* to spot them.

In the distance he could see Taemin and Jimin leave the building together, apparently heading towards Jimin's apartment.

The sharp pain in his chest knocked the wind out of him, his throat constricting. His eyes widened in shock, unable to move a single inch.

It had barely been two days and Jimin was already making his move on Taemin?

The sight was more than just painful.

Jimin suddenly looked at his direction, seemingly noticing Yoongi as he froze in his movements. His heartbeat increased, in panic rather than anticipation. He just wanted to leave, *now*.

With a forceful smile and a weak wave, Yoongi quickly turned around and continued his way to the dormitories, heart clenching painfully.

Later that evening Hoseok sat down next to him, looking at him sympathetically.

"Listen..." His friend started carefully, hesitating, "I saw Jimin and Taemin earlier."

Yoongi didn't reply. He knew, he didn't want to be reminded.

"I really don't wanna say this to you, I *know* you don't wanna hear it, but I don't want you to find it out another way so...I forgot my towel back at the practice room, so I went to get it...and saw them hugging." *Stop*. "They were talking about some kind of date, too..." *Please stop*. "I'm sorry, Yoongi."



Yoongi scoffed breathlessly, unshed tears burning behind his eyes. “Jimin really wastes no time, huh?”

Hoseok looked as troubled as Yoongi felt. He put an arm around Yoongi’s shoulders, rubbing his arm comfortingly. “I might have heard it wrong. I really didn’t catch much of their conversation. Jimin seemed really out of it during practice. He’s definitely not fine either.”

“I saw them, too,” Yoongi confessed, hating to be this vulnerable in front of Hoseok, “Taemin was walking Jimin home. They were smiling. Jimin probably just pretended to be sad to make his move on him.”

“No, you know Jimin is not good at lying,” Hoseok objected firmly, “Even *if* they really go on a date, Jimin is affected by your break up, too.”

Yoongi didn’t argue any further, but Hoseok’s words sadly didn’t comfort him at all.

Yeah, Jimin was bad at lying, but he saw how happy the younger was talking to his crush. He had listened to Jimin’s daydreaming long enough to know that he was serious about the other. Who would go through the trouble to fake-date someone if they weren’t anyway.

“I’ll ask him,” Hoseok declared, “Let’s not speculate anything and find out from him directly, okay? I’ll do it.”

Yoongi knew he would only hurt more if he heard the truth from Jimin himself, but he couldn’t avoid the situation either.

Sooner or later, Taemin would join their group and Yoongi had to see him every single time he’d meet up with his friends. He had to get used to it, no matter how much he hated it.

He genuinely wished for Jimin’s happiness, he just couldn’t bear to see Jimin with someone else yet.

They met for the first time after ending their arrangement at Namjoon's a few days later.

It was going to be painfully awkward to face the younger, pretending to be fine, but he didn't want to lose Jimin either, so he had to try.

Dinner itself wasn't too bad. His friends kept talking as usual, so he got away with eating his food in silence, eyes rarely leaving his plate.

Things escalated quickly when they were done with dinner though, and gathered on the couch to talk as usual.

Everyone had been rather cheerful so far, but as soon as Hoseok asked about Jimin's date, the mood suddenly dampened. The once carefree air between them turned tense, eyes darting between him and Jimin.

Dreadful seconds passed until Jimin quietly affirmed Hoseok's question.

A lump thick as a stone formed in Yoongi's throat, pain coursing through his veins. Yoongi licked his dry lips, trying to ignore the pain in his chest, but it wasn't easy.

Hearing those words were by far more painful than he'd imagined.

No matter how often he told himself it was over, his heart clung desperately onto every last string of hope. But now those words were as sharp as a blade, cutting right through the fragile threads.

It was hard to keep his emotions under control after that.

He couldn't bear looking at the younger. He just wanted to go back home, lock himself up and hide under his blanket. He wanted to rip out his worthless heart and stop the pain from making things worse.

If he had known how painful it was to be in love he would have avoided Jimin, would have run away as far as he could.

No, that was a lie. His pathetic self would have still held onto him for as long as he could. He felt even more pathetic.

Yoongi really didn't want to, tried so goddamn hard *not* to let his emotions show, but when Jimin said he would cancel his date something inside him snapped.

He lashed out at the younger, said ugly words he regretted the moment they left his lips, but he just couldn't stop.

He felt all the pain crashing down on him at once, all the memories they made, how much he yearned for the younger, how happy he had been, everything suddenly felt meaningless.

The elder didn't know why he screamed at Jimin like that. Maybe he was upset about falling deeper in love with Jimin over the past months, and the purpose of it was going down the drain just like that. Maybe the prospect of Jimin having several dates with Taemin in the future was throwing Yoongi off, or maybe it was just the immense sadness eating him up alive, destroying all reason in his action.

The hurt expression on Jimin's face was unbearable, so he ran away like the coward he was.

Instead of talking things out with Jimin he just wanted to hide and bury his feelings for the better.

*I can get over it. I just need time.*

But even those lies didn't comfort him any longer.

The exhibition was well-attended and his project seemed to gain a lot of interest, but Yoongi was far from being happy.

It should be the most important day of his college life, but all he could think about was Jimin's hurt expression.

After Hoseok had caught up to him that night, embracing him until the tears that wouldn't stop flowing finally dried, he texted Jimin, apologized for his actions. There was no explanation added, fearing that Jimin had no interest in knowing the reason anyway.

The younger must have been upset, he had every right to. He probably needed some space from Yoongi, and the elder understood. He would have needed some space from a crazy bastard like him, too. His message was left unanswered and Yoongi wasn't surprised in the least.

And yet, he pathetically started at the entrance, hoping for Jimin to appear despite Yoongi telling him not to.

It was ridiculous, really, but his heart still wouldn't let go.

Yoongi didn't deserve it, but he wanted to see Jimin. The past days had been horrible. He barely caught any sleep, only exhaustion making him drift off for a few hours. He regretted lashing out at the younger, he regretted not openly telling him the truth. If Jimin just rejected him, everything would have been fine. His heart could stop hoping and Jimin would understand why he was acting like an asshole.

If Jimin just came through that door today, he would confess.

But Jimin didn't.

As the day went by his friends all came to look at his photos, congratulating him for the good work, but not Jimin.

*It's alright* , Yoongi told himself with a sad smile.

Maybe they were just not meant to be from the start.

Yoongi had made a decision, and he didn't hesitate to go through with it. As soon as he arrived back at his apartment he grabbed one of his larger bags and opened his wardrobe.

"Are you really going to leave, hyung?" Hoseok asked, sadness and worry thick in his voice.

"It's for the better," Yoongi replied as he throw a bunch of clothes into his bag, zipping it shortly after, "I don't wanna be like this, Hobi. I don't wanna be upset and lash out at others because I can't cope with my feelings."

"The saddest thing is, I *want* Jimin to be happy. I want nothing more than that, but I can't bear to see him with someone else yet. I need some space to calm down, to accept all of this."

Hoseok nodded in understanding, reaching out to give Yoongi's hand a gentle squeeze, "I'm sorry. I really though Jimin....nevermind. I really hope you feel better soon. Contact me, okay? How am I going to survive without you?"

A small smile tugged at Yoongi's lips. He ruffled Hoseok's hair and grabbed his bag. "You'll be fine. I'll be back soon anyway. Gotta graduate and all."

Hoseok offered to accompany him to the bus station, but Yoongi declined. He really just wanted to be alone at the moment.

Now that he was a bit calmer, he was actually hoping that Jimin would be happy with Taemin.

The thought of Jimin dating someone else still hurt, but he realized that Jimin deserved someone who made him happy, someone better than Yoongi.

Jimin's happiness was worth more than his broken heart. Time would heal his wounds.

Maybe he just wanted made to be in a relationship. There must have been a reason why he never fell in love, why all his relationships didn't last.

Maybe he was meant to focus on his work instead.

He would be fine, sooner or later.

“Hyung.”

Yoongi's head snapped up in surprise.

For a second he thought his mind was playing a trick on him, showing him the boy he missed so much, but that wasn't the case. Jimin was there, right in front of his eyes.

“Jimin? Why are you here?” Yoongi asked, genuinely surprised.

Wasn't Jimin supposed to be on his date with Taemin?

The younger rubbed his arm nervously, “I wanted to see you, I mean, talk to you.”

Yoongi really didn't expect that answer. How did he even know Yoongi was here? Why did he even bother searching for him?

“Aren't you mad?” Yoongi asked softly, still not fully comprehending that the boy he loved so goddamn much was standing right in front of him.

The younger seemed confused, “Why would I be mad?”

Maybe he was dreaming. That would have made sense at least.

“I lashed out at you for no reason? You didn’t reply to my message, so I figured you were mad,” Yoongi explained, heart clenching at the memory.

“Oh...I’m not mad,” Jimin mumbled and sighed as he sat down next to the elder, “I’m sorry, I should have replied. I honestly didn’t know if you wanted me to, so I chose not to.”

“I’m sorry, Jimin. I really didn’t mean to--”

“Yoongi,” Jimin interrupted him and put his hand on Yoongi’s knee, squeezing it reassuringly, “I’m not mad. It’s fine. I--”

“It’s not fine!” The elder said firmly, frustration clear in his voice.

It was most definitely not fine. He never wanted to cause any trouble for Jimin. He promised himself to make Jimin happy, but instead he hurt him, was hurt even though he had no damn right to. It wasn’t fine.

Yoongi pinched the bridge of his nose, sighing deeply. “It’s not fine, Jimin. I can’t do this anymore. I don’t *want* to be like this anymore.”

“This has nothing to do with you, okay? So don’t even think about feeling guilty. It was my mistake. I thought...I don’t know what I thought,” Yoongi rasped desperately, wanting nothing more than explain his behavior, but the words were stuck in his throat.

“I was at the exhibition,” Jimin suddenly confessed softly, catching Yoongi off guard.

Impossible. He had watched the entrance the entire day, pathetic as it was.

“What? When? I didn’t see you...”

“Ah,” Jimin’s smiled softly, “I was late. The security guard was about to close up, but let me in when I begged him to.”

Yoongi just stared at him, dumbfounded.

Jimin had really gone there? Jimin had left his date to go to the exhibition?

His heartbeat increased instantly, hope coursing through his veins. Maybe their friendship wasn’t completely ruined.

It felt surreal. Jimin was really there, saying how much he liked the photos, smiling softly as he spoke. Yoongi was glad, glad that he got to see Jimin before he left, glad that the younger liked the photos he took.

“Do you know why I went to the exhibition?” The younger asked suddenly, “I was there to confess.”

Yoongi slowly raised his head and looked directly into Jimin’s eyes.

“I love you.”

His heart skipped a beat.

“I love you, Yoongi.”

The elder just sat there, frozen, staring wordlessly into Jimin’s eyes. His heart was pounding so loudly in his chest, blood roaring in his ears. He must have misheard the words. Jimin couldn’t have possibly said those words.

He was barely able to comprehend the words that sputtered out of Jimin’s mouth. Jimin was confessing. Jimin said he loved him. The boy he had loved for months just said he loved him.

Yoongi felt his hands starting to tremble more and more with each word Jimin said, overwhelmed by the sudden turn of events.

“I-If you don’t feel the same...” Jimin cut off his words abruptly, when a single tear rolled down Yoongi’s cheek. He didn’t want to cry, but his emotions were overflowing.

Jimin reached out to wipe away his tears. “I’m s-sorry. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable. I just--”

“Say it again.”

“Huh?”

Yoongi leaned into Jimin’s touch, his voice rough and barely above a whisper as he spoke. “Say it again.”



It felt like a dream, too surreal to be true. His hands were shaking, heart rapidly beating.

“I love you,” Jimin repeated, voice almost cracking and raw with emotions.

Yoongi didn't waste even one second and pulled Jimin into a tight embrace, burying his face in the crook of Jimin's neck. The younger instantly wrapped his arms around Yoongi, nails digging into the fabric of his jacket.

It was too good to be true, but if it was a dream Yoongi never wanted to wake up.

He couldn't hold back any longer, confessing how much he loved the younger. He told Jimin everything that had been on his mind, all the pain and happiness, all the desire and desperation. He loved Jimin so much, the younger had no idea.

When Jimin confessed that he lost interest in Taemin even weeks ago, relief replaced all the pain from the past weeks.

They were both idiots.

If one of them had taken the first step they could have avoided all the pain.

He won't make the same mistake again.

The elder asked Jimin to be his boyfriend once again, for real this time, and Jimin agreed so easily, making his heart soar.

From now on, Yoongi swore to himself that he will cherish every single day he got to spend with the younger. He would work hard to make Jimin happy, to protect his beautiful smile. He would be honest and talk to Jimin more, he would embrace him every single day and make sure he knew, no, *felt*, how much Yoongi loved him.

He would never let go of Jimin again.

- 6 years later -

“Okay, we’re done. You did great. There will be too many pictures you’d love to choose,” Yoongi said with trademark gummy smile playing on his lips, “You can go and change in the changing room. I’ll be at my office. You know where, right? Just come there after you finish so we can look over the pictures.”

The couple smiled brightly and thanked the young photographer before disappearing into the changing room.

Yoongi headed straight to his office, connecting his camera with the computer to take a better look at the pictures.

Ever since he opened up his small photography studio half a year ago, he had been happy every single day.

Most of his appointments were either family pictures or passport photos, but sometimes, just like today, he had wedding shoots as well.

Though he had dreamed of other concepts, everyone had to start somewhere. He was still young and enjoyed his job nonetheless, so he didn't mind to have those ordinary shoots for now.

He had *special* customers, too.

As if on cue, the couple came strolling into his office, hands interlaced, giggling about something Yoongi hadn't caught.

Yoongi looked up at them and smiled brightly. "Alright, we agreed on 20, but I'll give you another 5 for free. I really had fun today."

The girls looked at each other, surprised, and smiled back equally as bright. "Thank you so much, Yoongi-ssi!"

He shook his head and got up from the seat, giving the girls some space to sit down and go through the pictures he took.

His heart swelled with warmth at the sight of the girls, happily going through the pictures and glancing at each other every now and then.

He liked these kind of appointments the most.

Thanks to Seokjin and Namjoon, who proudly recommended his studio to their friends, he got a fair share of appointments right from the start. He wasn't surprised most of his appointments were couples just like them.

Even though Korea was more accepting of the LGBT+ community, it wasn't easy to go to a photostudio and take pictures together.

Therefore, his friends tried to spread the word to people they trusted, to their friends, giving them a safe place to go if they wanted to take some professional photos.

The word spread at the community and soon Yoongi was became known for being a gay photographer. He found it quite amusing. And more than anything, he was glad he could offer them a place to go to where they didn't need to hide themselves.

Wedding shoots were Yoongi's favorite. Marriage was still prohibited for gay couples, so Yoongi wanted to give them a chance to feel like it wasn't, even if it only was for a few hours.

When he was looking at the couple in front of him, deeply in love, he knew he made the right decision.

After the girls chose the pictures, Yoongi helped them putting on their jackets and accompanied them towards the counter where they had to pay the second half of the fees.

Just as they stepped into the room, the front door opened.

Yoongi looked up to see who entered and a smile instantly bloomed on his face, "Jimin!."

His boyfriend smiled brightly, black hair falling softly onto his forehead, his glasses resting low on the bridge of his nose. He bowed politely when he saw the couple at the counter and walked around it to go to Yoongi's side.

The elder's arm automatically reached out pull Jimin closer, hand resting comfortably on his waist.

Jimin leaned in and pressed a soft kiss on Yoongi's cheek. "Hey, hyung. Are you done soon or should I head home first?"

"I'm almost done. We can head home in a few minutes," Yoongi replied and gave the girls back their change, "Here's your change. I'll mail you the pictures at the end of the week. The printed copies take a bit longer, so you can expect them by the end of the following week."

"Alright, thank you, Yoongi-ssi," one of the girls said, but her gaze rested on the man in his arms, "Your boyfriend is really pretty."

The photographer grinned proudly, nudging Jimin's temple with his nose, "I know. I'm a lucky man."

Jimin just blushed and mumbled a soft 'hyung', turning shy at the compliment.

The girls left shortly after.

"How was work?" Yoongi asked curiously, securing today's earnings in his bag. He quickly grabbed his jackets and they leave the studio together, locking it before they head home.

Jimin interlaced their fingers, groaning as he leaned against Yoongi's arm as they walk, "I'm so tired. My boss needed a last minute analysis of our brand's cashflow, so my coworker and I had to drop our work to get this done. It was a mess."

"Aw, baby, I can give you a massage at home?" Yoongi suggested, lips pouting cutely as he spoke.

"It's alright," Jimin said and smiled up at Yoongi, "I just need to get out of these clothes. I'll never get used to wear a button-up."

Yoongi grinned mischievously, "Well, I can definitely help you with *that*."

Jimin wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, smirking, "Oh, will you? I won't say no to that~"

Yoongi laughed and pecked Jimin's forehead.

They had been together for the past 6 years, still loving each other as a newlywed couple.

After Yoongi graduated from college he started working for a small studio in Seoul as an assistant. No one hired a freshly graduated student as a photographer. All companies he had applied for said he needed to have more experience in the field, which was paradox because no one gave him a chance to gain any.

The assistant job wasn't that bad though. His workplace was sadly not close enough to Jimin's college, so they only saw each other during the weekend.

Yoongi got tired of the situation quickly. He wanted to see Jimin more than once a week and traveling back and forth was always a bother, too, so Yoongi got a plan.

He saved up the money he earned and rented a bigger apartment right between his workplace and the college.

He was nervous when he asked Jimin to move in with him, but even happier when he accepted the offer so easily, eyes sparkling, his smile almost ripping his cheeks apart.

Jimin was a bit worried about leaving Taehyung behind, but Yoongi reassured him that he got that covered, too. In fact, he had talked to Jungkook when he made that plan. The younger had recently enrolled in the same college and moved into a shared apartment with some stranger. They became friends quickly, but obviously, Jungkook would have preferred to share an apartment with Taehyung. So, when Yoongi suggested his plan and asked Jungkook to take Jimin's place he was eager to agree. His boyfriend cooed at his thoughtfulness and genuinely thanked him for his efforts.

Once they moved in together, their relationship grew even stronger than before.

Yoongi feared that they'd get annoyed with each other after time, but the opposite was the case. They enjoyed each second they spent together. Everyday tasks like cleaning and cooking became fun, the lonely evenings replaced with cuddling on the sofa, cold nights filled with warm embraces and soft kisses.

Soon enough, Jimin graduated as well and started working as a financial analyst at an electronic concern.

They made a plan to save as much money as they could until they were able to realize their dreams. While Yoongi wanted to start up his own studio, independently working for big companies, designers or magazines, Jimin and Hoseok wanted to open up their own dance studio. They were still far away from achieving their dream, but together they would work hard and walk towards their dreams step by step.

And just like that weeks, months, years passed by in a flash.

They were a step closer to their dreams, but aside from that nothing had changed.

Yoongi's heart still swelled with warmth whenever he looked at the younger, he still loved to listen to the younger's rambling, loved to snuggle up to his back and bury his nose in his warm skin. He loved the way Jimin always cheered him on, comforted him on hard days, made him laugh with his silly jokes. Yoongi loved to see Jimin's eyes sparkle when the elder told him how much he loved him and enjoyed hearing those words from the younger's lips just as much. With Jimin in his life, he felt at home.

No.

Jimin was his home.

## Chapter End Notes

NiR is officially done now ;-;

it's hard to let go of the fic...it's my baby.....

omg you guys have no idea how **overwhelmed** i was and still am since i updated the last chapter! the response was so unbelievable! your comments gave me so much strength and made me happy that i was motivated to write the epilogue right away!

i really hope you liked the end of this fic! everyone loved Yoongi's character so much that i wanted to show more about him, show a different side of the whole story. i really hoped you enjoyed it

i have no words to express how grateful i am for all the support and lovely comments. just know that you guys are the best <3

also, special shoutout to drea who worked so hard with me on that fic. i wouldn't have made it without her and i'm endlessly thankful for her support. i love you, boo <3

so...this is my last time saying goodbye ;-; see you in the comments and in my future projects. <3

you can find me on twitter if you want to talk to me ~

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!